

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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WRECK AND RESCUE¹

BY CAPTAIN GARLAND ROTCH

ON BOARD SWEDISH BARK *Tana*
BOUND FOR NEW ORLEANS

DEAR MOTHER: —

Well, Mother, the Black Sheep came very near to going for good this time, but, as is usually the case, the bad penny turns up but the good honest dollar is lost.

I suppose you know by this time that the *Clark* foundered in a hurricane off the coast of Cuba. To the best of my knowledge there were but six of us saved. Until we arrive at New Orleans we shall not know for sure. I don't see how there was any chance for the rest, but after you have heard my tale you will see that you never can tell.

We jumped as the ship sank, caught a raft, and were adrift on it for seven days, without anything to eat or drink, before we were picked up by the *Tana* two days ago in pretty bum shape. I feel pretty well now, though still very weak. My feet are badly burned from exposure to the action of the sun and salt water. I cannot walk very well or wear shoes, but they are doing nicely. I will try and give you a more detailed account of what happened.

On the morning of Wednesday the sixteenth, I came on deck at four and found that the wind was blowing fresh

¹Of course this letter is genuine in every detail. — EDITOR

from the northeast, though not hard enough to warrant calling the Captain. By seven it had reached the strength of a strong wind and I called the Old Man. He had a great dread of a hurricane and always was imagining that there was one brewing, and as soon as he came on deck he was sure that we were going to encounter one of those dreaded storms. Don't construe this to mean that the Skipper was at all afraid, as he sure had more nerve than most men, and did not know the meaning of fear for himself, though he was always afraid of losing his ship through one of these storms. I told him when he came on deck that I did not think we were going to encounter a hurricane, as there were none of the signs which usually precede these storms. Nevertheless he fished out all the charts and books that had any bearing on hurricanes and started to study the weather carefully.

The Skipper always took me into his confidence a great deal, and this day he asked me to stay on deck after I had had my breakfast and help him decide what it was we were running into. At eight o'clock it was blowing a moderate gale and the sky had a hardy, windy look. The barometer had fallen a bit, but not more than would be expected for the weather we were in then. There

are certain signs which usually give warning of the approach of a hurricane, but this morning there were none of these. The weather indications were the same as those of an ordinary heavy gale of wind. By ten-thirty the wind had not shifted and the glass had started to fall very rapidly, and after arguing the pro and con we decided that it was a hurricane that we were running into, and that we were in the track of the centre, the worst place to be. Our only hope lay in letting her go off and run before the wind, and endeavoring to cross the storm's path. This we did. By noon it was blowing very hard and a heavy sea was starting to run. We had five hundred barrels of fuel oil stowed on deck and the seas had started this several times, but each time we had relashed it, only losing a few barrels. We had a good dinner under difficulties and everyone felt confident.

At one, I went to the chart room and the Skipper asked me if I could get some oil on the water, as the seas were starting to roll dangerously across the decks. I called Johnson, the second mate, and taking axes we crawled down on the deck load and stove in the heads of two barrels on each side of the deck load. This allowed the oil to run over the side to the water, where we noticed it spread out and gave good results. The results to Johnson and myself were far from good, since, as soon as the head of the barrel was stove in and the oil exposed, the wind caught it up and blew it all over us, until we were just covered with oil from head to foot. We did not get it off until we were taken on board the *Tana*.

After that, we kept barrels stove in and oil running into the water until the seas were breaking over the ship so that we could not get down to the decks to break in any more barrels. We then started pumping it overboard

from our own fuel tanks. We had splendid results from this oil, and I am firmly convinced that this was the only thing that kept the *Clark* afloat as long as she was.

By three, the hurricane was at its height. Mother, I wish that I could describe it to you, but I can't. I don't believe that any man could describe it so as half to do justice to the scene. The wind was terrific; that God could turn loose such a burst of fury was unbelievable. You could not face it and breathe. The wind would force the breath back into your body. To move without holding on to something was impossible. In going along the decks it was necessary to hold on to something all the time. The wind would pull and haul at you like a thousand demons trying to pull you away from your hold and drag you overboard. You could not see a hundred feet for the spray, which would whip from the crests of the waves and hurl through the air with the speed of rifle bullets. The force of the flying spray was such that it appeared to be lying in layers or a sort of strata in the air. The seas were like mountains, and it seemed as they towered above the little *Clark* that they were huge overhanging cliffs of water that would cave down and overwhelm the little ship. They were of such size that the ship would be on one side of a sea at a time — that is, you could look ahead and see the trough ahead of the ship and then look back and see the crest of the same sea far astern. The little boat rode them wonderfully; the oil on the water kept them from breaking dangerously, and the *Clark* would seem to slide out from under the towering masses of water just in time. It was wonderful to watch her. Many times I held my breath thinking that surely one of the seas must break entirely over her. She was taking very heavy water during this time. The deck

load was a jumbled mass of flying barrels and it was impossible to get down to try to do anything in the way of securing it. The water would make a clean sweep over the decks, hiding the entire forward end of the ship from view, then the bow would clear itself and the stern would submerge.

The ship was rolling terribly, and everything that was not secure in the rooms was on the floor and banging from side to side with each roll of the ship. The galley and mess rooms were a wreck. About three Johnson and I were going aft over the top of the house, and when passing the galley skylight we thought a cup of coffee would warm us up a little. As, with all the water on the decks, it was impossible to go through the doors on the main deck, we decided to go down through the skylight. A ventilator had fallen on the skylight and we had quite a time removing it. While we were working removing the ventilator we thought we heard someone calling. After we had the skylight opened what do you think we saw? The colored steward and the three colored cooks all on top of the galley stove and praying just as hard as they could. The galley was half full of water and everything in it was adrift except the stove. Such a mess — pots and pans, tables, bits of wood and other *débris*. And amid all this, the darkies on the stove with their life preservers on. I could n't help it, and neither could Johnson — we just roared. It was so funny.

The condition of the galley doomed our hopes for hot coffee, so we hauled the blacks out of the galley and put them in the wheelhouse, still with the life preservers on, as they refused to part with them.

At four, we were in the centre of the hurricane, the most dreaded part, and rightly so. There was no wind and a blue sky overhead. The sea was ter-

rible. A confused, mountainous mass of jumbled water. There was no direction to the waves; they seemed to come from everywhere. Sometimes they would come together with an awful roar and a mountainous mass would drop bang. The poor little *Clark* was under water all the time. She had no chance. There was no way for her to ride seas coming from all four or five different directions at once. She did very well and struggled manfully to keep above water.

Just as we started to enter the other side of the storm, to fight our way out of what we had just come through, the steering engine blew a flange and we had to steer by hand. It was a hard job, as the hand gear was on top of the after house and exposed to the weather. There was no compass aft at the hand gear, and we steered the ship by the sheets of spray that the wind whipped from the crests of the waves. We just kept these sheets at a certain angle with the ship. She did fine, and in about a half-hour we had the engine fixed and were steering by steam again.

The trip out through the storm was terrible. It seemed as if every storm in creation was blowing against us, and instead of the regular sea which we had before, we had this awful confused sea. It made even the stoutest hearts sink a little as we thought that we had to go all through what we had already been through, though worse, and by this time the *Clark* was in a pretty badly crippled condition from the effects of the hard struggle she had had to get this far in the storm.

Things did not look very bright when we gathered in the wheelhouse for a supper of canned salmon and crackers. No one spoke about the outlook; the only conversation was a few jokes about what had happened during the day. At six o'clock the water was

coming into the engine room in streams and had started to gain, as one of the pumps had got plugged and the other one and the siphon were unable to keep the water down. At about eight the engineers got another pump going and managed to hold their own till about nine, when a sea stove in the door to the sailors' mess room and a ventilator which passed through this room to the engine room. About this time she smashed the shutters on the Chief Engineer's room, which allowed his room to fill up and run over into the engine room. At this rate it would not take long for the engine room to flood.

I took two men forward with me to try and get a spare door aft for the sailors' mess room. To bring it back, we had to bring it along the booms, as the decks were continually being swept with heavy seas. We had got about halfway aft when a heavy gust of wind blew it from our hands, knocking one of the men down on the decks, where he was washed overboard before he could get to his feet. The other man and I took the Captain's bedding and went into the mess room to try and plug the hole in the ventilator with the bedding, but it was impossible. The mess room was full of benches and barrels. Every time a sea would come over, it would fill this little room full of water. There we would be — barrels, men, bedding, benches, and the place full of water. We were washed out twice. The third time I was washed right around the stern of the ship, and climbed up from the decks on the other side of the ship. The sailor I never saw again. I don't know what happened to him. It was impossible to fix the windows in the Chief Engineer's room. I tried, but could not stand on the decks, as the seas were coming over one right after another. We had no material to use to board up or plug them.

At ten-thirty the water was up to the

dynamos and the lights all went out. Just previous to this, I had been down in the engine room, and I wish that I could describe the sight to you as I saw it. There was about six feet of water in the engine room. It was washing from one side to the other, with the roll of the ship. The engineers, stripped to the waist, were working around one of the pumps. I remember just as I came down the first assistant engineer was diving down under water to get at some part of the pump. The heavy rods and cranks of the engine were running in the water, churning and splashing the water all over; bits of board and refuse would float in to the engine and be smashed to pieces and thrown all over. The noise was deafening. When the propeller would lift out of the water, the engine would go at an awful speed and by the noise would appear to be going to pieces. It was a sight I shall never forget.

When the water had reached the dynamos the pumps were also covered, and there was nothing more that the engineers could do in the engine room. They came out on deck, but left the engines running. They were a brave lot and stuck by their posts as long as they could. At a quarter to eleven a fusible plug blew out on the port boiler and the steam was shut off the engine. She was settling fast by the stern and everyone knew it was all over. A heavy sea swept over the whole after house, taking both boats.

The little Skipper was game to the core. He and I went into the chart room. I lighted my pipe and he a cigarette, and then he turned to me and said, 'This is hell, Rotch, is n't it? Just as we start to get out of the gale, the ship goes down.' I was n't going to let him have anything on me, so I took a couple of puffs of my pipe and said, 'Yeah,' just as unconcerned as I could. It was funny I did n't feel the least bit

worried or afraid. I told the Skipper that I thought the best thing to do would be to go forward, and if the bulkheads would hold she might float with her bow out of water. This was the only chance we should have, as the boats were gone. He could not think of anything better, so he ordered all hands forward. Going forward we had to climb along the booms, as the decks were impossible, with the remains of the deck load and the heavy seas washing over. It was hard work going along the booms. The man ahead of me was washed overboard. What was left of us got forward all right. The sailors put on their life preservers. The officers had none, as theirs were in their rooms aft, which were under water, the sailors and firemen being berthed forward.

The Old Man was pretty badly broken up and stood off to one side looking aft all the time. I mustered what was left of us and gave them a talking to. I told them if the ship started to go to watch and jump before she went too far and they were caught in the rigging. Those who had no life preservers on would have to trust to catching some bit of floating wreckage. Those that had life belts on, if they saw anything floating on the water, were not to catch it, as it might be the means of someone else being able to find something to support him.

The Skipper called to me then and said that he thought he heard someone calling from aft. I could plainly hear it then. The Old Man and I went as far aft as we could, and found that the second engineer and the cook had not got forward. I don't know how we missed them, as we went all over the after house before we left to make sure that everyone had gone forward. We could not get to them, as she had settled too far for us to get back as we had come. A minute after we went aft a

big sea swept the after end and we heard them no more. It must have washed them overboard.

We stayed aft, as far as we dared, watching the after hatch to see how it was holding. The Old Man kept asking, 'Is she holding, Rotch?' It appeared to be holding all right, and all there was to worry about was the number three bulkhead.

All of a sudden, we felt her start to go down under our feet. We turned and ran forward. We had gone as far as the foremast when a big sea swept over us. I clung to the winches around the foremast while the Skipper ran on a little further and jumped up on number one hatch and held on to the booms. After the sea had passed, we started forward again with the Old Man a little ahead of me. He ran around to the port side of the ship to go up the port ladder to the forecandle head, as the starboard ladder had been washed away earlier in the day. By the time I reached the break of the forecandle head the water was so close to me that I did not have time to run around to the port side, so jumped up and caught the rail and pulled myself up on to the forecandle head. All of the crew were on the port side except Johnson, the second mate. He and I were the only ones on the starboard side.

By this time the ship was fast getting to a position nearly vertical. I looked over to the other side and could see them starting to jump over the side. I shouted to Johnson that I guessed it was time for us to go as well, so we kicked off our boots and jumped.

On deck we had had a raft that we used for painting the side of the ship. As soon as I struck the water, I started to swim for the surface. As soon as I reached the surface the first thing that I saw was something dark on the water, and reaching out I put my hand on this raft. Johnson came up

close beside me and we both climbed on to the raft. I did not have to swim.

After I had climbed on to the raft, I turned to have a last look at the *Clark*. She was standing on end, perfectly upright in the water. Her bow was about thirty feet out of the water. She seemed to hang that way for a minute or two, then, with a sort of sigh, made by the noise of the air rushing out of her, she very slowly sank out of sight. Mother, it was a weird sight to see that little boat sink, and it hurt. She was a good little boat and I had had some good times on her. We had a fine crowd of men, as they showed when it sank. There was no excitement. Those that went went as a sailor should go.

After the little boat had gone, I turned around to see who else was on the raft with us, as when I climbed on I noticed that there were two others already on. They proved to be the third assistant engineer and an oiler. The oiler had on a life preserver, and it made me so darn mad that I just kicked him off the raft. I thought of all those who had no life belts, and here was one of the men I had told not to use anything that was floating around, but to leave it for someone without a life belt. I shook my fist at him and told him not to come anywhere near the raft. He floated around for a while, and once when my back was turned Johnson let him on, and when I discovered it, there was no chance for anyone else to be around, so I let him stay.

We had not been on the raft long when we heard someone shouting and could see someone in the water. Johnson and I swam out and picked up the colored steward. He was just about all in. Soon we heard another call and we swam out again, and picked up a sailor. He, too, was just about all in and was very hard to help back to the raft. He had on oilskins and sea boots

and they were full of water. We kept a sharp lookout for anyone else, but we could see or hear no one. Once we saw something black on the water and we swam out and found it was only a barrel. The wind and sea were drifting us fast from the scene of the wreck.

After Johnson had let the oiler back on, that left six of us on the raft. Johnson (the second officer), the third assistant engineer, the steward, the oiler, a sailor, and myself. Now, Mother, to appreciate our position you must picture our raft, which was nine feet long by four feet wide. Not as wide as your bed and only three feet longer, with six men on it. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink; in fact there was nothing on the raft but ourselves and what we stood in, which was not very much. None of us had on shoes except the sailor, who had boots. The most of us were clad in only shirts and trousers. There was just room for four to lie down at a time, and they had to fit right in. The others had to sit way on the end. There was no turning in your sleep unless everyone turned at the same time. The raft was only four inches out of the water, so the water was washing over it all the time. We were never dry at any time that we were on the raft. If anyone did any restless tossing in his sleep at night, overboard he would go. The steward did go overboard one night.

About an hour after the ship sank, Johnson and I put our backs together and, propped up this way, went off to sleep. The first thing I knew the raft was straight up on edge and then over, and we were all in the water. We had not gotten used to our raft and a sea turned it over. We soon got the knack of keeping her from tipping over. Every time a big sea would come we would all lean toward it and balance the raft. I can hear that cry now, 'Look out, here she comes!' and every-

one would start up and lean over toward the sea just as it broke. We had to hang on tight as well, to keep from being washed off the raft. There was no more sleep for anyone that night. A short cat nap and the cry of 'Hang on!' would wake you up.

Thursday morning broke, and we were all glad to see the sun and feel its warmth. It was still blowing pretty hard and quite a high sea was running. About all we did that day was to hang on and to keep the raft from turning over. We saw a good many sharks swimming by the raft. They did not stop at all, and it was easy to guess where they were going and the awful end that the poor fellows who were floating around in life belts had met. It was not a very pleasant thought and I banished it from my mind. Everyone must have had the same thought and no one mentioned it at all, though everyone was very quiet.

Nothing happened of note that day, and during the night in our exhausted state we all caught cat naps even though the water was washing over us all the time and the side of the body which was down was wet all the time.

Friday morning at daybreak we all started to keep a good lookout for ships, as the question of getting picked up was starting to come home. We saw nothing that morning. Sitting around doing nothing, I commenced to brood over our outlook, and, catching myself, I thought that would soon raise Cain with our spirits, so decided to put everyone on watch, and try to give everyone something to do. There was a little breeze and it would blow us on the Mexican coast, if we could last that long. I figured that it was about two hundred and fifty miles away. We took the cover off the life belt that the oiler had on and decided to use it for a sail. We tore some strips from the raft and made a small mast

and yard to spread the sail on. The blocks of cork that were in the life belt we used for paddles to steer by. This kept two of the men busy all the time steering and was something on their minds. The trousers of the suit of oilskins that the sailor had on we used to make caps to protect our heads from the strong sun. To make these we just cut off sections from the legs.

This kept us busy all day and it was wonderful how fast the time passed, and everyone was in good spirits. It was a woefully small sail and did not move the raft very fast, but it was more for the moral effect that it had that I had it done. We were now divided into three watches of two men each, so that two men were always doing something and the others were resting. The two men were paddling and steering. We kept time by the sun in the day and the position of the stars at night.

After we had torn the piece off the side of the raft for our mast and sail, we found that it reduced the area so much that we decided to turn the raft over and use the other side. We spent quite a while making preparations, as we were very particular in saving every bit of wood and rope for some future use. This was very safely accomplished except that one of the men was afraid to let go of the raft as it turned over and went right around under water with it.

Friday night the men on watch called me and told me that they could see a light flashing in the sky and that they thought it was a lighthouse. I jumped up, and off to the northward there was a flash of light as from a lighthouse. We all took to our cork paddles and started to paddle toward it. Suddenly it went out and we did not see it for quite a while, and then we could see that it was the searchlight of a vessel. It only showed for a short while and

then went out. It was a great disappointment, but still it was cheering to know that there was someone around anyway. I did not see how it could have been a lighthouse, as I figured that we were about a hundred and twelve miles from Cape San Antonio just before the *Clark* sank. But still in a heavy gale of wind one is apt to be out in his reckoning.

Saturday at daybreak we saw a large steamer heading to pass close to us. We all got excited and happy with large visions of food and drink. We started to paddle toward where she would pass us. We figured that it was about six in the morning and that they would have fresh coffee made, and we made joking remarks about it. She passed about half a mile from us and kept going right on. They had not seen us. She passed so close to us that we could see the man at the wheel. We whistled and would all get together and holler at once. I don't see how they missed us, as we had a man waving a shirt all the time. She was an old tramp, and the officer was down having his coffee, I suppose. Her name was painted out, or we could have read it. It was a keen disappointment, as the pangs of hunger and thirst were beginning to make themselves felt. Our bodies were lame from sleeping on the bare boards, and sore from the salt-water sores which were commencing to come out all over our bodies, and especially on our feet.

You see, I had read somewhere that the pores of the skin would absorb water into the system and that people without water should keep their body wet and that the skin would absorb a lot. We kept our bodies wet with salt water all the time we were on the raft, and I think that this is the only thing that saved our lives. Whenever a man saw another's clothes starting to get dry he would sprinkle water over him

until he was wet. The action of the salt water and sun, though, sure raised Cain with our skin, as we were all covered with small dirty yellow sores which had started to fester. Our lips had begun to crack, and the salt had gotten into the cracks and our mouths were nothing but yellow rings.

Saturday we had a small rain squall. It did not last very long, but we all opened our mouths and tried to catch what we could. We spread out the oilskin coat and caught just enough for a mouthful apiece. It was dirty and oily, but it did taste good. That was all the nourishment that we had all the time we were on the raft.

Sunday morning we saw the smoke of a steamer, but it did not come anywhere near to us. Later we saw something black on the water quite a way from the raft, so we paddled over to it, and found that it was one of the barrels that had been our deck load. It was the only bit of wreckage that we saw. There was no way that we could burst it open so that we could get the staves, so we looked it over and then proceeded on our way.

While we knew that the coast of Cuba was closer to us than the Mexican coast, I knew that we could never make headway against the Gulf Stream and that if we were to make any place it would be the coast of Mexico. That was a very slim chance, but I did not say anything and everybody was working with the idea of making Mexico, and so we let it go at that.

The waters around the raft were alive with fish, and we used to use all our spare time trying to catch them with our hands.

The nights were the worst part of all. When we lay down to sleep the water would be washing over us all the time. Those that had the weather side had the water splashing in their faces all the time. Imagine trying

to sleep with water splashing in your face. Though the night air was warm and so was the water, the drying effect made it very cold to the body. One could only sleep a short time and then would wake up cold and cramped. You could not turn over until everyone else turned over, as there was not room to lie back to back if one was at all curved. The two men nearest to the end of the raft used spare blocks of cork for pillows, and the other two used the first pair's hips for pillows.

Monday we started in to fish in earnest. By luck we caught two. One of them jumped right on to the raft and we caught it before it could flop back into the water. These we skinned and hung up on our raft in the sun. In the afternoon we had quite an exciting time. Some large fish started to chase the dolphin which were swimming around the raft. I don't know the name of the fish; we call them bottle-noses from the shape of their snouts. They are about fifteen to twenty feet long. They had no respect whatever for our raft, and gave it several hard bumps while they were chasing the dolphin, and for a while I was afraid that they would break up the raft. They played around for about a half-hour and then went off. While they were not harmful, we were not sorry to see them go, as they had us guessing for a while.

During the afternoon it was very warm and we suffered a great deal from the heat and thirst. Hunger by this time had ceased to bother us at all. Only the first two days did being hungry bother us. Of course we would not have turned down a turkey dinner. They say, though, that hunger ceases as soon as thirst sets in. I guess it does. We kept our clothing good and wet and that helped some. The men wanted to eat the fish, but I would not

let them, as eating would increase the desire for water. We were watching for rain closely, and if we had had a good rain squall and could have caught some rain we would have eaten them. Several rain squalls passed us, but none came near the raft.

Monday night the steward and the oiler were on watch for the middle of the night. I guess the steward felt pretty sleepy, for he dozed off to sleep and toppled over backward into the water. The sound of his splashing woke me up. Seeing the oiler reach out to help him back, I called to him to look out for the fish that were hanging on a stick close to where he was. The poor steward thought that I meant for him to look out for a fish and thought fish could only mean shark. The way he came out of the water was not slow. He came out just as a seal does.

Tuesday morning I was sitting in the bow of the raft looking aft and thinking. Everyone else was asleep except the steward and the oiler; they were paddling at the stern. My eyes happened to look astern and I saw a great big shark following us. He was swimming up to the raft. He looked to me to be about fifty feet long, but afterwards when I compared his length to the raft he must have been between fifteen and twenty feet long. I did not say anything to the men, as I hoped he would go away and not be seen by them, as a shark at that time was not the best thing to keep up the spirits of the men. When he reached the end of the raft he curved in and passed close to the side where the oiler was paddling. When he saw the shark he was just putting his paddle into the water and could have touched it. He gave a cry of terror and, jumping up, rushed for the other side of the raft. It was fortunate that I was awake and watching, because I jumped for the opposite side just in time to balance the raft. He would have over-

turned it and had us all in the water at the mercy of the shark. The shark swam around the raft for about half an hour, and we kept very quiet, you may be sure. Once when it passed me it was so close I could have touched it. He was partly on his side and his mouth was open in a sort of fiendish grin as much as to say, 'I will get you yet.' His eyes seemed to be staring into mine. I stared right back at him and said to myself, 'Well, old man, you may think that you are going to have me, but you are not.' The sight of him did not make me feel any too good. I could feel funny little chills going up my spine. Everyone sighed a big sigh of relief when he was gone for good.

About noon we saw the smoke of another steamer. We watched it for quite a while, but it died away.

The afternoon was very hot, and thirst started to tell severely. Our mouths and tongues were badly swollen and we could only talk with an effort. I had to watch the steward and the oiler. They were dipping their fingers in the water and sucking them. That was the worst thing they could do, as it made them worse and was liable to drive them insane. I had spoken to all the men about this when we first were on the raft. As soon as I caught them doing it, I told them plainly that I was not going to jeopardize the lives of everyone on the raft by having one of them go insane. I told them that the first man I caught doing it I would throw overboard as protection for the rest. That kept them in their place for a while. Then the oiler thought that I was asleep and I saw him dip his hand into the water and drink out of it. It made me mad, and I jumped up and started for him. He went down on his knees and whimpered like a dog and begged that I give him another chance. I told him I would give him one chance, but that was all; then he

would go overboard. That kept him straight; I did not see him do it any more. About three the steward gave out on us and we had quite a time getting him around.

When evening brought cooler weather we were all in more or less trouble with thirst. It was plainly to be seen that the end of another day would see some changes on the raft. I think Johnson and I were in the best shape.

The night relieved us a lot. A breeze sprang up and cooled the air a lot, though it kicked up a little chop which made it awfully sloppy on the raft. I remember how mad I got at Johnson. He was sleeping huddled close up to my back, the sailor and engineer sleeping with their heads on our hips. I had the weather side and every little chop would go right into my face. I stood it as long as I could, and when I woke the others up so we could turn over there was an awful holler.

Wednesday morning we saw a sailing ship heading to pass not far from us. Everyone woke up and we started to paddle for her. My, how we worked with only those small pieces of cork for paddles. In our exhausted condition it seemed as if they weighed a ton. It was discouraging work, as the raft barely moved. She passed about two miles from us and continued on her way. They had not seen us. Mother, I shall never forget that hopeless feeling that came over me, and I guess it came over the others. We just lay down in a heap too exhausted to move. The steward had not been paddling; we had had him waving a shirt for a flag. He still continued to wave this shirt. I lay where I could watch her. Mother, probably you can imagine some of the thoughts that were passing through my mind. Suddenly I saw her start to haul up one side of her mainsail, and, having been in sailing ships, I knew

that that meant she was going to turn around. That meant another chance for us, even if they had not seen us. They would pass near to us again. We kept the steward waving the shirt and we started again to paddle. It was soon apparent that they had seen us, for they were heading right for us. When she came close they called to us and asked who we were. I stood up and tried to tell them, but I could not talk; my mouth and throat were too swollen. I only made a sort of gurgling sound. They hove to and threw us a line and put a ladder over the side. Two of the men we had to have them hoist up; the rest of us climbed up the ladder.

I was the last to leave the raft. I cast off the line and then climbed halfway up the ladder and turned around and had a last farewell look at the old raft. I had a tender thought for it as I watched it drifting astern. Just as I reached the top and was putting my leg over the rail, I gave out, and if there had not been two men there to grab me I should have fallen back into the water. It was funny; my legs just were no good; I was conscious, but I could not walk. They helped us all to the cabin, where they gave us a small glass of water to wash our mouths with; then they gave us a small cup of coffee and a small square of bread and butter.

They let us rest a while. We could talk then, as the first bit of water loosened up our tongues right away. After a while they took us out on deck and scrubbed us in a big tub. Scrubbed us with regular scrubbing brushes like you use on the floor. Mother, you should have seen Johnson, and I guess I was as bad. They took us out in twos and Johnson and I were taken out together, and as I looked at him standing up in that tub he was a sight. First he was covered with crude oil and

looked like a black man. His head was all blistered from the hot sun, and the salt water had made the blisters into sores which were full of yellow matter. His lips were the same; they were just yellow. Then he was so thin I could count every rib in his body. Where his stomach should have been there was only a hollow. He was a terrible-looking thing.

After they had washed us and bandaged our feet, which were the worst part of us, they put us to bed. None of us slept very long; we were too lame and sore and excited. When we got up, they gave us another small cup of coffee and a small piece of bread. That is all they would give us all that day, and yesterday until supper time. They would give us this bread and either coffee or water every hour or so, but no more. Last night we had our first meal.

Our feet are in very bad shape. The engineer's are the worst; he cannot get out of bed. The rest of us hobble around without shoes or socks. Our bodies are all covered with little bubbles. They don't itch, but if you break them they are all full of water.

The Captain is splendid, very simple and religious, and does everything possible for him to do for us.

Well, Mother, luck does not seem to run my way. I have nothing in the world but a shirt and a pair of trousers; even the chronometer is gone. I don't know what I shall do when I arrive in New Orleans.

Don't know yet where you can write me.

Well, good-bye. This little picture shows how we looked to one of the sailors on the *Tana* when they were picking us up. I took in six inches in my belt the six days and twelve hours that we were on the raft.

Lovingly,
GARLAND

MY ADULT EDUCATION

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

I

THERE were fourteen of us — father, mother, and twelve children. Our house was a little stone cabin in a back alley in the town of Antrim, in Ulster. Five passed away in infancy. The rest of us left one by one as we were able to shift for ourselves.

I can see that cabin now. I can feel the dampness of the mud floor and count the patches where the plaster had fallen from the whitewashed walls. My father was a cobbler, but, our little world being largely a community of barefooted people, work was scarce. As a result we were hungry most of the time. There were various ways of supplementing the family food supply, especially in the summer, when we roamed the glens and hillsides for wild fruits or set night lines in the river to catch eels. Our water supply being at a distance, I often earned bread and butter or cold potatoes by acting as water carrier for the neighbors.

Poor as we were, we had always a 'sup' or a 'bite' for the beggars, of whom there seemed to be an endless procession. When I was nine or ten years of age I peddled newspapers, and that added between sixpence and a shilling a week to the family exchequer. Two great events cheered our poor souls each year. We looked forward to them as children in more favored homes look forward to Santa Claus. One was the annual Christmas Soirée of the Methodists. I had an attenuated attachment to the parish church, but I

deserted the fold each year long enough to qualify for the Methodist feast. We had buns and coffee. The other event was a Christmas gift from the baker, of a currant loaf. I have often wondered why the butcher and the pawnbroker did n't chip in some moiety as well, but perhaps the volume of our business did n't warrant such benevolence.

When hunger became acute, and it often did, my mother would tell us fairy stories, stories of miraculous supply by the leprechaun. The stories were convincing, but my own last resort was to stand with my bare feet on the baker's cellar grating, or in the doorway of the bakery, and inhale the fumes of new-made bread. And that was before the advent of either Coué or Mrs. Eddy.

At 'the bottom of the world,' as my mother called our alley, we had as close neighbors the chimney sweeps, the local ragman, a process server, and a lot of widows and orphans and wasters and derelicts who were uncataloguable. How they all managed to eke out existence has always been a mystery to me.

The word 'poverty' inadequately describes the condition of life in that alley. It was stark destitution. We were all chronically, hopelessly hungry and utterly unconscious that there was anything unusual about it. We never complained. We never connected our condition with economic systems or governments good or bad. As a child I had an idea — dim and hazy, it is

true — that things in the world were just about as God ordered them. 'The Man above only knows,' my father would say to some of our questionings, 'and He won't let on.'

Despite the rags and dirt and hunger and cold, despite the limitations, economic, physical, and mental, we were, on the whole, a happy lot. We were acquainted with sorrow, but there was always more laughter than tears. The sun never took a peep into that drab stone cabin, but we had light and warmth in the personality of my mother, who radiated sweetness and cheer. We often went to bed supperless, but never without wonderful stories, of which my mother had an inexhaustible supply.

Between my seventh and fourteenth birthdays was the magic period of my youth. I used to speak of those years as wasted time. I think differently now. I was idly dreaming, getting acquainted with life — the life of birds and beasts, of men and women, of trees and flowers. I helped the fishermen on the Lough, gathered scallops, willow sticks for thatching, ran errands, sold papers, played shinny, shot marbles, spun tops, went birdnesting, whistled from pillar to post with my hands in my pockets, with a tously head of red hair and scarcely enough clothing on me to dust a violin, a thing of 'shreds and patches,' but dreaming — always dreaming.

In my age of puberty occurred four outstanding events. Each made a deep impression on me. Two of them influenced my whole after life. In a potato field I lay down to rest one day. I stretched myself out at full length on my back and fell asleep. When I awoke, a very beautiful girl stood there looking at me. She was a visitor at the land steward's and I had conducted her over the trails in the woods and taught her the names of many

wild flowers. I jumped to my feet and smilingly apologized. I was startled at first, and my embarrassment put out of gear the mechanism of speech. I was as startled as I had been a few days previously when at a sharp turn in the footpath in the ravine I had suddenly come upon a fawn. The beautiful thing fascinated me. I wanted a word, a word of conciliation, of kindness. Graceful as a nymph it stood there, nerve-strained like a bow bent for the discharge of an arrow, its head poised in the air, fire shooting from its eyes. It remained but an instant, then with a frightened plunge it cleared the clump of laurel bushes and disappeared.

When I stood before the beautiful city girl, I remembered the fawn and half expected the girl to vanish instantly out of sight. There was something of the fawn in her graceful form, some of the fire in her blue eyes, and in her merry laughter a suggestion of mountain and glen. Strange new emotions swept through me and I faintly realized that I had crossed the bridge that separates the boy from the man.

On another occasion, in the same field, I had an experience which seemed to raise me from the condition of an inert clod of clay to soul-consciousness. I was sitting on the fence at the close of day awaiting the ringing of the bell which called the laborers from the fields. I had been daydreaming, humming the lines of a hymn, feeling akin to all around me. A beautiful sunset made the heavens a symphony of brilliant colors. Something within responded. There was a sense of awe. I sat still and quiet, gazing in rapture at the rapidly changing scene. Suddenly an extraordinary emotion swept through my being. It seemed as if some life-giving fluid had been poured into my blood. Tears came and flowed freely. Then I was seized with a desire to cry aloud, to shout, to scream.

I rushed into the wood, fell on my knees, and began to pray. What I prayed for or about I do not know. I had heard of people acting like this under some deep conviction of sin. I had no such conviction. It seemed rather a convincement of love. Some of my friends have made various and conflicting guesses at the riddle of this experience. It is easy to err in giving a name to such things. Judged by its aftermath, it seemed to me to be the birth of a soul.

As I went through the farmyard that night on my way home, some of the workers peered into my face, and, seeing there an unusual expression, inquired in tones of amazement as to its meaning. I evaded answering their questions and sped home like the wind. That night in my little attic place beneath the roof I think I found myself. Something very beautiful had been born in my mind or heart or soul — how could I know which? I was under the spell of an afflatus. I was very happy, but afraid of sleep lest I should awaken and find it gone.

II

The first reaction to the new ideal was a chemical one. I wanted to be clean. Facilities were meagre. I made the most of them and began at once. Soap was cheap, water was plentiful, and the family hair comb stood the strain. I could n't quite make out what had happened, but when I went to work next morning I was in love with life. My idea of God at this period was that He was a big man in the skies. I prayed to Him for the things I considered necessary. When a new job came I looked upon the advancement as an act of the Divine, and I was grateful. I went into the hunting stables of a rich man who was a member of Parliament for our county. Here

I was fitted out with clothes becoming the position of stableboy.

A year at the 'big house' gave me my first insight into the life and manners of the aristocracy. It gave me also a love for horses and a knowledge of their management and care. 'The master' was a gentleman of the old school, passionately fond of fine horses. When he came into the courtyard to mount a horse he would take out of his pocket a silk handkerchief, crumple it in his hand, and then run it over the side of the horse. If the handkerchief showed the slightest sign of dust or dirt, the horse went back to the stable and the head groom was in trouble. This action made a strange impression upon me. How could I help comparing the luxurious life of a horse with the lives of the grooms, and especially with my own life? It meant much to be a horse; to have good food, a good bed, and an attendant. It meant much less to be a man.

With a new mind and a decent outfit of clothes I gravitated toward the parish church and Sunday School. I joined a Bible class, and at the end of a year, though I could neither read nor write, I had memorized more texts than anybody in the school. In an examination I took first prize for the largest number of memorized passages. When asked what I wanted for the prize I naively asked for a suit of clothes. The superintendent thought it a good joke. He had forgotten that I could n't read, so he gave me a book. I attended, without invitation, the vicar's Bible class which met on Monday evenings. When the members discovered that I could n't read they asked the vicar to exclude me or to keep me from asking questions. He was not inclined to do either, but I saved him from embarrassment by staying away.

There was a Y. M. C. A. Some of the respectable young men of the town got

a room in the Court House and met once a week. I made known my desire to join, but I didn't measure up to the requirements socially. I was told plainly that it was for the better class of young men. The thing died shortly after I left. It must have died of respectability.

In our vicinity there was a drunken stonemason. I thought somebody should get close to him and help him to live a more human life. Failing to find anybody willing, I undertook the job myself. He signed the pledge and I organized him into the town's first temperance society, when there were only enough of us to fill the offices. It looked for a day or so as if I might be elected to something. I was doomed again to disappointment. We elected the stonemason president. It sounded nice and he was very proud of it. His effort to smooth my slightly ruffled feelings left much to be desired in delicacy.

'You're a great hand at gettin' an oul' throllop t' sign the pledge,' he said, 'but of coorse whin it comes to office ye're too damned ig'rant.'

The vicar prepared me for confirmation. Illiteracy was more than a handicap. It was a matter of shame. I had looked forward to being the support of my father and mother. That was one of my dreams; but spiritual quickening gave me discontent with ignorance. I felt that I must do something. To do it in Antrim seemed impossible. I must go away and shed my ignorance among strangers. That seemed cruel to the old people. The others had gone and were contributing nothing. I had resented that. Now I was thinking of doing the same thing.

As I walked down the aisle of the old church to receive confirmation I experienced a return of the radiance. I was poor and ignorant, but possessed of something which wealth could not buy nor culture guarantee. The conflict

between my dream of intelligence and my sense of duty continued and intensified. I prayed, but the heavens were silent. I stated my problem to my mother and Willie Withero, the stone-breaker.

'Ye've got a good head, me bhoy,' said the stone-breaker, 'but there's nothin' in it. Get somethin' in it or ye'll be cleanin' oul' horses or breakin' stones, like me, fur the rest of yer natural life.'

'I gave ye to God before ye were born, dear,' my mother said, 'and it would be terrible bad manners to tell Him what to do with you.'

My father was not so easily satisfied. He seemed to see in me something different and naturally wanted to hold on. He was rough-hewn, illiterate, and inefficient, but he had a great heart, and the delicacy and tenderness of his devotion to my mother were beyond praise. 'God's a gintleman!' he said. 'He'll look afther our bhoy.'

The fourth event was a lecture on 'Lincoln, the Rail-splitter.' I was still selling newspapers when this occurred. It was a very cold winter's night. Something was going on at the only hall in the town. I went there in the hope of selling the tail end of my day's supply. I was barefooted. My clothing was scant. I stood at the door with my papers under my arm and shivering with cold. The man at the door, touched, I suppose, with a sense of pity, invited me inside.

I had never heard of Lincoln, and I had n't the faintest idea what a rail-splitter was; but the story of Lincoln was plainly told, and as I sat on a bench at the back of the hall, with my feet dangling six inches from the floor, I became imbued with a great ideal. The lecturer, in a series of vivid word pictures, gave us the story of Lincoln, his humble origin, his struggles for enlightenment, and his ultimate success.

That night when I left the hall I had a hero in my heart. I had also a firm conviction that I could escape from the bondage of ignorance.

III

At eighteen I was still a stableboy. My mind was a sort of mental haggis. As a whole it moved me forward. I had diagnosed the experience in the potato field as religion, but it had lost its radiance as I participated in the mutual hostility of the dominant creeds. I was mingling freely with men and absorbing naturally the narrow views of those around me. I had an inferiority complex and worshiped at the shrine of the conservative demigods. My mother saw the trend of my mind and warned me.

The last three months as groom or groom's helper were months of comfort. The master had a country place on a hill by the edge of the sea. His horses and family went there every summer. His favorite horse was a distinguished racer called the Fisherman, and when I was ordered to ride him to the castle by the sea I was thrilled with the first great honor that had come my way. That ride of fifty miles was a triumphal experience. Every village I passed through turned out to see the famous horse. Every farmer felt honored when I rode into his yard for food or water. I was to use my own judgment as to time and care. This honor was not unalloyed. It created jealousy. The head groom advised that a more experienced man be sent. But the order stood. The master was satisfied that I was competent and he knew that I was the only man in his stables who had no use for public houses.

At the castle on the hill I was given a room. It was my first room and in it was the first bed I had ever used. A room and a bed and bathing facilities

were all luxuries. They were things of a world I had not known. At the end of the summer, with only enough money to pay the train fare to the capital of the north, I started my pilgrimage and burned my bridges as I went along.

I did not linger long in Belfast. I became coachman for a business man who used me also to deliver goods. I did n't mind what I did. The really important thing at this temporary stopover was listening to 'Roarin' Hugh Hanna' thunder his preachments from the pulpit of St. Enoch's. After a few months I moved on to the coal fields of Scotland, where I had three brothers. A fully experienced miner in those days was paid about four shillings for a twelve-hour day. I became a miner's mucker at one shilling a day. The work was hard, exacting, and dangerous. The contrast between this blackened underworld and the freedom and sunshine of my last three months in Ireland was very sharp. We worked half naked. We wore little oil lamps on our brows. In a few days my face was blistered, my body racked with pain. We worked like beasts and behaved like animals. I did n't mind that in the pit, but the sordidness of the shack we lived in and the brutality and vulgarity of the life around me made the place to me a hell on earth.

Keir Hardie and Bob Smillie were stirring the sluggish souls of men in that very region at that time. I had no social conscience. I could only see my own problem — the conquest of ignorance. There were times when the difficulties seemed to paralyze all effort. I became discouraged often, but never caved in. One night I was passing a drab, cheerless-looking building and curiosity carried me in. A tall, princely-looking young man clad in a gray suit was addressing about a hundred miners. The talk was over my head, but the personality of the man

thrilled me. The man was Professor Henry Drummond — one of God's signposts. I had five minutes' conversation with him after the meeting, and the next morning, with about as much baggage as I could stuff in my hat, I went into the wilderness of Glasgow.

There was romance in roaming the streets by night and doggedly searching for work during the day; but when a day's rain soaked me and hunger had reduced my energy to exhaustion, the romance vanished. I could neither beg nor steal. In such a condition I went to the docks one night in the hope of creeping under cover somewhere, somehow. An empty dry-goods case seemed a hopeful relief. I put my hand in. It rested on a human head. In Gothic language a Scotch voice ordered me off the earth. Courtesy and culture are wonderful things when one can afford them. That night I had none to spare. Like a bundle of wet rags I dumped myself in on top of this human. Then followed in Scotch and Irish a conversation accompanied by all the pothooks and hangers in the physical alphabet. When it was over we were both very warm and somewhat smeared. Together we occupied that dry-goods hotel for the night and together next morning went in search of the gayly bedecked men who were fishing in the muddy waters of the city for just such fish as we were.

The origin of the impulsive move occurred in the night. Sitting there stewing in the juice of unfortuitous circumstances, an idea came to me. I remembered that in our town a young man became a soldier. He could neither read nor write. Five years later he returned. He had been transformed. He could read and write, he walked straight, — nobody else in the town could, — and he shaved every day. It was an illumination. I became enthusiastic and longed for daylight.

When I spoke of my plans to my fellow guest he thought that he might accompany me at least to the rendezvous, but after that I was to go my own way and he would go his. He had a reputation to sustain — his father was a hearse-driver. At the rendezvous he changed his mind. He would take a chance on me. We would enlist together. So we did, but we had difficulty in selecting just what we wanted. All branches of the service were represented: Cavalry, Infantry, Artillery. I could n't distinguish between a Horse-guardsman and a stovepipe. I had never seen such a glorious display of color, swords, bayonets, and sashes, dangling and clanking. We were as pleased as children in a toy shop. They walked up and they walked down. They twirled their little canes and pulled at the wisps on their upper lips.

'Let's join this!' I ventured, as a ponderous being in red and gold strode down toward us.

'What dae ye think it is?' he asked.

'God knows,' I said, 'but did ye iver see anything finer in yer life?'

He never did, so we took the Queen's shilling and were shipped off to the depot. We imagined the swanky being we chose was a Guardsman, but he was n't. He was a Red Marine, so we had joined neither the Army nor the Navy.

I had one object in entering the service. I never for a moment lost sight of it. I wanted a school, and here it was. From the military point of view it was an unnecessary frill, but the Royal Marines had made it an efficient branch of the training. By a blunder I had stumbled into the best school in the whole of the British service.

I was one of twenty men in a large room, each with a cot bed and space for his kit. We ate together, drilled together, and fitted as best we could into each other's lives. Most of them were

rough specimens. I was dubbed 'sky pilot' before I had been there a week. I was rather slow in assimilating military knowledge, but in school I absorbed what they gave me as a sponge absorbs water. I made a record. But I was n't there to be a scholar. I was a soldier in the making, and they had their own peculiar methods of reminding me of it. I was at the training depot for a year. My body responded to discipline and training. The constant drill, with gymnasium exercises, whipped me into shape in a short time. My mind responded with less alacrity to words of command on the drill field. There used to be an idea that before a man could be made a good soldier it was necessary to break his spirit. A later idea was that if a man had any spirit he could be aroused out of incompetence and lethargy by a thrashing. I was an easy victim of the new idea.

A boxing instructor was told off to attend to this. Under pretext of teaching me how to box, he pasted me all over the floor, to the amusement of three hundred men. In my case the experiment was successful. I was more than awakened. I was a nonresistant from principle and a soldier from necessity, but the humiliation awakened the animal in me and I set aside the principle for the time being. There was a young Scotsman in our room who knew the boxing game so well that he found it difficult to persuade any of his room-mates to practise with him. I offered myself as a punching bag. He saw my eagerness and knew my nature, so he charged me sixpence a lesson. I did n't mind the sixpence, but I had an appetite in those days, the memory of which makes me hungry even now. I needed the Queen's allowance of money to supplement her limited rations. After six weeks' training I went back, and in an Irish brogue which I could n't

even imitate now I asked for another lesson from the boxing instructor.

In this comeback I did n't box. I had no intention of boxing. I just unleashed the tiger in my blood and played the jungle man. I fought eighteen rounds that night, but with six different men. I was master of the floor in every session. I became a savage. I enjoyed a savage's delight and received a savage's reward — cheap applause. I recovered. I recovered on my knees down by the Goodwin Sands, where by divine help I resolved to tie up the tiger.

IV

When I arrived at corps headquarters my record from the training station testified to efficiency and good character. I was thankful then, I am thankful now, for that chance to develop my mind and body. The passion for learning grew. I loved life. I exulted in access to books. I had a childlike delight in beautiful things.

A few outstanding events occurred during my brief stay in a garrison town. I read my first novel, I heard a great orator, I saw Irving play Hamlet, and I had a thrilling experience with prayer. My first novel was *John Halifax, Gentleman*. When as yet I was but learning to read I had been advised to read it. In a box marked '3d. each' at a bookseller's door I found a copy. The poverty and illiteracy of the hero's youth were like my own. He became my first hero in fiction. Little bits of the book wove themselves into the texture of my life.

One night I heard Henry Irving play Hamlet. It was the first play I had ever seen in a theatre. I was tremendously moved. Next day I secured a copy of the play and in a few more weeks had memorized it from beginning to end. Irving had opened the door.

I heard all the great orators of the later Victorian period and the early part of the present century. The greatest of them all was Charles Bradlaugh, the atheist. One Sunday afternoon I was one of several thousand who listened to him as he endeavored to demolish the idea of God. The foundations of my faith had a rude shaking. I was probably the most ignorant person in that assembly, but when the speaker volunteered to answer questions I arose in my place and awaited recognition. It seemed a mile to where he stood on the platform. I was in scarlet uniform. He saw me and called for my question. I was so scared that words would n't come. I seemed choked. Imagining that my voice was merely low, he invited me to the platform. I suppose the sight of my uniform reminded him of the days when he had worn such an outfit himself. He saw my embarrassment and laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder. Encouraged, I said my little piece — brief, pointed.

'I have a hope in my heart which inspires and gives me joy. I call it God. Would Mr. Bradlaugh take it away from me and put nothing in its place?'

He might have, could have, given a scathing answer. He did n't.

'No, my lad,' he said. 'Charles Bradlaugh would be the last man on earth to take a pleasure from a soldier lad, even though it be a belief in God.' There were giants in those days, and Bradlaugh was one of them.

I learned that fifty men were to be drafted for the Mediterranean fleet and that I was to be one of them. Only one thing interested me in this outlook: which of the ships had the best library? The flagship, I was told, had the best library of any ship afloat. I prayed that God would have me sent there. God was the big man in the skies who knew everybody. My prayer was a sort of *ex parte* bargain that if He would give

me the education which the big ship could furnish I would give Him all my life. My faith was childlike, simple, and primitive. Somehow I felt sure that my prayer would be answered. When the roll was called and our ship assignments made, I was detailed for a gunboat which had no library and few men. I was so amazed that I had courage — the courage of desperation — to ask if there was n't some mistake. I was threatened with punishment for questioning the roll call. To my simple mind the wheel of life had slipped a cog — several cogs. I was in despair, but consoled myself with the thought that God was punishing me for being too sure or for something else I had done in my ignorance.

The following day, after our parade and inspection, the color sergeant called my name. A mistake had been made, so he said, and I was to join the flagship! I partly exploded there and then, and fully exploded in my barrack room, where in a twinkling I divested myself of kit and accoutrements and offered to fight any two men in the room, just to show how kindly I felt toward the world! There was a roar of laughter, but no fighters. I explained and shouted, 'Hurrah for God!' Childish? Oh yes, very childish; but I go back to that period often and wonder.

The fifteen men in my mess were all good fellows, though rough and vulgar. Conversation usually wallowed in obscenity and profanity. The absence of either set a man apart, as odd, a 'sky pilot,' or effeminate. It was not easy to be unaffected by the constant impact of these blistering words. A little knowledge of psychology would have helped considerably; but I knew nothing about it. We had a small group of Bible students — fundamentalists, and then some. I became one of them, but they were constantly deploring my worldli-

ness, which consisted of a jubilant nature, hearty laughter, fairy stories, quick wit in repartee, and my inability to take literally their creeds. Life to them seemed an evil to be endured. To me it was an urn of joy.

I needed but four hours' sleep — never slept more until I was over fifty years of age. Four hours of work or duty and sixteen for study. When I hid myself behind a stanchion in order to listen to the schoolmaster, I was discovered and forced to explain. The explanation secured for me help in my most difficult study. I had observed since my earliest mental awakening the slovenly use of language. I determined to speak English correctly. In order to take full advantage of the opportunities around me I became a waiter. The English language was spoken as purely and correctly by the officers I served as in any university faculty. I had a pad and pencil handy and jotted down words which were strange and new to me. Under a night lamp in the flats below, when the crew were asleep, I made their acquaintance with the aid of a dictionary. I had an Irish brogue. I made strenuous efforts to shed it. I memorized ten pages at a time of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, and when ashore would repeat them aloud in some solitary place.

At the end of the first year I occupied a niche in that little world. We were constantly cruising around the Mediterranean. To me it was a dream world. The histories of those countries on its borders were full of romance. Before we entered a port I had made myself acquainted with its history. Half the crew looked to me for information on the places we visited. When we reached the Piræus I had special leave to visit Athens. One night in Greek waters I was doing duty for a comrade on the upper deck — sentry duty. A man in evening dress came from the

Admiral's cabin and walked back and forth with me for half an hour. He seemed amazed that a common marine should be acquainted with Greek history. I had been ashore and was going again. He asked if I had visited the Palace and I told him the ruins of the age of Pericles were of more interest.

'You must see the Palace,' he said. 'I will give you a card which will admit you.'

I didn't look at it just then — it was really a little scrap of paper on which I supposed he had written his name. When I politely asked him his name, he said, 'George.' Next morning I discovered that I had been talking to a king.

V

With a passion for knowledge, abundance of books, and sixteen hours a day at my disposal, I made progress. In reading I averaged a novel a day. A third assistant steward taught me Italian. In the rudiments of French a midshipman was my teacher. I absorbed as much knowledge from persons and places as from books. When the fleet lay at anchor outside Joppa, I was given special leave to visit the Holy Land. The journey from Joppa to Jerusalem in those days was full of thrills. For a simple-minded peasant lad, devoted to religion, the visit to the scenes of the life of Jesus was of the nature of an intensified exaltation. Everything that had happened to me since my awakening seemed a special providence. This visit seemed to cap the climax of all privileges.

While off Limasol in Cyprus I had a vacation during which I saw Ohnefalsch-Richter, the German archæologist, digging for the remains of ruined empires. Thirteen civilizations were buried there. When on the coast of Asia Minor I went boar hunting in the wilds and visited the tomb of Polycarp

on the way back. The Adriatic and Ægean Seas were books of ancient history perused in a leisurely cruise which lasted six months. We touched every land bordering on the great sea, and each had its own story, running back into the origin of nations and races. No university could offer such educational facilities, yet I was the only man in a crew of a thousand who was taking full advantage of them. The men of the rank and file could tell all about the number and variety of saloons, brothels, and amusements. Of historic values or the life of the nations we visited they knew nothing.

Our commander was a seaman of the old school. He loved sail drill in rough weather. I think I hear him now: 'Stand by! Away aloft! Bear out on the yardarm!' The day when the order to bear out on the yardarm was given, the captain of the foretop lost his nerve or his grip and dropped dead on the deck at my feet. The evolution was suspended. Next day we began the same drill. When the same order was given the new captain bungled somehow and fell to the deck in the same manner. We buried them together in old Famagusta that afternoon. The next day we went at the same evolution. The new captain was a jovial chap who was one of the best seamen in the Navy; but often when he went ashore he forgot the name of his ship and the number of his mess. Drink was his master. He had been sober for a long time and was again eligible for promotion. He was made captain of the foretop, but the superstition of the sea gripped us all — two men out, the third *had* to go! But the new captain did n't go. He performed his stuff and came down full of laughter. He was probably the most popular man on the ship. We all wanted to hug him as he descended the rigging with the agility of a cat.

A few days later I got a side light on his success. One of our officers was entertaining a friend from another ship. At tea the visitor asked if we had a man on board called Hicks. He was informed we had.

'We were thirty miles out at sea the other night when I saw a light flashing on the dark clouds,' he said, 'and I told our signalman to take down the code. This is what he gave me:—

'God, this is Billy Hicks. I ain't afraid of no bloomin' man nor devil. I ain't afraid of no Davy Jones's bleedin' locker, neither. I don't ask for no favors but just one. This is it. When I strike the foretops to-morrow let me do it with the guts of a man what is clean, and God, dear God, from this-ere day give me the feelin' I used to have long ago when I knelt at my mother's knee and said, "Our Father." Good night, dear God.'

Hicks had been a signalman, and when the superstition of the 'third' man seized him he sought help from the clouds. I kept track of him for some years. He became a chief petty officer.

I had seen General Gordon in Alexandria on his way to the Sudan. When he was hemmed in at Khartum and Osman Digna was leading his native troops against the British in the desert beyond Suakin, over half of my comrades were sent to the front. Being a waiter and batman, I was not drafted. Some months later an officer was drafted. His servant was *passé* and somewhat faded physically. I offered him my bank account to let me go in his place. As he was considering offering his savings for a substitute he was easily persuaded, and off I went to the relief of Gordon.

VI

Some poisoned arrows have been shot at the character of General Gordon in these latter days. What he was in

reality I do not know. I do know that among us common rank-and-file fighting men his name had a magic spell. Our devotion to the soldier-saint was based more on the saint than on the soldier. We loved the man and were willing to die for him. When we heard that he had been killed in Khartum we were grief-stricken and had no more interest in fighting the Arabs. We drove Osman Digna into the hills and scattered his men, but we had no hatred. These wild Fuzzy-wuzzies came out with their long spears and shields and obsolete rifles, met us, and fought us with a courage that seemed to us madness.

My only reading matter in the desert was a pocket Testament and a small copy of Chapman's Homer. Even here I was in the school of life.

When the long dreary campaign was over I returned with the troops and in boyish glee enjoyed the momentary glory which such a return always involves. Military glory seemed a shallow thing to me. I could see through it. I saw through it all. I was more grateful than words can express — grateful for the chance of an education, grateful for association with officers and men. Now I had earned it. The score was as even as I could make it and I wanted to move on; but the way was not yet open. I spent seven years in uniform. Those years were full of thrills, full of growth, full of valuable experience. I matriculated into Oxford as a passman and remained long enough to know Dr. Benjamin Jowett and to fall in love with the most fascinating city on earth. I had n't the money or the social prestige. I was a square peg in a round hole. I felt it in every fibre of my being, and I was ill at ease all the brief time I was there. Dr. Jowett had wisdom. He advised me, and once again I was out on my pilgrimage — literally without either scrip or staff.

When I returned to Antrim I had an incentive, an ambition. I could tell my mother of it. She understood and had faith in me. I wanted to be a missionary or a minister in order to help men. My mother had given me a name in baptism which means 'helper of men.' I did n't know then that to my sainted mother good-bye was farewell.

'We shall meet again, Mother,' I said as I was leaving.

'Oh, aye, dear, we shall — out there beyond the meadows and the clouds.'

When I landed in New York I had one dollar in my pocket. My other assets were a strong body, a willing mind, and faith in God. I might perhaps add that I had faith in myself. Through what paths, and to what work, these led me I shall tell elsewhere.

VII

Many years passed before I went back to Ireland. My mother had then been dead some time. My father still lived. In the scenes of my childhood I seemed to be in another world. I was a stranger in the land of my birth. Everybody and everything seemed so small, so drab, so ancient.

The door of our old stone cabin was like the gate of a public park — open to all comers. Folks of our neighborhood walked in and out as people walk in and out of a department store. This was as I would have it, up to a certain point. Then familiarity became something else. I wanted to be alone with my father and sister.

The chimney corner — my mother's place — was vacant. In all my life I have never felt an emptiness so keenly. She would have understood everything. My father and sister had not traveled far along the spiritual pathway of understanding. I went out to the potato field — to the spot from which the long pilgrimage started. I visited

the stone pile where my childhood chum was breaking stones. He took the wire net from his eyes and looked at me. He expected me to look as I did when I left and talk in the old vernacular. He was disappointed in both. I was another person and he was the same. I expected some of the old fervor of companionship to return. There was no thrill, no common ground. A wide gulf separated us. It was of the mind.

I went to the churchyard and stood by the grave of the most saintly woman I have ever known. Everything I was and hoped to be I owed to her — to her love and faith. Perhaps she heard me as I said this at her grave. In the home nothing was changed. In the town all was as it had been except that a new generation carried on. The news of my return spread quickly. At night the house was so full we could hardly move. The people would have remained all night if I had n't taken my coat off and announced that I was going to take everything else off and have a bath in my father's old tub. That cleared the house. We barred the door and were alone.

My father had become so deaf that they heard outside nearly everything said to him anyway. What puzzled them was where I was going to sleep. It puzzled my father also. He could n't imagine my climbing the little ladder and sliding in beneath the roof as I did for so many years when a boy. I had provided for the emergency. I spread a laprobe on the mud floor beside the fire and went to sleep. Next day I took my father to a hillside outside Belfast in order to explain many things to him. In the mind of the poor in Ireland, America spelled wealth. I had remained poor. There was a blank look in his eyes when I tried to explain that in the career I had cut out for myself the only wealth was of the mind and

soul. If I had told him the whole truth he would have been utterly mystified.

While in Belfast I was invited to preach in a large church. My father was there. When he saw me in a Geneva gown delivering a sermon his eyes filled with tears and I knew he was thinking about my mother. This was her dream. When it was over and I was surrounded by friends, he put his arms around me and said he wished they'd 'hap him up' beside her now, as he had nothing more to live for. By a curious coincidence the mother of the girl I had met in the potato field sat beside my father in church. The girl had wedded a tragedy and was then in the United States.

I went to Glasgow to visit a brother and sister. I took my father with me. Every day we took long walks. We talked of things one talks of on the edge of the grave — life, death, immortality. When he said, in language more forceful than elegant, that 'God would n't be so damned niggardly' as to keep him from my mother, there was neither profanity nor irreverence in the expression. I reminded him of his own words, 'God's a gintleman.'

'Oh, aye, ye can bate on that,' he said, 'an' if He tuk oul' Withero in, He'll not bar the dour on me.'

At the station a group of curious bystanders stood on the platform watching the trembling old man clinging to me and dreading to let me go.

'We have just one minute more, Father.'

'Aye, aye, wan minute — my God, jist wan minute; why could n't ye stay a wee while longer?'

'There are so many voices calling me over the sea.'

He saw the people watching us and impulsively dragged me toward a waiting room. He realized that the time

was up. He stopped, grabbed me around the neck, and kissed me passionately over and over again. The whistle blew.

'All aboard!'

He clutched me and held me with the grip of a drowning man. I had to break loose, gently, lovingly, tears be-

dimming my own eyes. I caught a glimpse of him as the train moved out, despair and a picture of death on his face. His lips were trembling and he could n't see me any more. His eyes were too full of tears. A few months later they buried him beside my mother.

(The next installment of Mr. Irvine's story will be 'A Batman at Large')

THE FRENCH MIND

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

FRANCE does not resemble any other country, for her conception of production, of politics, and of life is essentially her own. Also the scale of values in the modern world has altered to such an extent that generally she is not understood, and often is isolated. To those of the French who do not travel this statement would seem paradoxical in the extreme, for they would be tempted to believe that the civilized world still looks in their direction, just as it did a century ago. The wellspring of our influence is still living and fresh, but the world has changed. We are mostly appreciated by those who preserve a certain conception — now out-of-date — of individuality, liberty, and culture. This conception gives us our numerous, although sporadic and nearly always individual, friends. One is bound to think of France in terms of individuals!

Economically France is not the contemporary of the countries which lead the world to-day, a fact we must bear in mind if we are to understand French politics. The United States, Germany,

and even England are all of recent formation economically. We are watching the American captain of industry and the American workman develop under our very eyes, and the German business man is the creation of the last two decades of the nineteenth century only.

The French personality, on the contrary, was a finished product by the end of the eighteenth century. Our peasants and artisans both come from the Middle Ages, and deep heart-searching reveals that every essential of our character already existed at the time of the 1789 Revolution. We are not a new country, and, like all other highly developed organisms, we are staid and do not take kindly to change. We are hard because we are old. Among so many peoples who are young or rejuvenated — sometimes almost childishly so — the French give a definite impression of being adult.

Since the completion of this our national individuality in that already far-distant past, two world-wide forces of tremendous consequence have arisen: first, the Industrial Revolution has

transformed all methods of production and indeed every aspect of material life; and secondly, the development of the countries overseas has been so rapid that the very centre of gravity of the planet has been altered and all our traditional measures of greatness, and even the comparative proportions of the nations, have been completely upset. France was great in the last century with her 204,000 square miles, but where is she to-day with the 2,900,000 square miles of the United States?

The transformation of the world goes deeper still, for we are now confronted with an entirely new theory of life. Quality has given way to quantity, the individual to the gang or the machine. In a word, humanity has entered upon a new phase. But what is to become of France, conceived and constructed for another age? If she is to adapt herself to these new conditions she must alter her outlook on life, the character of her production, her manner of living, and her ancient conception of political life, which some of us still believe to be in the forefront of progress. Or is there possibly still a corner in this modern world for France, born of individuality and the Revolution? The problem is almost tragic, for what is really at stake is the French personality and the original character of a civilization.

Now, French politics happen to be less than anything else adapted to the preoccupations which are now dominating the world, and this contrast will provide the basis of the present essay.

I

Even after a century of intense industrial life, the social structure of France is still essentially built up of peasants, artisans, and bourgeois.

In spite of the drift to the cities, which seems to be part of the normal

development of our Western civilization, the mainstay of French life is still the peasant. The census of 1921 estimates at 54 per cent the rural population of France, as against 49 per cent in the United States, and only 20 per cent in England. In contrast with the English farmer and the grain grower and stock raiser of the United States, the Frenchman may be considered as the very type of the peasant; a small landowner and solitary worker, who lives by cultivating his own plot of land. Out of 8,591,000 farmers in France, 5,000,000 are their own masters. This is a fact of supreme importance in our study of the French point of view, for the peasant heritage is always close at hand even in the heart of the cities; and although they may be far from the land the French continue to feel and react like peasants. Paul Morand speaks of the extraordinary persistence of this peasant spirit: 'It is the vegetable garden, the pride of our middle and working classes, which even in this age of machinery draws the Frenchman to the soil. It is the vegetable garden with its strawberries and radishes that means home to him out in the colonies, while to the British the chief preoccupation is tennis or golf. At the end of his day's work the English miner departs to play football, but the French miner, being essentially a peasant, goes into his garden.'

Industry has by no means influenced French character to the same extent. Even after the Treaty of Versailles, which has shifted the centre of gravity of the nation to the metallurgical industry in the Northeast, one may still say that our great manufacturing production remains strictly localized and that its influence does not permeate the mass of the people. No doubt Flanders or Lorraine taken separately would deny this impression, but if we study the statistics we realize that in-

dustry as such occupies only second place in the economic system of the nation. Out of 21,721,000 individuals who make up our working population, 6,181,000, or 28 per cent only, can be counted as contributing to manufacturing production. Again, out of these 6,181,000 only 4,270,000, or about 69 per cent, draw regular salaries, but of the remainder 1,162,000 are workers on their own account (19 per cent), and no fewer than 683,000 (11 per cent) are employers of labor. If we note that British industry is made up of 90 per cent wage earners, 6.3 per cent workers on their own account, and only 3 per cent employers, we can well comprehend the difference in the structure of the two countries. France contains far more small employers, and above all a considerable number of independent workers free from the discipline of collective production. Furthermore, the staffs in the great factories are astonishingly small, for, according to the census of 1921, out of 4,000,000 wage earners there were only 774,000 in plants having more than 500 workmen.

The secondary importance of the working classes is reflected in the limited number of trade-union members, only 1,846,000 in 1925. In this same year the Confédération Générale du Travail had only 605,000 members (*Year Book of the International Federation of Amsterdam, 1925*), and in 1928 the Confédération Générale du Travail Unitaire had only 525,000 (figures given by *La Vie Ouvrière*). Even these two figures are actually overoptimistic, and yet they seem exceedingly low, especially if we recall that during the 1920 period of prosperity the membership of the British trade-unions exceeded 8,000,000! As a matter of fact, and although the number of persons engaged in large plants is increasing (as the 1931 census will doubtless

show), France remains primarily a country of craftsmen.

We find typical craftsmen on every side, such as the village joiner, who can, if necessary, make a piece of fine furniture; the mechanic of the small town, who can construct an automobile as well as make repairs; the dressmaker, who also designs dresses; and also the nurseryman and the wine grower, who should, I think, although both country people, be classified with the artisans. These people are so wrapped up in their work that they occasionally will dream of it at night till it becomes part of their very being. Often they have a knack for solving problems which seem far above their comprehension. In this age of Henry Ford, France may seem out-of-date; nevertheless it is in the individuality of the worker, if only it can survive, that our true personality lies.

France is also a country of bourgeois. For our word *bourgeois* I would suggest as a definition, 'a man with some accumulated savings.' As a type the bourgeois is complex, mingling caution and ambition with a delicate sense of balance. Class egotism exists side by side with devotion to class, while materialism rubs shoulders with culture. Our bourgeois values property for the independence it gives him, an independence that guarantees him a standard of living which not only distinguishes him socially, but also provides an inheritance for his family.

As M. Johannet rightly notes, 'the bourgeoisie is the result of an effort born of self-control.' This effort to attain a certain social standing for the sake of the children is nowhere more common than in France. In this sense almost all French people, including even many communists, possess the bourgeois spirit. One can hardly say that Americans have the bourgeois spirit, since there are no class distinc-

tions in the United States and in nine cases out of ten the fruits of success are not in fact personally kept by the next generation.

In France, on the contrary, the bourgeois spirit is everywhere latent. The artisan, the peasant, the small shopkeeper, and indeed all the little people, come under this heading. The well-kept houses, where the linen although mended is in perfect order, are typically bourgeois, especially in comparison with other countries, where the careless housekeeper will hurry through her mending and finish it off with safety pins. We find the same thing if we look into a Frenchman's private account book. He usually has contrived to make both ends meet, even if the State budget is in deficit. This is in striking contrast to the English community, where the private budget may show a deficit, while the State finances generally will be balanced majestically. Finally we must note the astonishing instinct for saving which lies deep in the character of every Frenchman.

It is no wonder that a foreigner is completely at a loss when he tries to understand us, let alone judge us, for he has no opportunity of meeting the people that we consider most typical of our country. How could he possibly get into contact with the peasant? Also we must not overlook the fact that to an American the word 'peasant' means a serf attached to the soil, and therefore he often judges our agricultural workers erroneously.

The visitor will run up against a craftsman if he has occasion to have something repaired — that is, of course, if he does not throw the article away instead. If he chances upon the traditional type of French workman he is first amazed and then often as enchanted as if someone had presented him with a new and rare specimen. With the bourgeois he can only hope

to have the most formal relationship, for he will seldom be invited to dinner in his home, and over this it must be confessed there is a good deal of heart-burning. If he were to have access to the life of our bourgeoisie, he would discover that the French, who he imagines are rather fast and addicted to night life, are quite the reverse and follow a rigid routine of work, occasionally so severe, indeed, that even he himself would rebel against it. In brief, those of us who mix with foreigners are generally not representative of the French people, especially in respect of their political life. On this point, I dare say, many Parisians are quite as ignorant as foreigners, for one can frequent the salons of Paris for months without coming across a single Frenchman who is politically of the right vintage. It is in the provinces, and only there, that one must look for the men who really count politically.

II

The France of to-day is not economically what she was before the war, and yet her chief economic feature remains the same, for she still feels independent economically of other countries.

Looking back, the best description that one can give of pre-war France is that it was a happy country. Many other countries had a larger foreign trade, but France enjoyed the fortunate situation of scarcely needing the outside world either as a market for her manufactures or as a source of raw materials, a fact which was reflected in the small foreign trade, and especially in the low volume of our exports, for which we earned the reproach of our expansionists. Nevertheless any adverse balance of trade was automatically adjusted without the slightest difficulty either by our investments

abroad or by invisible exports. These easy circumstances, coupled with the self-sufficiency of the nation, led to a widespread feeling of economic security, in spite of the political insecurity of a menaced frontier. This feeling of economic security nations like England can never understand. Other countries were apt to feel envious about this, for by our undisguised self-satisfaction we showed only too clearly how indifferent we were to the rest of the world.

This atmosphere, as M. Paul Morand recalls, is not entirely of the past: 'Other countries may be parts of a continent or of the world, but France is an integral unit, a separate entity, not in the least interested in Europe, although Europe is certainly interested in her. One can almost feel the German villages quiver at the sound of a Russian army manoeuvre, and Spain gets quite worked up over an attempt on the life of a governor of one of her Moroccan dependencies. London, the nerve centre of the world, trembles, and with cause, at the announcement of a new oil gusher in Mexico or a political murder in the Punjab. But Paris, egotistical Paris, never turns a hair! News of universal upheavals comes flickering over the wires, is passed on to the editorial staffs and caricaturists, and then to a mocking public which makes limericks out of the items. On leaving France one has a distinct feeling of having freed one's self from a contented domesticity and avoided the dangers that lie in living with one woman who suffices.'

Basically this description still holds good, although France is now more concerned than before with international affairs. Her imports of raw materials are heavy, as she is obliged to go abroad for all her cotton, for more than nine tenths of her wool and raw silk, for at least one fifth of her coal,

and for over half her coke and practically all her oil. On the other hand she has within her own boundaries almost all the foodstuff she requires, and, although her colonial produce naturally comes from overseas, her imports of meat are negligible and decreasing. As for wheat, she produces almost 90 per cent of her consumption, and in a bad year she may need no more than 15 or 20 per cent imports. If we compare this with England, where the imports of meat amount to two fifths and wheat to two thirds of the country's consumption, we can appreciate that the anxiety that haunts all importing countries is never felt in France.

The export situation is very similar. France sends abroad principally prepared or at any rate refined foodstuffs, raw materials that have been partly worked till they can be classed as half-finished products, and high-grade manufactured articles which, though not necessarily luxuries, as is usually believed, are nearly always of high quality. In 1928, wearing apparel and textiles accounted for 46 per cent of the exports of manufactured articles.

Since the war we find a surprising increase in our exports of raw materials, a remarkable innovation in a country like France. Expressed by weight, our exports in 1928 reached the total of 41 million tons, 34 millions representing raw materials, of which 32 millions were ores or half-finished metal products. This development is due to the acquisition of the Lorraine iron and steel industry, which has an important bearing on our balance of trade as a whole.

The proportion of our manufacturing production, however, that is exported is relatively low. Certain exceptions exist, such as the silk industry, which sends abroad 50 to 75 per cent of its production, and steel, which exports sometimes up to 40 per cent, but other industries of equal significance export

relatively little. The woolen industry, for example, exports only one third of its production, and cotton only 3 per cent of its yarn and 35 per cent of its piece goods, half the latter going to our own colonies. Thus we work principally for the home market; and again it is interesting to compare with England, which exports four fifths of her cotton, two thirds of her metal products, and quite half her woollens, thereby creating an entirely different atmosphere — one might say a different economic climate.

The effects of this balance on the French attitude toward other countries can hardly be overemphasized. From the moment that a country is not obliged to go abroad for its foodstuffs or to market its own productions, it ceases to be interested in the affairs of the world in general. Many of our most important exporting industries, such as the women's fashion trade, do not even need to look for their foreign customers in other countries, for these foreign buyers flock to Paris every year by hundreds of thousands, and what they take away with them must be reckoned as invisible exports, as it does not appear in the government trade returns. Under these circumstances the export complex, as Freud would say, hardly exists in France, although certain exceptions exist to prove the rule, such as Lyons, Alsace, Bordeaux, Paris, and the North. The French manufacturer pays little heed to other countries, and instead of worrying about new markets he is anxious to keep intact what he has already, and especially his home market. Only international matters of first rank can ever hope to command the attention of the French Parliament. A maritime or colonial question will only interest some fifty members, and leave completely indifferent three hundred others. Contrast this with Eng-

land, where the representative of the exporter, the shipper, the financier, of the City of London always has the last word.

III

A Frenchman is above all an individualist, and therein lies not only his strength but also his weakness. He wants to be self-sufficient intellectually, and some hidden instinct prompts him to make himself self-sufficient economically also. To acquire a little property, a little house, a little business, a little income from investments, is the dream of millions of French people — a dream that is narrow and devoid of romance. It is the counsel of wisdom, if you will, but the result borders on mediocrity.

The Frenchman is said to be sociable. Yes, so long as he is assured of stimulating conversation. Where his family, his business, and his private affairs are concerned, he is reserved and almost impenetrable. In no other country can one feel so utterly alone as in France, where people barricade themselves in their homes as if they were fortresses. Yet these same people are usually prepossessing, and even charming, if you meet them on neutral ground. All the Frenchman desires is to be independent, and to this end he will amass and hoard his hard-earned savings in order to build a little house, even at the price of endless efforts. It is always this personal independence — possibly under another name — which he hopes to secure in his old age, and which he values above worldly success. 'The most striking characteristic of democracy is that it is anti-social,' writes Alain, who concludes that every democratic movement, in contrast with natural association, has an antisocial tendency. This is a far-reaching assertion, and actually is true only of France, for the Anglo-

Saxon democracies are hardly based on that kind of individualism; in fact they are perhaps the reverse.

With such basic traits the Frenchman has many serious faults. He is even unsympathetic at times. It must be admitted that he is incurably suspicious — as suspicious as a country lawyer, and with no thought of granting credit even when it would be to his advantage to do so. He is jealous, partly from envy and partly from a latent fear that the rich and powerful will dominate him. He is astonishingly devoid of sentiment when his interests are at stake, and he takes into his calculations matters that seem to have but the remotest bearing on the subject. He is wonderfully calculating about matrimony, and equally so when it comes to adding to the population. (Although they had certainly never heard of Malthus, the French bourgeoisie and peasants of the nineteenth century were really the first Malthusians.) When at last he considers himself to be independent, with enough for his own wants, he ignores with beaming self-satisfaction everything that does not appertain to his own community, almost to his own person. Materially he falls into a rut, and geographically he shuts himself in as if he were alone in the world.

Yes, all this is true, but part and parcel of it is a brilliant quality which, in the apostle's phrase, covers a multitude of sins. The Frenchman is essentially an adult. He looks life straight in the face, with no trace of hypocrisy or childishness, and with no illusions. If you talk with him he has something to say, for he has usually pondered much on the problems of life. He is wise with a wisdom based less on books, magazines, and newspapers than on personal experience and a time-honored tradition passed down to him by earlier generations. At present, when

the achievements of the masses dominate everything, he bears aloft the torch of individuality. In spite of all we may say, he is a superb idealist.

Corresponding to these national characteristics we find a traditional conception of production in France, which is threatened by the present transition to new methods and habits of life. An instinct for work dominates the peasant, an instinct irresistible as a natural law, which binds him to the soil by a tie amounting almost to devotion.

These inspiring lines from François Mauriac are not in the least exaggerated: 'Ceres has more worshipers in France than Christ, for the peasant has one religion only, and that the religion of the soil. He possesses the land . . . or rather he is possessed by it, for he consecrates his life to it and the land devours him alive. A veritable sheet anchor was required to attach to the land a part of the human race which was destined to nourish the rest.'

Anglo-Saxons can neither understand nor love our peasants. The intensive toil of our cultivator bowed over the ground from dawn to dusk — is it progress in the light of the eight-hour day of the British workman? Does not such passion for independence fly in the face of modern evolution, based on coöperation? And does not the narrow conservatism of the small proprietor lead to a narrow, selfish routine that is really an insurmountable obstacle to progress? In this almost unconscious antagonism lies the gulf that separates an industrial from an agricultural democracy. The industrial worker lives by a type of production that is more complex and more collective, in immense agglomerations where independence means nothing and a re-cluse cannot survive. The cultivator wrests his livelihood from the soil, which lends itself more readily to in-

dividual exploitation and admits of a more relaxed relationship between proprietors, whose work is similar and independent rather than coöperative. Now the English, by contrast, have been enticed away from the land by a century of intensive city life, until they have lost that love of the soil so characteristic of the French. They look upon the country as a place in which to spend their holidays, and no longer understand the peasant type of civilization, which they neither admire nor envy. We, however, appreciate the strength of the peasants and what they mean to a country; in fact we respect them to such a point that politically we hesitate to antagonize them.

The character of our workingman is well expressed in that most French of French traditions, the honor of work well done. If he is not discouraged by inadequate pay or disgusted by bad conditions of work, he will be absolutely devoted to his trade and his workshop. As any captain of industry will tell you, for intelligence and initiative he is unsurpassed the world over. In spite of the great changes brought about by modern methods, the spirit of the craftsman survives with us to an amazing degree. Referring to the poor quarter of Orléans where Péguy lived in his youth, the Tharaud brothers write: 'This ancient type of civilization had a culture of its own, formed partly by local tradition and partly by centuries of experience, and owing nothing or almost nothing to the outside world. These people still lived close to the soil, a community of peasant-workmen, of artisans who had hitherto been rustic. They brought to their workshops those old, old virtues of the land, an unbelievable pride in work and the religion of the task well done. This old-world community resembled less the France of our time than the France of the ancient régime.'

This atmosphere of craftsmanship actually existed fifty years ago, and its archaic substrata still lie close to the surface, for the past fifty years have not been able to replace the mark of fifteen centuries. Until recently the French culture was based on a civilization of peasants and small tradesmen. The Industrial Revolution created a superstructure, but it did not assimilate the original foundation, and therefore even to-day we must take into consideration the effect of the artisan and the peasant on the French national character. Here again contrast with England is interesting. The Englishman has a perfect genius for trading; he deals in constantly changing values, and handles them with an ease which we can scarcely comprehend. But big business generally remains a closed book to the Frenchman, who is still as eager as he was in the Middle Ages to create a masterpiece, and still old-fashioned enough to linger over a fine bit of work.

Meanwhile, water is running rapidly under the bridges, and we are living in a great industrial age. The French mind, as expounded three centuries ago in Descartes's philosophy, has nowadays proved itself capable of 'rationalization' — but, after all, theoretically that is not remarkable. In the manufacturing world, as well as everywhere else, the qualities and faults of the French are true to type, as they always arise from the same source, individualism. Unlike the Germans, the French are never tied down to organization. In reality they put more faith in their own intelligence than in the experience of others, no matter how reliable, being almost too inclined to believe that by taking thought they can accomplish anything. 'Self-help' will work miracles, no doubt, but it cannot replace preparation, method, discipline, and patient coöperation.

Though the French understand organization as well as anyone, they will coöperate only in emergency. Normally they prefer to work alone, and rarely believe that anything can surpass the sterling worth of the individual or that collectivity constitutes an end in itself. In the scholastic sense they are nominalists, for to them the world is made up of individuals. The French political mind is saturated with this philosophy, while another conception appeals to the German and American.

IV

According to the Chinese it is right and proper to steal from the State in order to support an aged parent. At heart the French share this opinion, for according to the dictates of their conscience the family certainly comes before the State, and their obligations to the community seem far off and unreal. The emphasis they place on the home is simply a form of intersexual egotism, while the molecule which forms the family provides a social cement of incomparable solidity. In the last analysis the nation loses nothing, for in this family pride, no longer individualistic, lies a latent altruism. In a critical period, the State has always had completely at its disposal great reserves, which, however, were not accumulated in response to civic virtue.

As the essence of the French nation is social rather than political, an outsider will often mistake a rowdy parliamentary session for a serious national crisis. In a way, France resembles China, where life does not follow any political plan but is attracted to a centre of gravity that lies far deeper and is therefore more stable. We are the despair of the political moralists of the best tradition, for we never mean to borrow our prosperity

from our political institutions. As the penetrating and delightful Robert de Jouvenel observes, 'France is a happy land where the soil is rich, workmen are ingenious, and wealth widely distributed. Politics are the concern only of those who have a bent that way, but are not of paramount importance even to them.'

We must now consider the conception of wealth which arises from this. It is peculiar to France, and, as the war has not altered it, it affords an interesting anachronism. In France riches are not regarded as public property as they are in England, but are, on the contrary, entirely a private matter. A Frenchman does not place his money at the disposal of the community, and if by chance it falls into the hands of the State it is quite against his will. At the back of his mind is always the thought that his savings are not for the benefit of others, but for himself, or at any rate his heirs. The French do not give generously to charity. One does not hear of a magnificent donation to universities or social institutions, as in England or America. The use of wealth with us is considered less as a social duty according to the feudal tradition than under the aspect of the right which we have to keep it and defend it, according to the bourgeois ethics. This idea, hard and clear as one may glean it from the writings of Balzac, gives the nation a foundation of astonishing solidity. No matter what an ass a man may make of himself politically, as an individual he will stand firmly on his feet, so that, being perfectly self-possessed, he may indulge in any foolishness he likes in the realm of ideals. We are too inclined to look for the typical Frenchman among the people who frequent the Paris salons, or among the Southerners, so eloquent or astute. Actually we are more likely to find him in the great

central section of the country, among the brown-haired brachycephalic *bougnats* in the province of Auvergne. How thickset and awkward they are, and how indefatigable when it comes to gathering in the shekels!

Could the spirit of citizenship ever hope to flourish in such an atmosphere? Hardly, I think, if we take the Anglo-Saxon meaning, which is that morals and personal interests work closely together toward the same material ends, for obviously this aspect of citizenship is not French. This is perhaps because we have drifted away from Protestant ideals, for as soon as we cross the Swiss frontier it reappears.

We have our own type of citizenship, however. Ask a Frenchman for his money to save his country, and perhaps he will not give it to you, even at the very moment when he shows himself ready to sacrifice his life. But appeal to him if you are defending, not a political platform of interests, but ideals like liberty, equality, or the Republic, and you will find yourself surrounded by hundreds and thousands of enthusiastic supporters. Anyone who has been in personal contact with our electorate knows also that it can be swayed by sentiment quite as easily as by its own interests. Such a conception of citizenship is limited, no doubt, since it comes from a party spirit which expands and rises above itself, but it is real. It gave us the revolutionary citizen of 1792 and the *quarante-huitard*, the *bon républicain* of Gambetta, the militant supporters of the Left and possibly of the Right, the militant syndicalists, and it may be many of our communists. It is somewhat akin to the classical citizenship, made up of the teachings of Titus Livius and Cicero.

This list of good qualities and bad — it is not easy to say which are good and which are bad — is exceedingly

perplexing to the foreigner, who, when he attempts to judge us, frequently goes sadly astray. He considers us frivolous, while in reality we are serious, methodical workers; he finds us changeable, although we stick to our opinions through thick and thin; he thinks we are tricky, but high professional conscience is as common here as anywhere; actually we are more bourgeois than he is himself, as conservative and well balanced, but he insists that we are revolutionary; he fears we are decadent, but the race is socially sound and biologically indestructible.

Instinctively one turns to China for a simile: 'There is a striking likeness between the Chinese and ourselves,' writes Paul Morand; 'the same passion for economy by making things last by repairing them endlessly, the same genius for cooking, the same caution and old-world courtesy; an inveterate but passive hatred of foreigners, conservatism tempered by social gales, lack of public spirit, and the same indestructible vitality of old people who have passed the age of illness. Should not we think that all ancient civilizations have much in common?'

In fact these traits essentially belong to the old-world civilization of craftsmen and peasants to which I referred earlier, but they have been moulded by social life and disciplined by an administration which has been fully aware of the importance of its task. One quickly notices the qualities which are lacking: the sense of what credit and big business are, a collective banking and industrial tradition, as distinct from the individual worth of business directors — in fact, a national economic doctrine and the equivalent of Manchester and the City of London. We have, of course, many centres of industry that are rich in genius and tradition, but geographically they are strictly localized, and any coöperation

between our captains of industry is quite recent. France, when all is said, remains a nation of scattered organizations.

V

Out of this atmosphere has arisen a political system suitable to the individual and based on his needs. This system holds its own against the *ancien régime*, which, at least in its essence, allowed more for organization.

Now comes a new school of thought, chiefly from the United States, based on different principles which bid fair to dominate the world. Instead of personal work, we are confronted with a theory of coöperation; instead of individualism, with discipline; instead of liberty, with efficiency. This new system, like ours, admits of political ideals which are not necessarily anti-democratic, but which almost inevitably assert themselves as anti-individualistic. In the modern world emphasis is no longer laid on the individual, but on the group.

What, then, is to become of France? Economically she would rather continue along the road of individuality and quality, but she is disposed, if necessary, to and is certainly capable of evolution toward mass production.

No doubt she will prove sufficiently adaptable to make the change.

Politically, however, such an evolution is not in the way of being achieved. At the very moment when the France of 1789 is already superseded by new social structures, she is still obliged to devote a great deal of her energy to struggling against the traditions of the *ancien régime*. In fact she does not feel tempted to give up the ideology of the individual in favor of a programme of social efficiency. She remains, then, politically a community of small people, consecrated to a somewhat narrow individualism, suspicious of every form of economic hierarchy, and largely indifferent to the mystical passion for production that is intoxicating and transfiguring the world of our time.

True, but let us not forget that although this democracy may appear mediocre it is teeming with brains and intelligence, alert and ready with infinite possibilities. It is for this very reason that France, as she sticks to ideals of the pre-industrial phase, is politically behind the times. If the individual is to perish in the effort for collective production, France also will perish. But if it is written that the individual will reappear triumphant, France also will rise eternal.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

I

WHAT a story, — as incredible as it is ineffable, — telling how, in a tiny town, in a stall in a stable, under a singing sky, at ‘the end of the way of a wandering star,’ God was born a Babe, bringing a new pity and joy into the life of man, dividing time into before and after! Once aloft and aloof, cloud-robed and shrouded in awe, God drew near, striving to enter our fleeting life, trying all doors, and finally making Himself small as a little child and lying down on the doorstep of the world, until the world, moved by the cry of a Babe, opened the door that had been barred to threats and thunders, and took the Child in. Was any story ever more fantastic, at once more impossible and more enchanting?

It is unthinkable, say the wise, — knowing not what they say, — because the Infinite One who inhabits eternity cannot take the form of man. But God is not truly great unless He can reveal Himself in little things, in a cosy room and a hearth side, in the love of the home and the family. If He is too high to be lowly, He is too small to be God. Love is lost in immensities; it comes in simple, gentle ways, and that is why, on Christmas, religion is so homey and full of caresses, showing how we are ‘caught in the coil of God’s romances’ and held in His arms. Hence the joy that sets the world singing, and a haunting loveliness in the heart — warm, tender, glad. God did not come a giant to little folk; He took

our tiny shape and let us hold Him in our arms.

If there were no Christmas, our idea of God might be august and awful; it could never be homey and happy. A God who revealed Himself only in suns and systems would remain remote; He could never be intimately near. Such words as ‘eternity’ and ‘infinity’ chill our spirits and make our minds reel. They tell of a God who sits in silence on the far-away hills of wonder, dim and unapproachable, a dweller in the distance. But Christmas reveals a Little God, joyous and gentle, at once eternal and humble, nestling in the heart.

If, stated starkly, the story reads like a leaf out of a fairy book, we must remember that only the thinnest of veils divides fairyland from the truth. Alas, the veil may be as thick as a stone wall, unless we have kept something easily lost in the rough ways of the world, as a page from a well-beloved book will show. In the *Journal of Amiel* we meet a man sensitive, shy, smitten with the malady of thought, and often sad, albeit rich in varied insight. One entry tells of the tumult of his mind as he finished reading Schopenhauer, now so much in vogue, as if the petulant pessimism of the philosopher had infected his spirit. It left him all awry, groping amid dim dogmas, cloudy creeds, and a wisdom that is not wise. When he asked himself, as so many ask to-day, ‘What, then, do I believe in?’ he did not know. Then, suddenly, in the depth of his heart he

felt a stir, and heard the laugh of a child:—

Folly! I believe in goodness, and hope that goodness will prevail. Deep within this ironical and disappointed being of mine there is a child hidden—a frank, sad, simple creature, who believes in the ideal, in love, in holiness, and all the heavenly superstitions. A whole millennium of idyls sleep in my heart: I am a pseudo-skeptic, a pseudo-scoffer.

Aye, happy is the man deep down in whose heart the gay laugh of a child—free, trustful, joyous—makes his grim, gray philosophy seem foolish. It is to a hidden child in us, sleeping but never dead, that Christmas makes its appeal, and that is why, when the clouds are off our souls and we are most truly ourselves, free from the pose of being wise, we know that it is true. The highest truth is never known by logic, but by love. God is an artist and does not hang His pictures in a cold, dim light. The life of God, which is beyond our ken, may be more like the heart of an unspoiled child than like that of a king on his throne, to whom cringing men bow down. There may be nothing in the universe, even with its light-year measurements, greater than the love that forgives a penitent man and binds up a broken heart. So Jesus taught,—He whose generation and affinity are with elemental and eternal things,—and by following Him we come at last, not to the child that once we were, but to the child we never yet have been.

II

For, in a true sense, the urge into childhood, as it is called, is not backward but forward, not a return into an old but a growth and unfolding into a new childhood. After all, children, as someone has said, are rather symbols of youth than youth itself; they are unconsciously young. Whereas, in later

life, if we be truly wise, we have the power of converting the symbol into the reality, of being young and knowing it. As Jesus told us, unless we become, *not* little children, but *as* little children, we shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Such words should give us pause, since Jesus, whom our age is trying so hard to understand, so often insists that unless we have the child attitude toward God and life and man we cannot even see His kingdom, much less enter it.

Put plainly, if the words of Jesus mean anything, they mean that if we are losing—or rather, if we have failed to attain—the spirit of the child, we are losing the gospel, or can never find it; losing it utterly, and need to be born again—as the Teacher told the grave and courteous scholar who visited Him by night—if we are to regain or find it. Our scholarship, it would seem, of which we are so proud, is quite futile. Some artist ought to paint the puzzled look on the face of Nicodemus when he asked how a man who is old can be born again, and the sweet wonder on the face of Jesus, who was astonished that a teacher of faith should not know what He meant.

Here, no less, is the pathos of our generation, with its bright, brittle, bitter sophistication and the tiresome egotism of an all-analyzing self-consciousness which has brought it to the verge of spiritual paralysis and futilitarianism. It is fascinated with Jesus, haunted by Him, pitying and patronizing Him by turns, trying to know Him, but failing, finding His mind naïve, childish, and primitive, and His faith in a divine Father an infantile complex. Yet even those who have broken with the Christian tradition find themselves in the presence of Jesus, unable to escape Him, enthralled by His personality, as if He knew a secret which our supercleverness has missed, and without

which life loses its meaning and lustre. Evermore Jesus passes by on His errand, and men follow His figure with wistful eyes, but not with their minds and feet.

Life is in little fragments to-day, set under a microscope for inspection — when it is not being flung on a screen so that we may watch our heart beat, note its score, and check its response to injected stimuli. Actually, we have a race that knows itself and is so fascinated with the knowledge that it cannot stop looking at itself. There is no longer any privacy, scarcely sincerity — all is pose and posture. Jesus warned us not to do our alms or say our prayers to be seen of men, but, alas, that is the least of our troubles — the awful trouble is that we do everything to be seen of ourselves! Has a self-conscious self-knowledge robbed us of that wholeness and simplicity which alone make Jesus intelligible? Has His word, 'The kingdom of God is within you,' taken up by the devil of introspection, become not a haven but a horror? Have we looked into everything and through everything so long that we now overlook the little door that leads into the land of Christmas, where love is just love, and beauty is just beauty?

III

To say it otherwise: can the sophisticated modern mind, so wise in its own estimate, so mature in its own judgment, and so emancipated, ever enter into the simplicity, the humility, the wonder and sweet wisdom of the Jesus way of thinking? Most of the elements in its make-up run exactly counter to His faith and the spirit of His life. Take the story of Tolstoi, so typical of our restless age, going without arriving, seeking without finding; a great, God-haunted soul, — the man was humanity! — to whom the most terrible

shadow was not death, but the meaninglessness of life. After trying everything, after going everywhere, and finding neither truth nor peace, he turned to Jesus, as all must do sooner or later. But, alas, unable to become as a little child, like Dostoevski, — who kept, or won, the child heart, and saw all souls as troops of little children, some with dirty faces and bedraggled frocks, — Tolstoi came to Jesus not in humility, but in humiliation; and so missed a great secret. Let us not chide Tolstoi; his quest is also our quest, and happy is he who finds. There is mystery enough in life to rebuke the proud, and light enough, if we follow the gleam, to revive the spirit of the humble.

If the wise and witty mind of our day, so bewilderingly intelligent and capable, will not bow at the Manger, like the Magi of old, what has it to offer? Surely it dare not give up the quest and resign itself to the religion of despair, lest its own wisdom be impeached as the ultimate folly, ending in obfuscation. It is only fair to ask that it set to work to discover a meaning in life, or to invent a meaning for it, else we all fall together into a hound's ditch. For, if life is futile and without meaning, by the same token our zeal to know about it is futile and silly, since the true is no better than the false, both being vanity. In the past Wisdom might dwell in an ivory tower, aloof from direct interest in actual life, a kind of umpire of its issues. But that is no longer possible, if only because the very value of Wisdom itself is in debate, and it must defend its tower. For the first time the real issue is clearly seen, and may not be evaded: the fact of an adequate value in life, and a valid worth in human effort, is as much an issue for the wise men of the world as it is for those who follow the Christmas star. Which way, then, lies the clearest light and the truest vision?

For some of us, something in the spirit of Christmas makes it plain that the cocksure sophistication of our day is pathetically superficial, its glittering cleverness profoundly stupid, and its towering pride tragically pitiful. As one listens again to the old, immortal story, and sings carols that echo adown the ages, the scene which many think is only a fairy dream which we have agreed to dream for a day, and then forget, seems nearer to the truth than all our dim philosophies, if only because it does not seek too high for what is near by. After all, perhaps the most terrible error of our smart and giddy-paced age is that we have mistaken knowledge for truth, and cleverness for wisdom, and have forgotten to distinguish between the 'childish things,' which Saint Paul said should be put aside, and the great childlike things, which abide, and to which we owe the strength and sanity of life.

IV

By an odd freak of fact, the men in our day who are nearest to the spirit and mind of Jesus in their method and approach are men of science. Long ago Huxley — the elder Huxley, not his descendant who shows us in an exquisite art the humor, irony, and pathos of futility — said that the words of Jesus, 'Except ye . . . become as little children,' are the most perfect description of the spirit of science in its search for reality. If a man would know scientific truth, Huxley said, he must sit down before fact as a child, eager, humble, teachable, rich in wonder and pure in heart; and such a spirit is no less the secret of finding the truth of faith. And it is the glory of Christmas that it makes known a truth which can never be uttered, but can only be incarnated and acted.

To the man of science, to say it once

more, the simplicity and wonder of a childlike faith are no difficulty; they are his habit of mind and heart. In his laboratory to-day he is like Alice in Wonderland, only his findings are more fantastic. Nor is he averse to imagery as an aid, since his world view is far remote from that of the rationalist, with its neat logical perfection, and he must be content with imperfect symbols of truth, if that is the only alternative available. For example, the Rutherford-Bohr atom is an inherently impossible entity; but every physicist believes in it as the best picture, so far devised, of ultimate facts. The only alternative is to feign contentment with a mass of dynamical equations, which mean little and suggest nothing in the absence of the mental image of the atom.

In other words, as a man of science has to content himself with conceptions which are consciously symbolic, inadequate, and lacking even in consistency, so a religious man is justified in adopting a childlike faith, unless some more perfect knowledge is available to him. And if, in exchange for such a faith, he is offered the commonplaces of thought, or high-flown metaphysics, or dull dogma decked out in fine phrases, a sound instinct will justify him in rejecting them, trusting a deeper prompting, and knowing that the time when he need no longer 'see through a glass, darkly,' has not yet arrived. Nor may he hope to find an imagery of reality at once more intimate and august than the Christmas picture, with the brooding beauty of Mother and Child and the white star of the ideal in the sky.

For, unless our race is love-lifted and star-led, what hope have we that war will ever end, and the slum be cleansed, and mankind attain to a collective life that is just and merciful and full of joy? There is no valid fact against a great-

spirited coöperation of nations and races but this — that we have a childish fear and lack a happy, childlike faith in the impossible things, which are alone worth the doing. As with the boys and girls in the market place whom Jesus watched at play, envy, spite, greed, petty pride, and, above all, jealousy — these are the real obstacles to those brave large reconstructions, those daring brotherly feats of generosity, that will yet turn human life — of which our lives are tiny parts — into a glad, gracious, and triumphant fraternity all around this sunlit earth.

Ages ago Juliana of Norwich, whose

name is still as fair and as fragrant as a blackthorn against a sky of vivid blue, and as tender as mother love and child trust, wrote this line: 'To me was shown no higher stature than childhood'; and all the great mystics agree with her vision. They know what Jesus meant when He said: 'Whosoever shall receive this little child in my name receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me receiveth him that sent me.' George Macdonald, who was half a child and half an angel, tried in his *Unspoken Sermons* to expound that text, and failed — inevitably so, because it is a white truth which human words discolor!

A BOUNTIFUL PROVIDENCE

BY A. W. SMITH

I

SHIGRAMS have rather gone out of fashion in Bombay in these days of motors, but occasionally one may still see one on iron-tired wheels trundling behind a horse. The body of the vehicle is square. Square everywhere; straight up and down sides, and roof with the slightest camber. The windows are wooden slat blinds and the whole is finished in shiny brown varnish with plenty of bright brass fittings. They are not as common as they used to be, — one would be hard put to it to find a place to buy a new one, — and those few on the streets, belonging to a generation ago, are the property of conservative Indian merchants whose sons and grandsons prefer the speed and convenience of the motor.

The driver of the shigram sits high

on the roof, perched on a little box, his bare feet on a wooden ledge provided with a pedal which works a bell. The bell is hardly necessary in these days when the shigram is one of the slowest-moving units in the mass of traffic on Queen's Road of a morning, but that does not prevent the driver from using it. One sometimes sees a coachman of a day gone by flicking the withers of his horse with the cracker of his long whip. All in white with blue puttees, he gayly clangs his bell at every corner, and brings his vehicle to a stop outside the office door with great flourish and dignity.

It is proverbial that the Bombay monsoon breaks on a Saturday afternoon just about lunch time, when all the offices are closing for the week-end. After a breathlessly hot morning, overcast and windless, the first storm comes

with a flurry and roar of wind, to rain five, six, or seven inches in four or five hours. The storm-water drains, choked with rubbish after eight months of dry weather, cannot cope with the flow, and the low-lying roads on the east of Sandhurst Bridge run two and three feet in water. The streets are littered with cars, great and small, caught where they stand like beasts shot in flight, some slewed across the road in the act of turning, some where they should be — in the gutters. Then the shigram comes into its own. Driver oilskin clad, elbows squared, looking neither to right nor to left, whip held just so, bare feet braced against the ledge, horse clopping through the water, wheels scuttering up spray, bell clanging gayly, the shigram at least gets home.

II

It was no thought of practicality that led the Little Sisters of the Poor to own and use a shigram. The workings of a bountiful Providence had provided it in the first instance, and it never occurred to the Little Sisters to question the wisdom of its provision.

Before even Sister Veronica came to Bombay, some forty years ago, that particular shigram had been the pride of the House of the Sisterhood in the slums off Grant Road. Then it was black and new and shiny. Now it was still moderately black, but no longer new or shiny, and the hair had long ago begun to come through the leather of the cushions. All the same, it was still known as the 'new shigram,' for in those dim and distant days when fodder was cheap and wages low and a horse could be kept for twenty rupees a month or less the Sisters had owned two shigrams and three horses.

Then it was that the new shigram was really new, and it remained the new shigram even after Banoo, a little

drunk, though the Little Sisters did not realize it, had scraped a wheel off the old shigram on a gatepost at the Rattanbhai Hospital and finished it forever. By that time keeping a horse was more expensive. It now cost twenty-two rupees a month, and twenty-three if one was not very careful about the amount of 'foot oil' the syce included in his monthly bills. The trams, too, had arrived, swaying and clanging all the way from Colaba to Parel, so that there was really no point in keeping more than one horse and the new shigram.

It was a bitter blow to Aloysius Francis when the Little Sisters came to the point of keeping only the new shigram and one horse. He had been with the Little Sisters before even Sister Veronica came on the scene, and when Banoo had his accident with the old shigram he was in the position of head coachman, with two men under him and commission from the bunnia on all the corn that was bought and the right to put in the monthly bills for shoeing, mane hogging, grass, repairs to saddlery, and new brooms and baskets. His most guarded privilege was, of course, the elastic item at the bottom for foot oil, a composition which syces consider indispensable for keeping the walls of the hoof in good condition. This always brought his bills to a pie or two on either side of the ten rupees, seven annas, and six pies for the three horses which he had long ago discovered was about the limit of what the Little Sisters would pay without asking any questions.

Sister Veronica, when she first came out from Dublin, told him flatly that he was merely using kerosene oil stolen from the kitchen. That accusation had cost him two months of paying real money for turpentine and coconut oil. However, daily production of the tin in which the concoction was kept and

ostentatious swabbing of the walls of the hoof before starting out on the daily round soon convinced Sister Veronica that she could take a reasonable view of these matters. Everything returned to the *status quo ante*, and the cook again found a market for the surplus kerosene.

It was never quite clear how Aloysius Francis got to the position of head syce. Providence again, presumably, but without doing any injustice to anyone one would suspect that Providence was ably assisted by Aloysius Francis himself. To begin with, of course, he was not called Aloysius Francis. He was merely a low-caste Hindu lad of the syce class — what they call a ‘Hindustani wallah’ in Bombay, meaning that he came from somewhere round Benares, which is the English name for the holy city of Kashi.

Quite early in his career he had realized that his opportunity lay in becoming head syce to the Sisters. Few other places could offer the same chances — the Sisters knew little or nothing about horses and the prices of grain and foot oil. Aloysius Francis — or Ganesh, as he was then — had had only too recent experience of one of those sunburned Englishmen who kept two Australians and a country-bred to hunt from the Jackal Club. They all seemed to know the price of everything to a pie, and Ganesh still smarted from the tongue-lashing he had got for not reporting a sore back; only a little sore, too — hardly greater than a two-anna bit.

No, the Little Sisters offered an opportunity and he settled down to take it. Quite early in his career he became a Christian and Aloysius Francis and, not long after, head syce. It mattered not a scrap to him, the boycott he received from his caste men. He was Aloysius Francis, head syce, and he squared his lean shoulders and,

setting himself on the box, handled whip and rein as if he were driving four-in-hand. There was certainly style about him, but the Little Sisters paid for it.

When Banoo scraped off the wheel Aloysius Francis was very angry indeed, but his anger was tempered by the knowledge that repair would mean more rupees slipping through his fingers, some of which would be bound to stick. When, however, he heard that there were to be no repairs, that the shigram had been sold where it lay, and that two of the three horses in the stable were to be sold, his anger knew no bounds. He kicked and cuffed poor Banoo, who never had been very bright, and finally threw him out of the compound. He then set to work immediately to find another job. The glory and most of the profit of being head syce were gone.

He went to syces he knew all over Bombay, but in each case the answer was the same: virtually, that horses were few and becoming fewer, and there were not enough jobs to go around, and why should they — good Hindus — put him on to a job when their caste brothers also wanted them.

He made the best of his bad luck. He shrugged his shoulders and stayed to work at the House of the Little Sisters. The one horse that was kept after Banoo’s adventure with the gatepost was reasonably young, a dark gray Australian, big-boned, with feet like soup plates, a Roman nose, and a large head set not quite badly enough for him to be called ewe-necked. He had a long, raking, loose-actioned trot, a regular delivery-cart style, but little Aloysius Francis, perched high on the box, managed somehow to collect him into some kind of action.

For ten years Aloysius Francis drove the gray, harnessing him daily into the new shigram and driving him round

from the stables at the back of the Sisterhood House. Daily on those patrols from poverty-stricken house to poverty-stricken house the Little Sisters rode pair and pair behind the gray with Aloysius Francis high on his box ever striving for style.

Whenever she could manage it, Sister Veronica came across the dusty compound where ragged crotons flamed in the sunshine to talk to the old horse in his stall. Aloysius Francis could generally be found on his string bed outside his quarters, and as she came he would bring, wrapped in a dirty cloth, carrots, little pieces of sugar cane, or brown balls of the raw sugar they call *ghur*.

The old gray could recognize Sister Veronica in her white habit almost before she had come round the corner of the verandah and he would whinny in his stall until she came across to talk to him. As she leaned over the bars of his stall and whispered to him of things she would never see again, — round green hills with firm galloping turf, stone walls, grass banks and blackthorn hedges, racing skies and hounds streaming away on the far side of a valley, — he would nuzzle and blow into her sleeve and pretend to try to eat the beads of her rosary.

III

The old gray began to get very old, but the Little Sisters still drove behind him. He was now nearly twenty-five and his Roman nose was more Roman than ever, the hollows above his eyes more pronounced. His back grew more and more dipped and the withers stood up high and bony. He had come to a stage when he could no longer take the new shigram with its blistered faded paint over even Camballa Hill and he now had to be driven round by the sea along Warden Road or else through the

heavy traffic in the streets behind the Willingdon Club.

One day — one of those days in May when Bombay bakes in stillness under a low heavy sky — Sister Veronica and Sister Barbara had to drive down into Colaba to one of the poor quarters near the Sassoon Dock. As they went down Marine Lines they found a semblance of a breeze from the sea and the heat became more bearable, but in the lanes between the high tenement chawls in the city there was no breath to stir the heavy human smell.

No one who could avoid it was out in that heat. The policemen in blue cotton drill and primrose-colored turbans gasped in the shade at the corners, the sweat streaming down bare sinewy brown legs. Office messengers and water sellers, the only other people who really had to be out, panted under umbrellas. The old gray trotted listlessly in front of the clanging bell. In the narrow lanes — what are called gullies in Bombay — nothing stirred. In the little shops, mere holes in the walls where they sold onions, grains, and mustard-seed oil, the ghi — the clear yellow butter of India — melted and dripped from the kerosene-oil tins in which it was packed, and the smell of cardamons and tamarins grew thicker and sweeter. The fat bunnias, the grain sellers, paunchy with thick rolls of flesh, sitting cross-legged in the little shops, dozed and sweated by turns and together.

Over the fat sweets, all butter and sugar, swam flies until the white almond *halwa* was black with them. Even the sellers of betel nut and pan leaves sat in the black shadows — there was no chance of business until later, when the shadows would begin to lengthen. Then when dusk came with the sun setting through a thick cloak of dust all Bombay would go abroad to gather what of coolness it might find.

Now there was only heat and smell, and high up in one of the chawls a baby crying a thin hopeless wail, and across the way a woman, her voice strident in anger, shrieking obscenity.

Sister Veronica, old and bent in the service of the poor, leaned back in the shigram and wiped the sweat which dimmed the lenses of her steel-rimmed spectacles. With a thin hand she pushed the veil back a little from her forehead where the starched white linen stuck in the heat. She stole a look at Sister Barbara beside her. Sister Veronica forgot the heat and her own troubles in sympathy for the younger woman whose life was before her. There were so many hot Bombay days to come for Little Sister Barbara. So many enterings of squalid rooms, so many monsoons, so much of walking pair and pair, head bent, indistinguishable under the standardizing veil, in and out of the same crowded tenements. Sister Veronica had no illusions. Forty years had cured her belief in picturesque poverty.

She sighed and looked out of the window. They had turned away from the sea and into narrow streets between tall buildings. A solid wave of heat struck her face, bringing with it all the varied smells of humanity. As she looked she felt the old horse stumble between the shafts. There was nothing new in that, for of late he had stumbled more than once. She felt Aloysius Francis pull him to his feet again. She knew, although she could not see, that the little man had braced himself against his ledge and she heard the crack of the whip as the new shigram resumed its leisurely progress through the streets. Aloysius Francis clanged the bell twice to show what confidence he had.

There were a few more paces; the even clip-clop of the broad shallow feet faltered; another stumble, another re-

covery, and then the old gray horse went down for good.

By the time Sister Veronica had got out of the shigram Aloysius Francis was already at the horse's head, undoing the throat lash and slipping the cracked bridle over the ears. The old gray lay with head outstretched and legs crumpled loosely under him. He had broken his knees in his fall, and there was a tiny trickle of blood where the skin was cut.

Sister Veronica turned to Sister Barbara, who stood behind her. The child seemed to live in a gilded mystical world of her own.

'You go on, child,' she said. 'You know the way. I will see what can be done and follow as soon as I can.'

There was nothing to be done, she knew, except to telephone to the municipality for a cart to take away the old gray and to tell Aloysius Francis to arrange for the new shigram to be taken back to the House off Grant Road. She had seen horses die in the street from heat stroke before, and the sight of the municipal cart with four stiff legs pointing to the sky was not unfamiliar. She suddenly felt old and defenseless. Aloysius Francis, standing waiting for orders, the bridle in his hands, watched her in silence.

A policeman in dark blue cotton uniform pushed through the crowd that had collected, the crowd which with empty brown faces pushed and surged in a ring, the crowd which became instantly greater. Here were doings indeed. A *mem-sahib*, a dead horse, a shigram, and a policeman — enough to talk about for a week.

A driver of a victoria for hire stopped his horse and offered professional advice; it was not taken. He spat and passed on.

The policeman was friendly, but could offer little advice. He stood and belched twice, for he had just had a

good meal, and in appreciation of it he offered such thanks as he could. He smiled amiably, but did nothing useful. He boxed the ears of a naked little boy who pushed too close and ordered off a woman who came to beg with skinny hand outstretched. No one paid any attention to him.

Sister Veronica took charge. The incident was over.

IV

The House of the Little Sisters off Grant Road lies in what is known as Byculla. The 'Road' is notorious in Bombay, which is probably why the Little Sisters chose it for their home. The House itself, built on a generous scale in the days when this quarter was respectable and rich, is a largish affair standing in a dusty compound of some extent. The compound, which elsewhere would be known as the yard or garden, is enclosed in four walls and carries no crop except a few orange and yellow cannas that have regenerated themselves yearly and in the process become more and more spindly, and some straggling crotons whose scarlet leaves make spots of brilliant color in the hot sunshine.

Both the House and the four walls enclosing the compound are plastered. What color the plaster was at one time is not known, and, after all, when one comes to think of it, it hardly matters. Now it is black and stained in patches, each successive monsoon dealing more hardly with it than the last. Various people have tried to smarten the place up a little by gifts of money, but somehow whenever the Little Sisters get hold of any money other uses are always found for it.

At the back of the House are the servants' quarters, a row of a dozen rooms, each separate from the others, and the stables, six stalls in a row, all

telling of the days before the arrival of the Little Sisters when the House could afford to keep its plaster on its walls and to color-wash it after every monsoon. The servants' quarters are all but empty of servants, but they seem to have collected most of the riffraff of Bombay to live under the wing of the Little Sisters. In the end room next the stables Aloysius Francis lived with his wife and family. One might generally find him in the evening sitting on a string cot smoking. If the evening was hot he would lie in the open; if cool he would pull his cot under the shelter of the stable roof. Stables in India are sheds, open-fronted, without doors, and with only a bar across the stall to keep the horse in.

Behind the servants' quarters lies the city. The city of Bombay is largely engaged in cotton milling, but Byculla for some reason even in these unregenerate days is given up to horses. Possibly it is because it is near the race course, which would account for one or two training stables, but there must be other reasons, and one can only imagine that the horses are there for the best of reasons — that it has always been like that.

The presence of horses in Byculla, however, did not help the Little Sisters much now that they needed something to replace the gray. Sister Veronica, more from habit than anything else walking round the corner of the verandah, suddenly realized that he was there no longer. The problem was how to replace him.

In the past their horses had been given to them, but nowadays no one seemed to have any horses — at least not one to spare. Even Father Picaute, whose wealthy parishioners lived in big houses on Malabar Hill, could offer no suggestions. All he could do was to smile sympathetically as he rubbed his hands when they went to interview him

about it in the dark cool of his big study.

Aloysius Francis was the most concerned. He could see quite clearly that, having no horse, the Little Sisters would soon have no use for a head syce. His reasoning was sound. Standing before Sister Veronica on one brown skinny foot and scratching in the dust with the toe of the other, he gave it as his opinion that the best way to get another horse was to buy one.

And the cost might be what?

Aloysius Francis looked around him. He sought information from the sky, the trees, a kite wheeling in the air, from the ground. He was wondering how much he dared say.

'Well, say two hundred rupees,' he hazarded at last, 'but of course that would not be a very good one.'

'As good as the gray?'

'Yes, about as good as the gray, he supposed. Indeed, as luck would have it, he had a friend in the bazaar who had just what the Little Sister Mem-sahib wanted, but this friend was asking three hundred rupees. However, leave it to him and he thought he could arrange it for two hundred.'

Aloysius Francis thought lovingly of the fat silver rupees that would pass through his hands in the transaction, and the commission, the 10 per cent *dustur* which is customary.

Armed with information, Sister Veronica returned to the House.

The following morning as she was going out to take a tram for Parel she met Aloysius Francis in the compound.

'Are the Sister Mem-sahibs going to buy the new horse?' he asked.

'No,' said Sister Veronica sadly, 'the Sister Mem-sahibs have no money to buy a new one, but one will be provided. Let us ask and we shall receive, Aloysius Francis. We believe, and one will be provided,' and she went on her way.

A week passed and nothing happened. Although the matter was not mentioned again, each of the Little Sisters knew that the question of the new horse was uppermost in the others' minds. Surely one must be provided. Not one of them admitted a doubt that some day they would drive out again in the city behind a new horse in the new shigram. How it would come about no one of them could tell, but they knew that it would come about.

After the week of waiting Aloysius Francis had doubts about the efficacy of the plan. He was old and in his experience of a hard world of nothing for nothing and precious little for an anna horses were not things that were 'provided.' They could be bought and sold, but who had ever heard of one being provided?

The week flowed into a second week and Bombay became hotter and muggier. The skies were heavy and leaden-colored and the wind seemed uncertain of the quarter from which it intended to blow. The harbor was empty of small craft. Everything waited for the first fury of storm that would bring in the monsoon blowing steadily from the southwest.

Every evening Sister Veronica went out to the empty stables just as she had done when there were horses there to feed with carrots. It was a habit of forty years, and she stood every night leaning over the bars looking at the stable clean-swept and bare.

Aloysius Francis watched her and wondered if anyone really could believe that a horse could be provided. If he expressed a doubt he would get the same answer, so that even he would be convinced — for a moment.

V

Then a night came when the sun sank white and silvery like a huge

moon into a glassy, steely sea. From the sands at Kennedy Sea Face the line of Malabar Hill stood out strong and clear in detail, and Colaba Light four miles away seemed so close that one could pick out the bands of color in which it is painted. That hot still evening was followed by a storm of wind and rain. Heavy drops lashed on to wet pavements, the palms on Marine Lines bent double, and cars honking like frogs felt their way home through flooded streets. The temperature fell by tens of degrees, and Bombay woke to a new world, clean-washed and comparatively cool.

Sister Veronica, looking from the top verandah of the House in the clear light of early morning, was not surprised to see a horse, bright bay with a white sock on the near fore, grazing in the compound. The horse had been provided.

Even to her eye he was more of a horse than any she had seen before. His satiny skin shone, though a little draggled after the rain. The muscles rippled over his quarters as he moved.

She chirruped at him and he raised his small head and stood looking, ears cocked, the very picture of what a horse should be.

Sister Veronica went downstairs, and taking a piece of bread she liberally salted it. She went out into the compound. The bright bay came willingly to her hand and felt with a soft muzzle for the salted bread. He licked up the last speck of salt.

She called for Aloysius Francis.

'The horse has come,' she said. 'Get the bridle and let us put him into the new shigram.'

Aloysius Francis seemed a little doubtful when he came round the corner of the house, bridle in hand. He looked over the bay with an appraising eye.

'Is that the horse?' he asked.

'Yes, we have got our horse,' Sister Veronica replied. 'He has been provided. Put the bridle on him and get out the new shigram.'

Aloysius Francis approached him rather gingerly. The throat lash and cheek pieces had to be let out a couple of holes, but the horse quietly let himself be bitted, and Aloysius Francis felt his confidence return. He backed him in between the shafts and hooked on the traces. Sister Veronica stood back to survey his work.

The bay seemed somewhat uncertain of what was expected of him, but he allowed himself to be led docilely enough. At first he started and laid his ears back at the rumble of wheels behind him, but at a word from Aloysius Francis his ears went forward. Aloysius Francis mounted the box.

'Wait here,' said Sister Veronica; 'I have to go to Mazagon. I shall be ready in a moment.'

Aloysius Francis picked up the reins. The bay started to fidget, so he moved him quietly forward at a walk round the compound, the bay stepping daintily. Aloysius Francis felt a surge of pride. No other head syce in Bombay had such a horse. More from habit than anything else he took up the whip and lightly flicked the shining withers. Immediately he wished he had n't.

The gate stood open, and fortunately at that early hour the Road was clear of traffic. Aloysius Francis was powerless. All he could do was to watch those shoulders working like pistons and hope for the best.

VI

It was Crown Sergeant O'Neill of the Mounted Police who stopped them. Twenty-one years in the cavalry had taught him something of horses, and it took him a moment to recover his senses when he saw a bit of real blood

in front of a machine like that. He galvanized into action.

A moment later he stood dismounted at the head of the bay, his own horse standing obediently by the roadside. Aloysius Francis climbed stiffly down from the box.

'Here, where did you get this horse?' asked Crown Sergeant O'Neill suspiciously.

Aloysius Francis's teeth were chattering when he replied.

'He was sent to us,' he said. 'We needed a horse for the Mem-sahibs and he came to us.'

'Oh, he did, did he?' said the Crown Sergeant. 'Where do you come from, anyway?'

'I am the head syce and coachman to the Little Sisters Mem-sahibs,' said Aloysius Francis proudly.

'Oh, the Little Sisters,' said the Crown Sergeant, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. 'Well, you'd better take that horse's head and lead him back where you got him, and I will come with you. Now, no monkey tricks,' he went on warningly, 'or you'll get something you won't like.'

The Crown Sergeant mounted, and together they returned to the House on Grant Road.

'But he was sent to us,' said Sister Veronica. 'We lost our horse from heat stroke in Colaba and prayed for another, and here he is.'

The Crown Sergeant tried to hide a smile under his moustache. 'I am very sorry, Sister,' he said. 'Providence may provide, but it does n't provide horses like that,' and he looked at the bay with an admiring eye. She knew that it was true.

'You had better let me have him to take him back where he belongs,' he went on.

'Do you think you know where he belongs?' asked Sister Veronica consolately.

The Crown Sergeant thought a moment. 'We-e-ell,' he said slowly, 'maybe I do and maybe I don't, but he looks to me very much like Friday's Child.'

'Friday's Child? What's that?' said Sister Veronica inquiringly.

'Why, Friday's Child? Not know Mr. Gaunt's Friday's Child that won the Governor's Cup last December and then made the double with the Melbourne Stakes? Why, of course, he's Friday's Child!'

'But I don't understand,' said Sister Veronica. 'What are the Governor's Cup and the Melbourne Stakes?'

'Well, I suppose you would n't understand. They're races and this is a race horse, one of the finest ever imported from Australia. He must have got out last night in the storm. Well, I'll be taking him along now, Miss.'

VII

Gaunt was glad to have his horse back. He ran his hands down the clean forelegs, and even he could find nothing amiss after the adventure.

He laughed a good deal when the Crown Sergeant told his story, and then he thoughtfully lit a strong cigar, pushed his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and walked down to the long line of stables where the thirty or forty horses under his care were being fed and watered.

He stopped when he came to the end stall. In it was a liver chestnut, old and gone in the wind, but still good for light work. He took out a pencil and notebook and wrote:—

DEAR MADAM:—

I am sending another horse which I think will be more suitable for your work than the one provided this morning. Next time you want a horse you come to me and I will see what I can do for you. Don't tempt Providence again.

SMALLER AND BETTER MUSEUMS

A Commentary and a Suggestion

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

WITHIN a little more than half a century hundreds of art museums have been formed in America, and the few pioneer museums have steadily grown from modest beginnings to such formidable piles as the museum buildings of Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York.

The extent and often the quality of the expansion stagger the imagination and compel admiration. We are tempted to accept a quantitative ideal for the museum as we do for the factory. On the museum side, the appeal for bigger buildings and more exhibits is incessant. This cumulative and quantitative policy has found its fullest and best expression in the Metropolitan Museum, which has actually become what half a dozen American art museums are rapidly becoming, and what fifty more will become when they shall have worked up the requisite patronage.

Accordingly my discussion will concern mainly the Metropolitan Museum, and it will readily be seen that I shall be challenging not the acts or intentions of individuals past or present, but rather that almost automatic and largely undirected growth which has made the great American art museums an eloquent expression of our general tendency toward jumboism. And I shall be writing nothing of which

the more enlightened museum officials themselves are unaware. Indeed I write in the hope of giving them courage to oppose those counsels of mere expansion which a heedless generosity and good will everywhere impose on our museums as on kindred educational institutions.

Why is n't the vast growth a correspondingly great blessing? Simply because it makes the art museums difficult and fatiguing to see. Last winter I had the privilege of holding a class in the Metropolitan Museum. After the talk I took the group for twenty minutes of conference in the galleries. We entered the elevator near the classroom at Eighty-third Street. Arrived at the gallery level, we passed through many galleries of enticing Levantine rugs and potteries; then through a hundred yards of cases of Far Eastern potteries and cabinet objects; here we had a choice of two suites of period rooms, — about a hundred yards of such, — and at last we had reached our objective, at Eighty-first Street, the Altman Collection, thoroughly distracted by the various attractions of the route, or equally fatigued by the conscious effort to resist these attractions.¹

I am renewing, of course, the oldest

¹By an opportune chance, a member of this month's Contributors' Club pointedly discusses this very difficulty. See 'Horrors of Museum Trotting and a Remedy.' — EDITOR

sort of complaint. For years it has been understood by an intelligent Londoner that, whereas he goes to the National Gallery for pleasure, he goes to the Victoria and Albert for some other reason — special study, curiosity. And about twenty years ago the staff of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts made a thorough and classic study of this whole matter. They found certain theoretical remedies and certain practical palliatives for the ills of an unrestricted growth. In particular they wisely reduced their public exhibition, relegating minor historical objects to study galleries, from which the public, while not excluded, was at least warned away. And they introduced a partial system of noncommunicating circuits, by which the visitor should be kept fairly on one æsthetic track. But as the Boston Museum grew in area, the excellent system of circuits largely broke down. It will always break down until some board of trustees and some architect really conscious of the problem design a series of galleries or museums in the form of a wheel, with communication only at or near the hub. And even this obvious architectural device will in turn fail as long as each of our great American museums persists in covering the fields of art which it takes five or six European museums to deal with properly.

Here we are at the nub of the matter. The Metropolitan Museum is conducting more activities than can possibly be conducted properly under one roof and under one administration. To cover the ground of ancient, mediæval, Renaissance, and modern art, the decorative or applied arts separately, the arts of the East, arms and armor, our contemporary national art — to cover these fields, Berlin provides five museums, Paris as many, and London, with the Tower as an armory, six. A smaller capital like Florence

would still have five general museums. Indeed, five is usually the European number. Throughout in this calculation only large comprehensive collections are considered, all small, private, and special collections being disregarded.

II

While the distribution of the field to specialized museums is not strictly standardized in Europe, being naturally subject to historic and personal considerations, there is after all a reasonable uniformity of procedure. It is worthy of our study if only because the classification is what we are repudiating in our own practice.

1. There is generally a Museum of Fine Arts, exhibiting only older or fully approved works. The Uffizi-Pitti and Louvre are the high examples of this class.

Often there is a chronological subdivision, into classical (Altes Museum, Berlin; British Museum) and post-classical (Kaiser Friedrich Museum; National Gallery), and sometimes there is a topical division by painting (National Gallery) and sculpture (Victoria and Albert).

What is essential in this classification, which for the art-loving public is the all-important one, is that it respects the old category of the fine arts, believes them for museum purposes to be painting and sculpture, while it keeps what we may roughly call, from its origins, Mediterranean art apart from that of the Orient.

2. Parallel with such museums of fine arts are similarly designated museums devoted to the art of the present and recent past (Luxembourg; Tate Gallery; Neues Museum, Berlin, and so forth). The function of this sort of museum is to encourage new talent by courageous and opportune purchase of works of living artists, and ultimately

to pass on to museums of Class I such works as have stood the test of time.

3. There is generally a museum devoted to the decorative and applied arts. (*Musée des Arts Décoratifs*; Victoria and Albert; *Kunstgewerbe Museum*, Berlin.) These are usually study and antiquarian collections, but are also of obvious use to the present-day designer.

4. Often the national arts, especially the decorative arts, are separately exhibited. The great national museums at Munich and at Zurich are the high type.

5. Arms and armor are usually shown in an armory apart, as, most effectually, at London, Madrid, and Vienna.

6. Oriental art — better, Asiatic art — is usually assigned to its own museum, as in Paris, Berlin, and Cologne.

7. Collections of prints and drawings, which have not been reckoned in the statistics above, are quite variously treated, as independent, or attached to fine-arts museums, great libraries, and so forth.

Now the art museums of New York, Chicago, and Boston are exercising all these seven functions, and smaller but vigorously growing museums like those of Cleveland, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, and Detroit are following the same universal programme to the extent of their ability. Is it not the moment to inquire whether this is a wholesome and hopeful growth, or whether it tends to that form of national elephantiasis which has been designated more genially as jumboism?

III

For these vast centralized collections there is only one argument, and that a bad one. It may be maintained that for the special student it is actu-

ally an advantage to make prompt comparisons which can be carried out only under one roof — to study, for example, a drawing by Hokusai a few minutes after you have seen one by Rembrandt. There is really very little in the plea. The specialist is usually the last man to be making such comparisons, and in the rare event of a specialist who is also a discursive critic the inconveniences of making such observations in a general museum outweigh the conveniences. Such a student has a highly trained visual memory; he understands the right use of facsimiles; he has the run of print rooms and private collections where such comparisons may be made under the most easy and pleasant conditions. You are doing him no favor to bring the art of the world into unnatural and often compromising juxtaposition, while you are doing the simple art lover a great disservice.

Here there is no need of arguing a case that is generally admitted. If such limited and coherent collections as the National Gallery and the Uffizi have found it desirable to remove, each, hundreds of excellent pictures from general exhibition, in a higher degree the Metropolitan Museum and its public would gain by relegating contemporary American painting and sculpture, decorative arts, the American historical collections, and the casts, to so many separate museums. The decentralization might go farther than that, but I wish to urge only sure cases. In particular the American wing, which has a diminished, home-made look as compared with the glories of the Morgan collection, would be entirely charming if it could be moved off and given its needful isolation.

In general, the surplusage and consequent confusion of our great American art museums are a matter of daily

and just comment. It is a situation that urgently calls for a remedy. If the case is clear from the point of view of the public, a reasonable decentralization is equally called for in the interest of right internal administration. To administer wisely such vast enterprises as the great museums of New York and Boston is not humanly possible. The very form of organization is defective. Every department slips away from a necessarily weak central control. An aggressive departmentalism makes anything like a sound general development impossible. The department that is energetic and lucky enough to finance itself — and there are many such — naturally attains a quasi autonomy. The department that has no such resources is neglected or thrown to the caprices of incompetent trustee committees. The museum ceases to be a real organization and becomes a congeries of competitive organizations and personalities.

Apart from such purely administrative infelicities, incompatible tasks are thrust upon the curators. The kind of man who is an ideal keeper of painting for the Louvre or the National Gallery is for that very reason an indifferent or positively poor keeper for the Luxembourg or the Tate Gallery. The former task requires the maximum of caution and conservatism; the latter task the maximum of audacity and generous chance taking. No European nation or city dreams of entrusting these incompatible functions to a single person or organization. We Americans do it everywhere, and naturally with the unhappy result of a general mediocrity in both activities.

Indeed, in order to get a true idea of what our American museums have done through their own organization, one must first think away the great gifts. There would remain a handsome

residuum of credit to the staff, — the Egyptian and classical collections of New York and Boston, the armory at New York, the early American and Far Eastern collections at Boston, the Far Eastern collections in the two Philadelphia museums, — but there would also remain, especially in the field of painting, a rather lamentable situation which, perfectly well known to all insiders, it would be unkind to advertise to the outsider.

IV

Moreover, the prevalent jumboism encourages capricious and ill-advised exhibition in order to adorn unreasonably great spaces. Thus we get such archaeological and space-wasting features as the frigid Roman court at New York, in which the fine Greek exhibits are virtually lost; tedious and perplexing suites of composite period rooms, effected at Detroit and vigorously progressing at Philadelphia; everywhere the pursuit of 'atmosphere' at the expense of æsthetic realities. And we find elaborate organizations for direct teaching, much of it good, some of it bad; whereas if much of this teaching money were put into really fine things, they would teach silently without any beating of the pedagogical drum. And we mark everywhere, as the museums are made increasingly confusing and difficult for the public, an attempt at compensations of a Barnumistic sort — endeavors to wheedle the public into the museums instead of attracting them by the legitimate method of acquiring beautiful things and exhibiting them well.

In short, our æsthetic jumboism everywhere transfers that confidence which should be felt in the great work of art itself to all manner of marginal activities conducted more or less rel-

evantly about works of art of the second or third order. Such are the patent evils of our museum situation, and I think no well-informed person in or out of an art museum will seriously contest these allegations.

It should in fairness be added that this unrestricted expansion on a generally mediocre scale has not arisen from the fault of any staff or board of trustees. It represents a pioneer condition, which, more or less inevitable at its time, we now have outgrown. It represents a natural but unhappy continuation of foundation propaganda when the necessity for such propaganda has passed.

When an American art museum is founded, in order to survive it must literally be all things to all men; it must appeal on the broadest and most miscellaneous basis to everybody who may give it support. Accordingly it would be unimaginative and unkind to mock at what was done in the nonage of most of our art museums. When I first saw the Pennsylvania Museum, it contained the queerest hall I have ever visited in many years of frequenting galleries. It was the hall of small personal bequests. It was filled with small show cases of almost uniform size, each containing the artistic remains of some patrician lady of Philadelphia. The cases were of singularly even contents. The major exhibit was a cashmere shawl or a Spanish mantilla. About it were set a carved ivory fan from Paris, a poor filagree box from Genoa, a bad Indian bronze or two, a few mediocre miniatures, a bit of modern Japanese porcelain, an enameled snuff box of doubtful period — in short, the contents of madam's whatnot, and the record of her travels.

This quaint and pathetic display has vanished with the snows of yesteryear and the ladies of bygone

times. Time cures all but the major ills; these require study and conscious reform. I do not so much as poke fun at the administration that accepted these bequests, while I highly approve the administration that keeps them from public gaze. These bequests were after all a symbol of the loyalty and attachment of old Philadelphia for its bantling museum, and had these gifts been refused, it might have discouraged or actually have quenched that splendid generosity in which to-day the Pennsylvania Museum rejoices.

This case is a parable for the whole situation. A grown-up museum need not and should not act like an infant museum that is having hard work to grow at all.

V

I am writing in the hope of establishing a general principle, that of decentralizing our overgrown art museums in the interest of the pleasure of the public and of a more reasonable administration of the museums themselves. Into details of policy and technical programmes I do not wish to enter. These will vary somewhat here as they do in Europe. But at least the broad lines of a programme may be suggested.

The old division into the fine and applied arts, while perhaps æsthetically and historically invalid, remains sound for practical museum purposes. The museum that is best visited and makes most strongly for general culture will be here, as it is in Europe, the museum of European (taking the term very broadly) painting and sculpture. That is the museum of the type of the Louvre before its accretions of the last generation.

The richness of European collections has dictated a further subdivi-

sion into the classical and postclassical fields, and sometimes into painting and sculpture. It is doubtful if our American art museums will ever be rich enough in really fine objects to necessitate these subdivisions.

The starting point of a reform, then, would be to isolate museums of the fine arts in the strict sense. One can imagine what a joy the museums of Boston and New York would be if they were restricted to the classical and Egyptian collections, European and American painting and sculpture, and the respective print rooms. Such a reorganization would not merely make these museums available for delight, but would also reveal unsparingly their weak spots and gaps. In short, a systematic development at the top, which is now thwarted and confused by a multiplicity of activities, would become possible and inevitable.

Next there should be a special museum to deal with contemporary art, and it should not be in any way subordinate to the museum whose scope is retrospective.

Whenever collections of Oriental art or of specialties like arms or armor become sufficiently large and important, it will be in everybody's interest

to house and administer them separately.

Finally the great category of the decorative and applied arts is best handled by organizations devoted to that subject. Even from the point of view of the public, while there are sound theoretical reasons for keeping these closely allied branches under one roof, to do so produces a confusing and overgrown museum. In every practical way, the art lover does better to take his fine and his decorative arts 'neat' in the museum, mixing them at his own pleasure, if he wishes, as a collector.

Naturally I am perfectly aware of the formidable financial and even legal difficulties involved in the decentralization of our great art museums. With similar difficulties we constantly cope successfully in the fields of business, education, and charity. For a material gain, such desirable reorganizations are readily undertaken. I am merely urging a similar lucidity and courage upon the corporations governing our great art museums, in the interest of that sure spiritual gain which comes whenever an ideal of quality takes hold of and controls a habit of mere expansion.

MORE PAGES FROM A POET'S NOTEBOOK

SHAME not the flute if it fails as a stick
for the war drum.

Regulation, with its shears, is shocked
because branches are irregular.

Easy success is a small pittance
mercifully allowed to mediocrity.

Praise frightens me
lest it be proved my debt.

The coward is terribly indiscriminate.

The god of the weak is a tyrant.

Proud arithmetic is offended at the shocking insolence
of incalculable profits.

My moments signed by God
need not be appraised at the market.

The slave is busy making whips for his master.

A gourmet in gossip uses indignation as a spice
to enjoy vicarious vice.

The savagery of slander poisons with lies
the arrow tips of broken facts
to make them meanly perfect.

Men may be proud of their misdeeds
while ashamed of their mistakes.

The Devil has his advantage over the divine powers,
for it is easy to hurt and bafflingly hard to heal.

The glass pane to the bewildered sparrow
offers prohibition that ceaselessly invites.

Gods are amused when the busy river
condemns the cloud as an unpractical dream.

Dreamers leave behind them in the dust
failures that sprout into fruition.

The hill veiled by mist
seems like God's great whisper.

God would remain imperfect
if He could not at the same time be a man.

The suns have floated up like definite bubbles
from the infinite vague.

The gold guards its prestige by its rareness,
the flower fears not the touch of the commonplace world.

The mountains dream of a golden age
when they were birds with wings and a voice.

The storm that shattered my flower has vanished,
but the flower has not died in her death.

Beauty is an overpayment of some love
which keeps no account of our worth.

Creation is an enigma that ceases if the final answer be given.

The meaning of the seed waits in the heart of Time.
But, what is Time?

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A DAY THAT IS DONE

BY LEONORE HAMILTON WILSON

I

WHEN my mother left Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1859 to go as a bride to Hagerstown, Maryland, it was indeed a far cry from the old town on the rushing Piscataqua, with its life, culture, and tradition bound up with the restless sea, to that other town in the heart of the Cumberland Valley held in the gentle embrace of the benign Blue Ridge Mountains.

The story of how it happened was an enchanting one to us children. How my father, who was a member of Congress at the time, had met my grandfather, Mr. Richard Jenness, in Washington. How the older man had taken a liking to the young Mr. Hamilton and invited him to make a visit in Portsmouth. And how one fateful morning as he entered the walk-way leading to the red-brick, elm-shaded house on Pleasant Street the door opened, and framed in the slender columns, with the delicate fanlight above, stood a lovely young lady in a lavender dress and lavender bonnet with pink roses under the brim. Whether it was the bonnet or the face beneath, I do not know, but this is certain — my father opened the gate a free man and stood at the foot of the steps twenty paces away in bondage for life. A year later they were married.

Portsmouth was already a hundred years old when Mr. Jonathan Hager, a German gentleman of means, venturing into this unsettled hinterland of Maryland, bought from the Lord Proprietor

a section of land, named it Hager's First Choice, and over a never-failing spring in a lovely oak dale built a sturdy stone house, half home, half fortress. Soon other Germans came, and on Hager's Second Choice the village began to grow in pathetic duplication of the old towns across the sea; the low story-and-a-half red-brick houses, with little white dormer windows looking from the roofs like wise eyes, stood elbow to elbow and flush with the brick herringbone pavements. Behind each house ran its long walled flower and vegetable garden. As years went by and people found they could go for water some distance away without remaining at the spring neatly impaled on an arrow, or could return home with their scalps where nature intended them to be, Mr. Hager bought another piece of land on a hill commanding a lovely view of the thirty-mile-wide valley. Here on Mount Prospect, or Hager's Delight, early in the nineteenth century a fine large Georgian house was built after a design by Benjamin Latrobe. At this house one warm September evening, having left the train in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, twenty miles away, the young New England girl and her husband alighted from the stage and entered its doors to take up their new life.

While she had been spending the previous winter in Boston in the family of Professor Agassiz, pursuing her studies, my grandfather had procured the plan of the Hagerstown house, each piece of furniture had been made in

Boston for its appointed place, and all was complete, even to the 'twelve fruit cakes on the pantry shelf.' Also installed were two Pennsylvania Dutch servants, who took their young mistress by complete surprise with their extraordinary English and the still more extraordinary dishes of *Schnitz* and *Knepp*, *Sauerkraut* and *Schmierkäse*, they presented her to eat. It was not long, however, before a colored cook was established in the kitchen, whose dishes were more to her comprehension and liking.

The town founded by the Germans was still German in character, but pressing close to its doors were the large estates of the English county families — estates granted in lavish fashion by the Charleses and Georges.

I wonder if anywhere else in the country there are such stately or quaint names for what the dry legal phrase calls 'parcels of land.' Merely to read the title deeds is to step into the country of romance. To the great places the finest names — 'Fountain Rock,' 'My Lady's Manor,' 'Rose Hill,' 'Stafford Hall,' 'Montpelier,' 'Tammany,' 'Long Meadows,' and many, many more. But if we have 'Paradise' we have also 'Strife,' and if there is 'Peace and Plenty' there is also 'None Left,' 'Nancy's Last Shift,' and even 'Little I Thought It.' Of one of these the tale is told that Lord Baltimore, traveling to Virginia, stopped overnight near Hagerstown, or Elizabeth Town as it was first called, at the small house of a Mr. Galloway. He was made heartily welcome, supped, and enjoyed a most quiet night's sleep. On taking coach the next morning he was informed by his happy host that during the night his good lady had presented him with twins. So pleased was his lordship with his undisturbed rest under such untoward circumstances that on his return home a large grant of land was made to

Mr. Galloway. That in all fairness it was due Mrs. Galloway seems to have occurred to no one in the transaction.

To these lovely places the bride from far away was made welcome, and went to many a gay party in the wide-halled houses, in spite of the fact that the black figure of War was daily coming nearer and nearer to tramp with bloody feet the length and breadth of the Valley.

II

Our house was fairly representative of the strange mixture of races that made life in the little town. As we children came along, the kitchen was of all places the most entrancing. Aside from the delightful possibilities of the capacious oven, we listened with breathless interest to the most thrilling conversations and debates held between my beloved black Aunt Kate and my next-oldest sister's German nurse, Barbara. There was waged a never-ending conflict of ideas — generally concerning matters medical and spiritual. For instance, Barbara held stoutly that a pale, languid child, undoubtedly the victim of 'opnemma,' must be taken to an old German dame, who would divest it of clothing, grease it all over, and after swinging it by the heels, the meantime muttering the proper mysterious formula, return it right side up completely cured, the opnemma presumably having dripped out of the top of its head. Sniffing scornfully, Aunt Kate would disclaim any belief in 'them old Hexes,' and to prove it displayed, tied around my fat little neck, a cord on which hung a small bag procured from an old colored crone. (On secret investigation this was found to contain a bloody chicken feather and some gravel.) This kept any and all disasters at bay as far as I was concerned. Totally unconscious that we were listening to the exposition of the

old enchantments descended from the African jungle or the dim mists of Saxon forests, we impartially believed in both, and enjoyed it in the daytime. It was a different matter at night. Then in the big dark bedroom 'ha'nts' and 'Dutch Hexes' were somewhat prone to gather at the foot of the bed and glare at their trembling victims.

In the brave hours of daylight, I remember, we essayed the gentle art of hexing on the well-hated French governess of the three older children. (At the time of which I write there were six of us, with two still to come.) A piece of wax candle was cut to resemble remotely a human figure, and, having stuck this full of pins, we set it in the sun to melt, the idea being that pains and discomforts would seize upon Mam'selle as the figure dwindled. Our incantations must have lacked some proper quality, however, for the intended victim only waxed daily healthier and more obnoxious.

A big-eyed listener with us to all these weighty matters was a little darky named Virgil, the son of the laundress. 'Why did you call him Virgil?' my mother asked one day, regarding perplexedly the extremely unclassical-looking mite. 'Laws, Mis' Hamilton, ain't you never *heard* of the Virgil Mary?' responded the shocked Bessie.

The colored coachman who slipped in at mealtime did not enter into the discussions, but it must have been about this time he was married, for I find in the family scrapbook the newspaper account of the wedding, which may be of assistance to some present-day bride in search of novelty. After naming the contracting parties and their costumes, it goes on to say: 'A pleasing feature of the ceremony was the presence of ten young ladies dressed in white and each holding a lighted lamp in representation of the ten wise [*sic*] virgins.'

If the German witches were of

terrifying quality, the other delightful German customs we enjoyed quite offset them. Such Christmas trees, for instance! Hung with the beautiful marzipans (tinted fruits made of an edible paste) and clear candies of red and yellow in quaint shapes, camels, roosters, and what not. Festooned with ropes of gilt paper cut in lacy patterns and further adorned with fat gilded gingerbread men and horses. Twinkling with red lit candles, and underneath the tree the fenced-in yard, with house and barn, trees and animals, fashioned with loving care by the German cabinet-makers. Carefully treasured, the little figures and furniture were handed down from generation to generation. Alas! of ours there remains only one small bureau of inlaid cherry and a tiny hickory Windsor chair. We did not, but many people did, have the Inn at Bethlehem under the tree, with Joseph, Mary, the Holy Babe, and the Wise Men on their camels, sometimes beautifully modeled in wax, but more often in carved and painted wood.

Bright and early on Easter morning we ran eagerly to the little old house on Franklin Street where our maiden aunts lived, to hunt for the nests of colored eggs in the tall grass in the upper 'lot.' We no more doubted the Easter Rabbit laid them than we doubted the sun danced on that one sacred morning as it rose above the mountain, although we never quite got up in time to see it.

We also had *Bellsnickels* at Christmas time — did you ever hear of Bellsnickels? Bands of young people, with terrifying masks and fantastic dress, bursting into the houses and only consenting to go out when given largesse of candies and cakes.

You must not think, when I write of our family of eight, that it was in any way remarkable. In our acquaintance of ten mothers there numbered one

hundred and three children. Of course we had a flying start with two families of fifteen each and four of ten. So eight was getting on the smallish side. To be sure, when any of our proud matrons journeyed over the mountain to Frederick, twenty-six miles away, she hung a diminished head before the sixteen girls and two boys of a family there. Not every child of these families lived to grow up, and we went often with a little friend to the cemetery to gaze with respect on two tombstones, on one of which was inscribed 'Dudley, aged ten minutes,' and on the other 'Walter M., aged half an hour.'

When one hears of the appalling amount of money it takes now to introduce an infant into this vale of tears one's heart might well faint at the thought of fifteen. It was quite a different matter in the sixties and seventies, for the doctor's fee was twenty-five dollars if the arrival was a boy and ten if a girl. A naïve but unmistakable expression of the comparative value of the sexes. The nurse, usually a colored freedwoman who had been brought up in the household of a careful mistress, got five dollars a week. This was in line with the general standard of wages. For years after my mother came to Hagerstown a cook was paid one dollar and a quarter a week and a housemaid seventy-five cents; and excellent servants they were, too, who expected to, and did, stay in one household for years — we had one cook for twenty-five years — and were closely knit with the family life.

III

Writing of the cemetery, a few lines back, naturally turned my thoughts to mourning. And how we did mourn! The father of one of our young friends passed on, and for three mortal years that young girl wore a heavy nun's-

veiling veil over her face. Looking about the church on Sunday one would naturally have inferred a great national calamity had taken place, so prevalent were the dense black garments and long crape veils — many of them worn after the faces of the dear departed could have been but dim memories. Our banner case was a handsome, stately woman who, left a widow with four children at the age of nineteen, died at the age of eighty-one, still wearing the badge of woe. A far cry indeed from the casual mourning of to-day. A bitter gentlewoman of the old school remarked caustically, not long ago, 'Nowadays, nobody stays at home but the corpse.'

In these days of chain stores and impersonal relations between merchant and customer it is pleasant to remember our little shops of yesteryear. They were mostly converted dwellings, and tinkling bells heralded a buyer into what had originally been a parlor. On the hot summer evenings those in the ice-cream parlors tinkled themselves quite hoarse, so many customers went in to sit at the marble-topped tables. The very young gentlemen of our 'set' escorted us to these abodes of delight, and if they were flush we each had a five-cent saucer. If in straitened circumstances, we had one saucer with two spoons. I think in the latter case the kindly presiding genius saw to it that the saucer held all it possibly could.

Our shoes were half-soled and re-heeled by a German cobbler, encouraged in his labors by two or three taciturn friends the color of old leather and a chattering and extremely odoriferous monkey. In the intervals of work the cobbler read and digested Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Kant, and discussed them with such of his customers as could cope with them. We eagerly took our shoes to him, not, I regret to say, for the intellectual fare offered, but for

the never-failing fascination of the monkey. We loved, too, to go to the Saturday market, where the rosy-cheeked, placid Dunkard women and girls, dressed in their sober habit and bonnets, dispensed very shrewdly the profusion of the kindly fruits of the earth that surrounded them. It was strange, and no doubt irritating, to our elders that we had no difficulty in picking up the outlandish phrases of the Pennsylvania Dutch heard at all the stalls, while we resisted learning Mam'selle's polished French to the utmost of our abilities.

Another delight was the Clock Mender. He moved in his world of wheels and delicate instruments like a gentle old necromancer, his spectacles pushed up on the soft white hair and the faded blue eyes peering intently at his invalid clocks in the dusk of the little shop. You will enjoy one of his delightful bills preserved in the scrap-book.

May 14, 1877

To Hon. Wm. T. Hamilton and Lady:

I have the pleasure to let you know that through the assistance of Him who giveth wisdom and understanding to the humble and feeble the work I undertook on the second day of April last, viz: The repairing of your clock is finished and completed and I have also the pleasure now to congratulate you upon looking on that time honored relic again for the study of the accurate movements of the hours of the days and likewise the showing of the moon's phases by night and the date of each day.

Respectfully your humble servant,

J. WOESSNER

When people say, 'Oh, life was so much simpler then,' I wonder what thought they give the catchword. 'Simple' does not seem to describe that life as I remember it. I see a big house overflowing with life. I see two laundresses in the English basement washing and ironing the week through

that we might be turned out morning and evening in spotless and apparently countless small garments. I see a busy seamstress, week in and week out, making and mending those garments — for there were no 'ready-to-wears.' As Hagerstown had no waterworks, water had to be carried from the cisterns in the yard to nine bedrooms and carried away twice a day. The house had a furnace that made but a feeble effort to heat, and all the upstairs rooms had Stanley stoves, and what seemed a forest of wood was fed into their voracious maws. Downstairs the big fireplaces glowed with cannell coal.

I see the long walnut table with rarely less than ten and generally more around it, for those were the days of visitors who came to stay anywhere from a week to three months. Not for us the scrap of toast and cup of coffee that constitute a breakfast now. At six o'clock sounded the pound of old Laura's mallet on the block, and at the eight o'clock breakfast, beside the fresh hot beaten biscuit, were the great beefsteaks and fried potatoes and an untold number of corn or buckwheat cakes.

There had been a much earlier breakfast for my father, who was up by half-past five. A lawyer by profession, he had a passion for land and, as he accumulated money, accumulated farms. So in the early morning he drove off to one farm or the other. The apple of his eye was a place he had loved from the time he was a small boy. In those days Maryland imprisoned for debt, and often he stood on the sidewalk and watched the handsome, gay owner riding on his fine horse, with his colored body servant in fine livery riding behind, on their way to the little stone jail, where they took up their abode in the Sheriff's house — the servant to wait on his master, and the

master to play cards with his friends who gathered to make durance less vile. I suppose he won enough from someone occasionally to restore him to his family. It was not remarkable that, piece by piece, his heritage slipped from him, and finally the coveted place was sold and my father got his heart's desire.

As we lived in a limestone country, with its free-blowing, gritty dust, house cleaning took on activities that a dirt-free New England town never dreamed of. Every spring the heavy carpets must be taken up — for every room was carpeted to the walls — and cool mattings put down, except in the long parlors, where heavy linen crash was put over the carpets, on which we danced the summer through. The furniture turned ghostly in its linen covers, and, instead of the long velvet curtains, Venetian blinds let just enough light filter through airy lace ones. The twined grape leaves of the bronze chandeliers were bridelike in tarlatan, and the Belleek and Wedgwood vases on the mantels saw but dim reflections of their white beauty in the veiled mirrors. Over every bed hung great tents of mosquito netting, for screens there were none, and as at the end of every garden was a stable, a supply of flies was bred yearly that would have done amply for the whole of the country. I remember our joy in two strange contrivances of wrought iron, at each end of the dining table, shaped like little towers. When wound up, horizontal wings of gauze revolved rapidly and discouraged the flies from taking all the food before we could get any.

My pretty, charming mother had brought with her from New England that special quality called 'faculty,' and this complicated household moved along with the smoothness of her serene and well-balanced nature. To add to the 'simple' living, every winter for

many years the caravan was packed up and moved away, for after three terms in Congress my father was elected to the Senate, and following that was Governor of Maryland.

IV

It does not seem much now, nor is it, to go to Baltimore, for the automobile makes light work of the mountain range and the seventy miles, but it was something else to travel on the old main line of the B. & O. for five weary hours. To begin with, the train left at six in the morning, if you please, which meant rising at four to get us dressed and breakfasted and duly installed in the train, together with the large basket of lunch, the little dog Dick, the canary, and a loathsome family of white mice belonging to my next-oldest brother. By the time we had reached Weverton, twenty-five miles away, the lunch had been consumed and we were clamoring for bananas. And alas! when the train lurched around the curves of the Patapsco Valley with a motion only equaled, I imagine, by the waves of the Roaring Forties, the red plush, cinder-encrusted seats were sure to be adorned by three or four prostrate and utterly car-sick little Hamiltons.

Surely never were there such entertaining parties as the Hagerstown parties; nor did any small town ever have so many. After all these years I can see two lines of chairs ranged the forty-foot length of the two parlors. My father sat at the head of one, Judge Syester at the other; the game, twenty questions. Hagerstown then had a brilliant Bar, men who knew their classics as well as their law, but it often befell that after the Solons had bent their best minds on the mystery some sharp-witted woman would casually pick the answer out of the air,

as it were, leaving them completely overthrown and confounded.

Vast was our excitement when the great men of the Civil War came in these after years to visit Antietam Battlefield, but twelve miles from the town. We girls would beg to have the maids displaced so that we could hand the refreshments to the Count of Paris, General McClellan, or whoever might be the celebrity of the occasion. We found Federal or Confederate equally thrilling. But these were affairs of the outside world and did not have the flavor of our own efforts. For instance, the plight of one hostess who decided to have two parties a week apart. This seemed innocent, even if an innovation, but unfortunately some malicious-minded person spread the word that we had been divided into Cream and Skim Milk. So it happened that the first or Cream was a great success, but the Skim Milks stayed away to a man, leaving the family to eat fried oysters and chicken salad steadily for a week.

It was the same hostess who gave the Famous Lovers party, the idea being that one drew a paper on which was written one lover, whereupon he sought his mate for the evening. It was not a great success, as unfortunately our general education did not rise to the occasion, and as Laura had never heard of Petrarch, nor Dante of Beatrice, and so on *ad infinitum*, we milled aimlessly around the rooms rather like a flock of mildly anxious sheep, and the party went off like damp fireworks.

We were much excited when we heard that another hostess had put the house in the hands of the decorators, which raised the affair at once from a party to a function. The lone potted geranium on the piano somewhat fell below our expectation of what a decorator with carte blanche might achieve,

but I dare say we enjoyed the party just the same.

I include private theatricals in our parties, for they were little more than that, except for the one grand occasion when *Julius Cæsar* was essayed. I think we can modestly claim that to Hagerstown alone belongs the honor of having presented Cæsar adorned with luxuriant red whiskers — treasures which our tragedian could on no account be induced to part with — and the chaste Julia and her ladies in large bustles beneath their severely proper nightgowns.

It was only in the eighties, when the town began to spread a bit, that we ceased to walk to our parties. Then, in rivalry with Paris, a cab system appeared — ten cents a trip to anywhere in town, and fifty cents for a grand function like the New Year's Ball, which was an all-night affair. There was one cab in particular much in demand — not for its comfort, for it was an open Dayton with cold leather seats, nor for its celerity, for the old gray horse, blind of one eye, that drew it was no Maud S. The attraction was the owner and driver of the equipage, such a character as only a small town can produce. In a sense his patrons were his guests, for with perfect bonhomie he shared in all the conversations, and his shrewd remarks, accompanied by a hoarse, low chuckle, were retailed with delight. I remember his dry comment on a member of his family who had spent thirty-five years, off and on, in the penitentiary. 'The old man was all right,' said Jerry, meditatively flicking the old horse; 'the only trouble was, he could n't leave nuthin' lay.'

On one occasion we had a young lady visitor from New York, whose life had run along strictly formal lines. Engaging Jerry to drive us to a dinner party, in deference to our guest we

pled for a general clean-up. 'Leave it to me,' said Jerry; 'I've got a new cab, and we'll show New York.' We did. New York never saw the like. It was all the faithful 'gray flier' could do to pull the heavy secondhand brougham up the hill to a triumphant halt at the door. Every window glittered, and was furthermore adorned with stiff Nottingham lace curtains tied back with red ribbon bows. A large bunch of paper roses in a glass vase added the last touch of beauty. Jerry himself sat, proud as Lucifer, on the box resplendent in a tight blue brass-buttoned coat and rakish semi-jockey cap. Somewhat stricken, but game, the last word in Paris fashions took its place beside me and we drove down Washington Street in the bright light of a spring evening, attracting most deserved attention.

After a week or so of driving, Jerry, who could neither read nor write, would collaborate with his small boy and a bill would be evolved and presented. I append one, which, if not a model of spelling, at least left no doubt as to the items.

For tending a party at Tamany House with Miss Lena	30 cts.
For tending a party this week at Missis Minney with Missis Hamilton	30 cts.
For shopping with Missis Hamilton ...	50 cts.
For halling Miss Julia home	10 cts.
For halling Miss Lena and the lady from New York to Major Douglas and halling them home again	20 cts.
For halling Miss Lena to Miss Fanny Mason's wedding and going back and waiting in the lane for Dick and halling them home again	50 cts.

V

We took our politics seriously, and with good reason. If you will trouble to glance at the map of Maryland, you will see that Hagerstown lies in the little western neck of land between Pennsylvania and Virginia. The Pennsylvania

line but four miles away and the Virginia line six. Truly the battlefield of different sentiments. In addition to the Northern and Southern difference of opinion, there was the deep-rooted republicanism of the German farmers and the equally strong democracy of the slave-holding land owners, or descendants therefrom, and professional men. At election time these various cross currents met in a lively and sometimes violent maelstrom, with fights and broken heads galore. The fact that in those halcyon days mountain whiskey was peddled through the streets and sold from the cart's tail for fifteen cents a gallon helped make election day one which kept the feminine part of the population off the streets.

The town elections were particularly hard-fought, and there was a classic of a very close one where the astute Democrats, on the promise of a dollar each and plenty of whiskey, had locked forty colored citizens in a stable for safe keeping until voting time. Alas for the best-laid plans! The unprincipled Republicans stole them away, in the dead of night, and, raising the one dollar to two, triumphantly carried the day.

Such parades as we had! Certainly no town ever produced a band that played so valiantly. To be sure, the instruments were generally more than secondhand, and each performer seemed to follow his own sweet will as regards the tune and time; but any small defects were lost in the grand enthusiasm displayed and the overwhelming magnificence of the drum major. A phenomenally tall, lithe negro, in private life the town whitewasher, in his gold-laced uniform, and twirling his baton with incredible agility, he was transformed, in the eyes of youth, into something more than mortal.

The funeral hacks with the tops down were converted into chariots of state and were filled with prominent

citizens, selected not so much for personal merit as for being the possessors of the *sine qua non* for a political procession, a silk hat. We as a family had a peculiar and personal interest in these demonstrations, for if the celebration was Democratic our house was lit all over, the double front doors thrown open, the high porch thronged, and the band in passing nearly blew our ears off out of compliment to my father. If Republican, however, not a light gleamed, and the band marched by with a dreary drum-tapping that chilled the blood, only to burst into riotous and derisive clamor four doors down the hill, while we peeped at the display behind the drawn shades.

At the time of Cleveland's second election, when we fairly outdid ourselves in jubilation, there came at the end of the procession a number of open carts, each one bearing a man carrying a transparency with pregnant sentences from the campaign speeches printed thereon. Just as the last one went by and we read the stately words, 'It is not a theory but a condition that confronts us,' the bearer with a loud hiccough and a feeble 'Ray for Hamilton!' fell with a crash from his perch and went peacefully to sleep in the middle of the street. Could there have been an apter illustration?

Ah, well! It was all very small-town, and we might count it now dull, but somehow as I think back it seems to have had a savor that no longer abides with us. People were not forms flying by in motor cars, but persons with characters and peculiarities, almost as interesting and well known to us as our own. Their sorrows were ours, their joys ours, and we were knit together by a thousand ties of happiness and grief.

Would that I could see again one of those summer nights, the white dresses flitting under the drooping linden trees, the porches so gay with bright cushions,

the moon outshining the few and feeble gas lamps, the simple enjoyment in the cool sweet air after the torrid day. Just a summer night in an old Maryland village — a compound of thousands of hundred-leaf roses and honeysuckle and the strange dusty fragrance from the wheat fields that so closely beleaguered the town.

In the nineties Progress raised his head over the Blue Ridge and lo! we were not the same. On the streets appeared a bobtailed little trolley car in which now and then there was a passenger. Before me lies the first transfer. At the bottom to the left, crudely printed, three pictured faces — a little girl with a pigtail, a matronly countenance, and a terrifying old lady with huge spectacles. Three male portraits in kind adorned the right-hand corner. It was the duty of the harassed conductor to scrutinize his passengers and punch the face according to age. Either Southern chivalry or prudence was the watchword, for the old lady was never known to be punched.

Little did we dream it, but the clanging bell of that trolley car sounded the death knell of the old town. Suddenly in a day it was no more and in its place stood an active, modern little city. The old residences had to make way for the new stores and apartments, and the paved streets killed the lindens and with them went the friendly shades of the past that in the dark of the moon seemed to pass beneath them.

Mr. Jonathan Hager's house still stands, a very King Lear of a house. Neglected and surrounded by dismal shacks, it raises its still sturdy walls to gaze from its desolation, over railroad tracks, to the beautiful city park teeming with happy life, once Mr. Hager's solitary pleasure ground.

More gayly the little guardian of the town's destiny stands on top of the belfry of the Town Hall, our Little Heis-

kell. Long before the iron forges in the county made cannon balls for the Revolutionary armies, some worker in wrought iron fashioned the small figure in the brave costume of Cresap's Rangers and named him for a Mr. Heiskell. And no mere toy soldier he, for during the Civil War he was drilled through and through by a well-aimed bullet,

but, jesting at scars, never for an instant did he falter in his duty. And now after all these years he hourly faces now west, now east, now north, now south, to repel all attacks on his beloved town. Alas! Little Heiskell, there is one foe your dauntless musket is powerless against — the enemy of all old things, Time and Change.

POOR LITTLE AMERICA!

BY J. MILTON FRENCH

I

AMERICA is slowly wasting away from fear. A nation of 120,000,000 souls is gradually succumbing to the terrors of suggestion. We have been diagnosed so often of late, and the doctors have found so many things wrong with our internal economy, that we have despaired of recovery. Every morning when we pick up the paper we shiver in anticipation of what the front page will reveal. When an imported lecturer — or the average domestic product, for that matter — comes to the fore to tell us what is wrong with us, we crowd into the halls, fearing the worst and yet powerless to stay away. Like the snake-fascinated rabbit or the Ancient Mariner's wedding guest, we are hypnotized by the prospect of the unknown. Every book hot from the presses, every magazine that the postman flings at our doors, every course that we attend in college or night school, reveals a new humiliation, a fresh cancer of the body politic.

This is far from being an exaggeration. Consider for a moment some of

our so-called mortal ailments. We are a nation of gold grabbers, we are told, intent on the almighty dollar at any cost. We have no culture — no music, no art, no literature, no architecture, no art of conversation beyond the sales talk. We are a nation of Babbitts, of Rotarians. Our native stock is being swamped by immigrants. Our traffic situation will tie us up in bowknots within twenty years. We are machine-ridden, helpless robots, soulless automata. We do not know how to play games. We are Puritanical hypocrites. We are squandering all our resources; in a hundred years we shall have neither fuel, clothes, nor building materials. We are speed-mad. We are despoiling the beauties of nature with safety-razor and cigarette advertisements and filling stations. We are insular, provincial, ignorant of the world. We are imperialistic, would-be monarchs of all we survey. We extol disarmament in one breath and build new cruisers in the next. Our so-called democracy is a sham and a pretense. Our educational system is crumbling to bits; in fifty years our college graduates will have

learned nothing but millinery, canoeing, and cookery. Our young people are without religion or morals. Our cherished classics are sickly pabulum for a three-year-old infant. The Victorians were fools and idiots, and we who read and admire them are worse than they. Washington was a self-centred aristocrat and Lincoln a gawky rustic with a flair for shady anecdotes. We have created our heroes in the image of our ideals, and been bewitched like Pygmalion by our own creation. Only a fool would believe in heroes.

But I need not continue the list. After the first sentence we recognize the familiar sinking of the heart. We agree *in toto* and *in futuro* to the whole indictment, plead guilty to every count.

II

Now just there comes the rub. We are becoming a nation of underdogs. We specialize in pleading guilty. We have developed a technique of bowing to the lash of the satirist and calumniator. In this age of statistics, we are helpless before a row of figures. To anyone who says, 'I have studied with infinite care the population of a Mid-Western town of 32,649 people, and I find that there are 32 murders, 95 divorces, and 127 deaths from alcoholism to the thousand, 25 cinema palaces and a library of 2175 books, 2 churches and 73 bootleggers,' we say meekly, 'Yes, sir.' We swallow any number over two figures, no matter how absurd or incredible. And we believe that anyone who rips us up the back must necessarily, *ipso facto*, be a teller of truth and the friend of humanity. If a man tells us we have some good points, we cry, 'Hypocrite! Victorian! Puritan!' and rush away from him as from the pestilence. But let one excoriate us, tell us we are criminals, Philistines, and morons, and we fall on his neck. We

live on the theory that an ounce of blame is worth a pound of praise.

We have, after all, the same point of view that used to prevail in the pews of John Donne and Jonathan Edwards. Those fiery denunciators used to ascend their pulpits and draw for their congregations such a lurid picture of hell-fire and the souls of the unregenerate or unelect dangling over the blazing fires of eternity that the members of the congregation would froth at the mouth and writhe on the floor in agony — and come back the next Sunday for more. The Donnes and the Edwardses nowadays preach from the lecture platforms, the magazines, and the novels, but we writhe just the same — and come back for more. Our hell has changed from fire and brimstone to the survival of the unfittest and to rows upon rows of figures stretching off into the desolate wastes of a frozen eternity, but the feeling is the same. We love the rod of the chastiser.

We dote on melodrama. It has moved from the theatres to the halls of respectability, from Broadway to Newspaper Row, but it is with us still. If the villain still pursues on the stage, and the hero and the heroine live happily ever afterwards, we laugh with ridicule. But in the daily news we gobble it up. What Oscar Wilde maintained as a piquant paradox is come true in sober reality. Nature is meekly imitating art. Crime waves, suicide waves, Babbitt waves, robot waves, have flowed out of our novels into the headlines.

The joke is that we realize, when we stop to think about it, that we are the victims of a colossal hoax. We are like the sermon connoisseur of an earlier day, who listened avidly to the minister's invectives against drunkenness, adultery, and avarice, and thought how well they fitted Thomas, Richard, and Henry across the aisle. Faced with the accusations against ourselves, we

should be shocked at their inapplicability. But we will believe anything — against someone else. All that we can safely be sure of is that the other nine tenths of us are guilty. We ignore the rules of common sense and legal decency and condemn them without a hearing, judging our neighbors guilty till they are proved innocent.

The stupidity of some of these accusations needs only to be seen to be appreciated, as the real-estate dealers say. Take the theory that mechanical work deadens because of its monotony. Now by that theory Mozart and Wagner, who practised tiresome and mechanical scales many hours a day on a very complicated machine, — a piano, — must have lost all their intelligence by the age of fourteen. A clergyman who repeats the old familiar prayers week after week must degenerate into a mere piece of clockwork. The teacher who repeats the same course year after year and corrects thousands of similar themes and reports can watch his *pia mater* shrivel to a crisp. The doctor who listens to hundreds of pulses in a week comes to think of the whole world as one sick pulse.

Obviously, then, the only sensible course for us all to pursue is to go home and shut the windows, turn on the gas, and end it all here and now. Yet it is seldom that even the well-known robot who attaches the Ford nut to the famous Ford bolt ends it all in such a way. On the contrary it is usually the man who has achieved the most freedom from monotony who commits suicide.

In short, life even at its worst cannot be wholly monotonous or mechanical. And our present age may be no worse than preceding ones and probably is not nearly so bad. I doubt whether even the Russian serf of past ages, who was as remote from our

mechanized civilization as he well could be, and who never saw a machine, was filled with the joy of life to a much greater extent than the Ford nut-fitter of to-day. 'Slave of the machine' is a beautiful phrase, as is *fin de siècle*, but neither of them has any basis in fact. No one can be a slave of a machine any more than a century can be juvenile, adolescent, or senescent. Some people have a more restricted life and outlook than others, and there is undoubtedly some relation between work and the point of view. But a poet need be no less a poet for having to put nuts on bolts; neither will a clod become a poet by sitting on the peaks of the Sierras. In fact, a case might be made for the factory as a better training ground for poets than the Sierras; but that is aside from my point.

III

What we need is to stop fretting and to cultivate serenity. This suggestion involves more than Emerson's doctrine of self-reliance; it includes a tolerance and optimism that are not necessarily implied in his phrase. Nervousness is a sign of adolescence, and America, as we are so often told, is coming of age. It is high time, then, that we settled back and began to enjoy ourselves. A country three hundred years old ought to have outgrown its childish fear of the dark.

There is no reason why we should n't be serene. The accusations which make us shiver are obviously overdrawn, exaggerated. Only a negligible per cent of us know anything at first hand about murder, arson, divorce, lawlessness. We live decent, orderly, and comparatively contented lives. Most of our horrors are the result of exaggeration. Figures will prove anything, but they are dead, and America is very much alive.

Our lack of serenity is based on neglect of the ancient virtue of the golden mean. We insist on extremes. To a poet, only a poet has a right to be alive: all other people cumber the earth. We can see only black and white; we recognize no grays. There can be no compromise. We must be either emancipated radicals or hidebound conservatives, Puritans or iconoclasts, *Republicans* or *Democrats*, *Babbitts* or *Goethes*. The middle-grounder is a piker, a weakling, a trimmer, a dud. Sir Roger de Coverley, of beloved memory, who lived on the assumption that there was much to be said on both sides, would meet with short shrift in our times. Tennyson is not a poet with certain merits or defects: he is either an absurd, driveling Victorian or an archangel, and if you cannot prove that he is an archangel you must perforce admit that he is a driveler. Ibsen is the only dramatist since Shakespeare: the only way to meet the assertion is to prove conclusively that he was a moron whose plays were the outgrowth of a cancer.

This course is fatally easy to follow. Exaggeration lends itself to epigrams; epigrams are easy to remember. No one whose motto is 'There is much to be said on both sides' can hope to impress. But one who maintains that Homer was a woman; that Shakespeare was Bacon; that there has been no poet since Dante; that there is only one good theatre in America and that that one is in South Dakota; that

99 per cent of Americans are mentally only twelve years old; that the idea of God is merely a sop to infants; that there are only two classes of politicians, those who are grafters and admit it and those who don't admit it — a man who proclaims these extreme theses rides to popularity on a golden chariot with silver klaxons clearing his path.

Yet many of the world's greatest seers have recognized the beauty of the life of the mean, of serenity. Horace took life pretty much as he found it and has charmed all succeeding generations. Molière hammered into his audiences and readers the absurdity of the extremist in all fields of life, and steadily taught the value of the golden mean. Shakespeare's Falstaff and Hamlet and Lear and Sir Toby Belch and Rosalind mean more to the world to-day than do Ben Jonson's Volpone and Sir Epicure Mammon.

It is high time for us to aspire to moderation and serenity. Everything in reason, and nothing to excess — this is a good guide to life. We need some business men, some poets, some hewers of wood — even some critics. All have their place, but never to the exclusion of the others. We have come of age, and we need no longer cringe to every critic. Let the sun and the wind and the rain have their way with us and we shall grow and germinate and bring forth fruit. All we need to do is to wait quietly and serenely and let Nature do her work. She knows her job and will see us through.

THE TRADER'S WIFE

Part Three

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

DE SOPO was not of an ill humor — he did not resent his expulsion from a domesticity so remote from his own experience and so unexpected; he gave small attention to Harford's schemes for an unnatural and emasculated trade; he congratulated him elaborately on his marriage with a lady so evidently illustrious, so beautiful, so gracious, and he trusted that his presence in the neighborhood, and the presence of his slaves, would not be offensive. He had got his girl from a partner who had died in the interior, with whom he had been making his way from the upper reaches of the Muni River to the Nkomo. A hard country to travel until they struck the navigable river, by which time his partner had died. De Sopo had missed the aid of a partner, but his slaves — who were a half day behind him — were a poor-spirited lot and amenable to his Benga overseers. Harford was disarmed more than he had thought to be; they parted on a civil note.

'I could not have him here,' he told Lucy that night, 'as he had hoped to be — both on your account and on my own, because of the reputation I am earning for another sort of trade. But I should like him sometimes to come to see us, unless that would displease you.'

Lucy had not dealt with the matter

of De Sopo so definitely; she would have been led in any case by Harford. The girl, Harford told her, was doubtless lonely. She had belonged to another man; De Sopo hardly could be attractive to a beautiful girl like that — though it was strange, he said, how now and again you found a girl who seemed to form such an attachment.

Lucy lay upon her bed, watching Harford move about the room. A silence followed this comment; he saw Lucy perfectly still, her breath suspended, looking at him with a child's amazement. The girl — what was she to De Sopo?

'She is his woman,' Harford told her reasonably, but a flood of sympathy filled him when he saw her struggle with this. 'It is natural,' he told her; 'he is a man alone, living in dreary places, and she is a woman, clean, clever — she looks clever — she gives him pleasure — it is customary.' Harford felt his way along, and Lucy turned to stone.

'Customary,' Lucy murmured; and then she breathed her question into the silence where Harford had felt, curiously enough, so safe: —

'Did you?'

'Yes,' said Harford, looking at her without dissimulation; and he had more to say, but she turned to the wall. He waited until his words had sunk back into his heart, and he went away.

Atemba was sitting under the eaves

of one of the cabins, and Harford sent him down in the moonlight to invite De Sopo for a drink. The moments dragged until he came. Harford felt a need of masculine conversation; it was almost with relief that he heard the account of the capture of the slaves, who were all war captives, the Fang having raided the villages of the Makae. De Sopo had been gathering food for them on his way down the river; he was expecting old Otolo and his people to bring in several canoe loads of plantain and cassava before the noonday; he had ten hunters out for game, and what rice he had was already under cover — 'though the niggers of these parts will not eat rice unless they are starving.' But with all he could do by way of provision either out of his stock or by purchase from the Fang, he felt a shortage. He had been a long time coming overland, and the Fang by the way had been grudging of their food, seeing that the slaves were Makae. He hoped that Harford had rice and salt to spare, else he would have to go down the river to Taylor, as he had salt for no more than a week, and while he expected news of the *Arrow* within that time, there was no certainty, as Harford knew. And he wondered whether Harford would be able, when the time of shipment came, to lend him five or six canoes.

Harford sighed with irritation; he assured De Sopo that he must not look to him for any help, as his equipment was no more than adequate for his own needs, and he was concerned that the Fang should not have occasion to associate him with any other trade than his own. De Sopo amiably agreed; the idiosyncrasies of his companion were curious, and might perhaps be explained as the Fang were explaining them. Old Otolo had told De Sopo that Hallifodi had a strong taboo and

must not trade in slaves. De Sopo had acquired some taboos himself; he could only be grateful that these were minor and not of a nature to interfere with business. He was glad of Harford's presence in the neighborhood, for the barracoon was not of the best, having been hastily made, without proper stronghold; he knew that the presence of a white man's factory would intimidate the slaves, and this, in default of his dead partner, was an end much to be desired. They were in poor shape, he told Harford, having suffered from the journey.

The two men remembered old times — days of youth, captains of ships, old and fantastic headmen; traders and their adventures, their girls, their deaths, the fates of their half-breed children, were remembered until the moon was low and De Sopo must go back to his cabin in the village that was nearest the barracoon. The slaves, he said, should be coming along in the morning. He had a crew of Benga men with them, an armed man to a canoe, and that was not enough.

He went down to the clearing, his shadow, with its broad hat, black behind him. Harford marked how thin the Spaniard was — as he had already marked his pallor. De Sopo walked like a man without a care in the world. As for himself — he looked about his clearing where his goods were stored and his crew of Fang were sleeping, to the cabin where his wife lay and where a light still shone at the window, and he felt a kind of envy of homeless, reckless, disreputable vagabonds.

With the dawn there came a wailing on the river; Harford wakened to the sound and wondered that De Sopo would put up with it — he should be able, Harford thought, to control the wailing of his slaves. The wailing grew as the canoes multiplied at the landing — the high desolate wailing

that is the voice of the sorrows of Africa. That rhythmic crying presently filled the river valley. The devil must have a million of them, Harford thought. And he heard a sobbing at the door of the factory — thinking it a strange thing, until he knew it to be Lucy. She fell against him sobbing; she could not get her breath to ask him what it was she heard, and her terror released in him a fresh sense of the authentic anguish of the wailing. He took her to his bed and warmed her, soothing her; he gave her brandy that she took with a child's obedience, sobbing as she put her lip against the cup. He lay beside her, telling her that she must be reassured, that it was the slaves come down the river into the barracoon. And when he was done, the sound of wailing filled the room; his wife wept against him. Neither of them ever spoke again of the union of black girls and white men.

II

With the morning there was silence in the river valley. The clearing between the walls of the barracoon was alive with human activities; above the thatch which roofed the lean-to that ran along the inner walls smoke rose; fires burned here and there in the compound, and pots were on the fires. Harford could see, with his eye to his spyglass, all that remembered routine of the encampment waiting shipment; he noted that the slaves were ill-fed, and he thought, in view of the disrepair of the stockade, that this was a good thing. The lot was mixed in age and sex, though women were in the majority, as is customary among captives of tribal wars. The men were chained in pairs, but the women were not shackled.

When he put his glass down Lucy picked it up. She was not expert in its use, and into the frame of its single

round there swung the green wall of the forest across the river, where, among the branches of a tree in flower, a golden snake imperceptibly drew its length. She lowered the glass; there was a canoe, brown on the brown flood of the river. Bracing the barrel of the glass against a stanchion of the verandah, she got the range of the barracoon and she caught her breath. On that day, and on the days that followed, for hour after hour she inspected the barracoon.

Harford's attention was presently caught; he watched her, wondering at her concentration. He saw the glass, shifted delicately, rake the sunny open and the shadows under the thatch of the long roof. He saw that Lucy was pale and that she leaned against the stanchion, but she would not be dissuaded. 'I see them living,' she told her husband when he asked her what was there. And was again absorbed.

The slaves were ten days in the barracoon before Harford forbade Lucy the use of the spyglass. He had been away overnight, little as he liked to leave his wife alone at the factory; but he trusted Atemba, and he took advantage of the presence of De Sopo, knowing that the Spaniard was within hail. He returned light-hearted, with three ivories bought from under the bamboo bed of a difficult old headman. His carriers sang as they came out of the forest path into the factory clearing; Harford thought that Lucy would be hearing them, and glad of his return. But Lucy, in the blaze of the afternoon sun, was on the verandah, looking through the glass. Harford was on the steps before she took account of him. The degree of her preoccupation repelled him; her dress was disordered and her hair unkempt; their greetings were brief. She returned to her post at the stanchion, and pointed her glass again with a practised hand.

Atemba brought him his food, and Lucy did not join him. Harford observed her from where he sat at table behind the bamboo screen that shaded the north end of the little verandah — it came into his mind that she might be ill. He bade her go to the shade of her room, and this she did, but with reluctance. Later in the afternoon she came to him where he was alone in the musty gloom of the storehouse; she was then hysterical — telling him that she could not bear her life and must get away. He turned from the shelves where he was going over his bales of calico. 'This,' he thought, 'is nostalgia' — and he thought himself to be overtaken by the difficulties he had foreseen from the first day of his marriage. She said again that she must get away, and she wrung her hands. He considered her seriously; he told her that when he had finished with an ivory deal now pending with Efa Ngoto they would take a holiday down the river — though he sighed when he said this, and did not see his way clear. 'It will be a long time, perhaps,' he told her, and said that she must not count on it.

Lucy turned her back and leaned her forehead on the door jamb; he felt her struggle to control her voice. 'It is the slaves,' she said. 'I can't — I can't — Mr. Harford, the children —' But she could not bring herself to tell him more.

He drew her out of the storeroom; with his habit of caution he paused to lock the door. Going to the verandah, he trained the glass on the barracoon. He must see for himself what it was that so possessed his wife — though it was a fever in the making, he told himself. He swept his eye about that clearing, full of late afternoon sunlight and of slaves. The accommodations were certainly not of the best — De Sopo had been doing a makeshift sort

of business, and there was obviously a shortage of food. He especially observed the women and children, as Lucy had done; he tried to see them with her eyes, and he agreed that it was a sorry sight. When he lowered the glass he put it away in a chest of his own belongings, telling her that she must oblige him by not using it again so long as the slaves were there — 'and that will not be long,' he told her; De Sopo was hoping to send them down the river any day and any hour. He begged her to contain herself. His own business was urgent for the time, and he could not go away.

'Let me go with Atemba,' she urged. 'I could go down the river with Atemba — we should be safe.'

'Yes,' he said, 'and find yourself in a fleet of slave canoes — or sleeping in Taylor's house when the cargo is landing! You must content yourself,' he told her, 'for you are a trader's wife. It will not be long.'

But it was long. Two long days from then, when Lucy sat before a dressing table she had made of packing boxes and muslin, De Sopo came to confer with Harford, and his Mpongwe girl — breaking bounds — came with him. Lucy saw her shadow in the mirror, dark against the orange daylight at the door. She turned and looked at her; the girl moved into the room as though Lucy's glance were a summons; she came near, looking gravely about at the white woman's possessions.

'How you health, Mamee?' she said in her soft insinuating voice. And the aura of her femininity, fostered as it was and cultured in its kind, startled Lucy, so long used to men and to the hardy alien Fang women.

'What for you come here, Mamee?' asked the girl. 'This never be proper town for beach woman.'

'What for you come here?' asked Lucy.

'My white man come; he speak for you man. He ask you man: "What for you no fit for give proper food for them slaves? They live for die they no catch food. Plenty pickaninny die; night come we throw him for bush!" My massa ask you man: "What for you no give proper chop? You like all my slaves die, we throw him for river?"'

Lucy sat staring at the girl, not knowing all that she had said. And the soft voice went on: 'Hallifodi say he never be fit for feed all them slaves. My massa say, "You please feed all them sick slaves, all them pickaninny — those women holler all night you never feed them!" Hallifodi say, "No, goddam, I never feed them slaves — I got big taboo, I never feed slaves!"'

Lucy's hand fell from her head, letting her hair fall, and the Mpongwe, grown bolder, touched it softly as she had often wished to do. She sang a little chant of admiration in her own tongue. Lucy did not draw away; she was grown used to the pleasure of black women in her hair and skin. She answered Esala perfunctorily when the girl asked, 'What tribe be your slave Atemba? Where you get that boy?' She was sunk in dark thoughts. She did not know when Esala went away.

At table that night she asked Harford if De Sopo came to see him, and when he answered 'Yes' and no more, she asked him, 'Why?'

'He cannot let me alone about food for his slaves — he says they will starve if Taylor does n't send for them soon. He has cleaned out the Fang — they had little to spare. And he cannot agree that I am not here to sell him food.'

'Cannot you?' questioned Lucy heavily.

'I cannot. I have vowed that I am not a slaver, nor a partner of slavers. Either I do a legitimate trade in Africa

or I get out!' Harford flung himself sidewise to the table — he had hoped to put away this palaver long enough to eat his palm-oil chop and baked plantain. He felt himself to be harried to death. De Sopo would go down the river that night, he told her, to see what could be done, though fearing to leave the barracoon in charge of the crew of Benga. A gang of slaves should be under the surveillance of not less than three white men.

'He says he cannot trust the Benga not to sleep at night. He had the hardihood to ask me if I would not serve him in his absence. He is n't such a bad fellow, either; I'd do him a service if I could, and I pity him.'

Harford presently went down to the landing to see De Sopo off; he asked Lucy if she could spare half a dozen of her soda biscuits for De Sopo, and a pot of the preserve she had made of an edible forest fruit. She made a little pack of these; she saw her husband go away with his hurricane lamp, and she went to his chest, from which she took his spyglass.

Atemba lighted her way to her cabin, as was his habit at night. The soft dark of the tropics was vibrant with the ineluctable unbroken singing of insects in the grass at the edge of the forest wall. The rains were near again and the insects and the frogs spread an immense fabric beneath the stars. There was no moon; the drumming in the villages was desultory. Suddenly the slaves wailed — faintly, and stronger, and fully, the voice of wailing filled the river valley. Lucy trembled; she sank upon the lower step of her cabin.

'Oh, why, Atemba,' she shuddered, 'do they wail?' And he told her they wailed because their father was going away. De Sopo was going down the river, so they wailed.

But how was he their father, she asked. Had he not bought them, and

would he not sell them? How was he their father? 'He is certainly that,' Atemba told her, 'their father. Without him they would starve, and they fear to see him go. They say, "O our Father, O! We die of hunger, O! Pity your children, O! Do not leave us, lest we starve!" And perhaps they will starve,' Atemba added dispassionately.

The wailing flowed like a river through the dark. Atemba listened to his mistress's anguished command that he go to the slaves and beg them not to wail. He thought this a silly invention, but he did not cross his white woman. He would go, he said, if they did not stop — but it would not be a long wailing, for it was no more than a farewell.

It ceased. Atemba went away, and an hour later Harford found Lucy seated on the step of her cabin, the light from her hurricane lamp shining sweetly on her white dress and up into her face. Her mournful dark eyes met his that answered them sternly. 'This woman,' he thought, 'is out of place.'

III

At noon the next day, Harford, who was surrounded by a rustic group and was weighing ivory, did not see Lucy return his glass to his chest. At their midday meal she questioned him closely as to De Sopo's plans and whether he would be home the next day or the day after that. Not for three days, he told her, and added that the cargo canoes would be longer in coming than that. It was De Sopo's plan to make a place for the slaves on the beach, although that was against his interest and judgment; but the loss if they were to remain in the barracoon, with food so scarce, would be heavy. He must risk the move to the beach.

Harford hoped — and he wished, in his present preoccupation, to believe —

that Lucy did not know the death rate among the slaves. He was glad to forget what he could not see his way to help, and he was elated at the spread of his trade. A company from Ayos had traveled three days by canoe to sell him their ivories; they came, trailing their leopard skins and speaking a modified dialect, from a remote people whose trade he had labored to develop. When night came, and the last man and dog on leash had gone down the hill and off up the river, Harford sank into his chair with a tot of rum, and he could have wished to be alone in his clearing. He wished he need not see his wife at table lest she trouble him with questions. But she was as silent as himself. Had he looked at her he would not have known her for the laughing girl who had hung on his arm when they had first climbed the hill to the factory not a year ago. He would have been struck, had he looked at her, by her thinness, her look of strain, her pallor, her rough and broken hair. But, after the custom of companions who live together without lapse, neither of these two was attentive to the aspect of the other, and Lucy sank away into the shadow of her obsession unobserved.

When Atemba lit the lamp in her cabin that night, Lucy spoke with him. She asked him if he had been born a slave. Atemba was a headman's son, he told her. 'It is a strange thing,' he thought, 'how long the white people are in framing the first of questions.' She asked him if the big gate to the barracoon was locked with a key. Atemba said it was, barred and locked with a key, and that there were other precautions about the outer wall — there was an outer wall and an inner door. A passage, very short, led from the gate to the inner door. All the building, Atemba told her, was rough. The barracoon in which he

himself had been imprisoned once was strong; none could have looked into that barracoon. And with that memory a terrible excitement began to flow into his heart, threatening his control. He felt a current of intention, obscure as yet, lift him from his accepted groove. He gave his attention, suddenly creative, subtly perceptive, to Lucy — trying to penetrate her secret thought, conscious of an intense dynamic at work beneath her fixed composure.

She asked him who had the key to the gate — if De Sopo had it; and he said he did not know. He was silent. And then he said there was one who knew who had the key, and if his Mamee commanded him to ask that one he would do so. When Lucy pressed him for the name of that one, he said it was Esala, De Sopo's woman. She would know who had the key. If his Mamee commanded him to do so, he would return, when night was in the middle, with that knowledge.

While Lucy pondered upon this, he looked in her mirror, taking counsel with the dark and secret image that spoke to him there, eye to eye. Behind him in the dim reflection stood the white woman listening to a strong inner voice. She would tell him to go. And if she did not tell him, still he would go — for he felt an irresistible quickening toward a course that was clearing, like a path when dawn reveals it. When Lucy told him that he must do as he had said, his going was a passion of acquiescence. The swift withdrawal of his energy from her cabin and from the clearing left Lucy like a castaway, with the tide on the ebb — she felt a vast fatigue and the hurry of her heart beating.

Harford's window shed an orange light and then was dark; there was now no light in the forest. Upon the dark the Southern Cross was erected and leaned again to its decline; occasionally

a bird called or a band of monkeys clamored briefly; a late moon rose behind the cabins, and their black shadows bit into the flooding light.

At something like two o'clock Atemba stood in the shadow of Lucy's west window; he had the key and gave it to her. Esala, he said, had given him the key to hold until the dark before the dawn. 'What shall I tell the white woman,' he thought, 'if she asks me why Esala gave me the key?' But Lucy did not ask that or any other question — she seemed to dream.

Atemba came to the door and opened it; beyond the shadow where he stood there was a wash of moonlight in the clearing. 'Mamee,' he asked her with an utmost urgency, 'when you let the slaves go — am I then free?'

He saw Lucy startle as if she woke. She asked him if he saw the Benga guards and if they were sleeping. He had found them sleeping — and that was because their master was away and because the slaves, they knew, were weak from sickness and from hunger. Atemba had wakened the guards as he passed, telling them there was a leopard abroad in the clearing on moonlight nights. Only strangers and white men, he told them, were ignorant of this — all others seeking a shelter to sleep in. The Benga men, he said, had given him thanks and had said that they must lie outside to watch the slaves. There was a house, he had told them, near the gate; they had better lie there. If the leopard caught them, who would watch the slaves? Would their master not then blame them that they had not listened to the warning of Hallifodi's man? After which reasoning, Atemba told Lucy, they had risen from their bed of leaves upon the ground and had gone away into the house. The house, Atemba told her, looked away from the barracoon. It was a strange thing,

he told her, but they went into that house. 'Ah, Mamee,' he said in a voice of profoundest passion, 'when you let the slaves go —'

She did not answer him — she moved past him down the steps into the moonlight. She took no account of him. But later, when they were in the shadow of the trail to the river, he pressed his fate again: 'Ah, Mamee, am I, too, free? When it is taboo for you to have a slave, and it is taboo for Hallifodi to have a slave, am I free?' He was behind her in the trail; he heard her say yes. He took the key from her hand; her hand was hot, and, with his faculty of perception at its highest level, he was aware, among a multitude of impressions, that she had a fever. He wished that her dress were dark; it glimmered, and her skirt was noisy among the grasses. He wished that she were sure to do as he might find occasion to tell her; he wished that he were in control, as a man should be — and his will leaped before him in the path. When she came to the end of the shadowed trail and to the verge of the clearing about the barracoon, he bade her wait, and they stood still.

In the mild clear light of the moon the stockade of the barracoon rose to the height of about twelve feet; they were standing a hundred feet from its southeast corner. Midway of the eastern wall there was, curiously, a great tree; it was incorporated in the stockade, and it made, of a morning, shade upon the glare on the floor of the barracoon. It is to be supposed that De Sopo had left it there because it presented difficulties in felling, and its crest of branches, high upon the pillar of its bole, was not hospitable to escape. The river ran fifty yards from the west wall; the space between was cleared and was now in shadow. The gate was in the south wall; it was barred, and the lock was a padlock.

The guards were not in sight; the fire by which they had slept was sunk to embers, and their leafy beds were dark on the ground. There was no sound of life, only the river's running.

Suddenly from behind the wall of the barracoon there rose a woman's faint and plaintive wailing — like a thread of smoke from a small fire on a windless air. Atemba knew it for a cry of remembrance. Without warning Lucy floated out into the moonlight; she was at the gate before he was; her hand was at her lip while he unlocked the gate. They stepped swiftly into the passage; Atemba drew the gate to; the key was in his hand. The passage was eight feet long — the depth of the lean-to that ran about the inner wall; the door at the end of this short passage was barred but not locked. The delicate cry rose again. Lucy threw up the iron bar, and they were in the yard of the barracoon.

IV

The moon was above the eastern wall; the shadow of the great tree was upon the trodden ground of the western half of the enclosure. Under the thatch of the lean-to the slaves slept in the shadow. Lucy — who had brooded so many days upon the comings and goings of the many dark bodies, now cooking, now eating, now lamenting — was alone with the moonlight in the clearing. She was arrested in a still enchantment. Atemba saw that she did not see a woman gray with dust who lay upon the earth, and swifter than her perception he sprang to where the woman lay. Catching her about the middle, he brought her to her feet, one hand over her mouth. Her eyes stared at Lucy while he dragged her to the passageway. Atemba summoned Lucy with a movement of his head; they were in the passage before she had

caught her breath, and Atemba was speaking in the woman's ear. He instructed her; Lucy saw her eyes focus on his words. He released her — she was a young woman ravaged with hunger; she was gone back into the compound like the flowing of water.

Atemba drew Lucy through the outer gate; he closed it, and they slid by the south wall in the moonlight to the shadow under the west wall. In that shadow Lucy fell to trembling, her teeth chattered, and she leaned against the wall. Presently she vomited. Atemba, seeing that she could not stand, supported her. She moaned, and he was appalled, but his decision was as swift as breath. He carried her to the water's edge; the jetty was in moonlight, and he was too much a forest creature to move that way; he laid Lucy among the leaves at the foot of the forest wall, first stirring them with his foot; he covered her white dress with his own dark cloth. He let himself down into the water that ran deep by this bank, and returned with a small canoe — it was the ferryman's canoe and its anchorage well known. Lucy was past speech. He laid her in the seepage in the bottom of the canoe; drawing her dress along her sides, he laid his cloth over her and pushed off into the stream. He could see a flowing of dark bodies along the bright south wall of the barracoon; they disappeared into the shadow of the west wall. He dipped his paddle, making upstream.

A river silence fell on the canoe; Lucy's sigh was light. Coming to a little beach landing, the canoe wavered. Atemba gave a bird call; there was no answer. Under the deep shade of a wooded bank he whistled again and waited, but not long; Lucy moaned and stirred; he cleared the bank and paddled upstream. He dipped his paddle three or four times before he

heard an answer to his call — a bird whistled among the branches that swung from the near margin. Atemba held the canoe and scanned the forest wall. He drew in to a log and found a backwater in the thicket; the river glittered in midstream, but here was a moon dusk. Esala crept out on the log, and Atemba held out to her the key. She took it, thrusting it into a basket under her arm; drawing the canoe alongside, she boarded, startling when she felt Lucy's body under the cloth. The paddle sank into the water, the canoe shot out into the stream, and there was silence on the river.

In the moonlight Atemba saw that Esala had whitened her face with clay, after the manner of the Fang who mourn, and that she was as naked as a Fang woman, that she had painted dark designs on her body, which was smooth and without the inevitable Fang tattoo. He understood that she was joining her fate with his, and he felt a rush of pride and passion. It was true of Atemba that he was a chief's son and of no mean tribe. How far his home was, or where it might be, he could not know; he could look up at the stars and take counsel of them; soon, too, he must counsel with Esala. It did not appear to him what he must do with the white woman; his swift planning had not foreseen the present difficulty — he had thought that Lucy would steal away to her cabin when they had left the barracoon. But there was no hope of that now; he knew the course of her fevers, and that she would be helpless for not less than a day. Nothing in his heart swerved from his intention of escape; he was as single as an arrow that has been released from the bow; all his wisdom was fused to an instinct, and he knew that he must go upriver swiftly all the night — and without words.

Neither he nor Esala could pass in

prolonged intercourse as Fang. A canoe from upriver hailed them, surveyed them in the moonlight, and, seeing the ashen face of Esala, the paddler asked them who had died. 'A child,' said Atemba. Esala wailed faintly, and the canoe went its way. But Lucy, when Esala wailed, stirred again, moaned, and would have sat up. Atemba steered into a backwater; the canoe stole up this dark shallow until he knew by the evil smell that he was at the end of the inlet, and in a pool where the women of a village were used to soak their manioc. He shipped his paddle and crept along the length of the canoe to Esala in the bow. He began to speak to her softly in their only common tongue, which was Fang. Under the intense dark Lucy sighed and slept.

Presently from the forest the guinea fowl called the near approach of morning, and in the dark the two dark heads drew apart, the murmur of voices ceased, the canoe slid back to the river. Time was pressing, but they knew what they must do. Before the pallor of dawn Esala had guided Atemba to a trodden beach; it was the landing of the headman Efa Ngoto, who had a village near by in the forest. She knew that place well, having camped there with De Sopo more than once. A shelter with three walls under thatch was in common use at the landing. It stood clear of the forest, which was here of great trees, and open. They must work quickly before day. Coming ashore, they drew up the canoe, and Atemba lifted Lucy, who was now in a stupor. Esala was before him in the shelter; she found the embers of a fire that was always there upon the ground of the hut, and that would be renewed many times in the day by the villagers as they came and went upon the river. With a burning log for a light, she

looked about the hut; there was no snake, no filth, no menace. Atemba, standing with Lucy across his shoulder, watched her; he was ready at the signal to lay his mistress down. She sighed, relaxing on the bed and turning her head away upon the wooden pillow. Esala adjusted her dress. Atemba would have thrown his cloth about her, but Esala caught it up; she drew the logs together, and a thread of smoke rose. Swift as shadows the two were gone, and the canoe, dark a moment on the glitter of the river, disappeared.

V

The smoke among the logs became a flame; the mists of morning rose in the moonlight; the river spoke and spoke against the little beach; a monkey looked into the open shelter with surprise, and was intimidated; with the gray light a million parrots woke to their domestic disagreements and were articulate. The clamor of day woke in the forest. And the first fisherman coming down the village trail looked in at the hut. As if he were winged, he stood again in the street of the village. 'There is a magic by the river!' he told his friends. 'An enchantment is there!'

But the headman, when he saw the enchantment, knew it for the wife of Hallifodi, having seen that woman many times. He was appalled.

Behind him and pressing upon him and upon one another, the people of his village crowded, struck with wonder. Their voices, discreet at first, grew in volume and in stress, but Lucy did not move until an old woman broke into a high crying wail. Other women wailed, and the white woman, moaning faintly, moved her head, moved her hand, and was still again.

'She lives! She breathes!' cried out the agitated people of the village of Efa Ngoto.

Efa himself, though much against his will, — for who knew how the matter stood either with the white woman's husband or in the more supernatural implications? — got himself ready to go to Hallifodi. He was deliberate in his preparations, wishing that his experience had fitted him for the present adventure and for the part he had to play. He put on the best he had — and that was a military coat and a red fez cap, both bought of Hallifodi himself. He chose swift rowers. He gave instructions that no one of his village was to approach the white woman, none was to go under the thatch, but that his head wife herself, with those women whom she should choose, was to watch from without the hut. Only Evina was not to watch. She was his present favorite wife and was with child; she must beware dark powers. He went away in the sunlight.

It was presently warm in the shadow of the thatch, and with the passage of the day the sun shone there. The women, four and five at a time, pitied the white woman with their eyes. They sang plaintive songs — spontaneous little ballads about the white woman who had come to lie upon the bed of their village. She had come by the river, O! She had no child, O! Alone she had come, O! She said no word, O! Her beautiful hair, O! Her fine white cloth, O! They struck their hands softly for an accompaniment to their songs.

The white woman whimpered and sighed, and the black women more than ever sang their plaintive songs. These songs, they thought, were good

for that magic, for with the afternoon Lucy was still. Harford heard them singing at the bend of the river, and his heart turned over.

The Fang women fell away when the white man came to look at his woman. They had not gone near her all day; they could in no way be to blame for her death — if indeed she was dead.

She was dead. The women saw her hand fall from Harford's. They saw him look into her eyes. They burst into a wail, and the entire village of Efa Ngoto wailed.

Harford sat down on a piece of firewood; he could no longer stand on his feet. Nothing of all this was clear to him. The face of his wife was a secret silence in a great clamor. He had not eaten that day; news of the empty barracoon had shattered his morning, and with noon Efa Ngoto had stood at the door with news of a wife he had hardly missed. No, he had not missed her; he had been all morning with the Benga guards and with the straggling slaves who had returned to beg from him a handful of rice.

How had she come here, and why? Was this really his wife? A laughing girl, a chatterer — now to be lying so pale and sunken in this rude shelter — lost here in a strange forest. Lying here without a word. No answer. How had she come here? Had she been poisoned? Her dress was dragged. Her hair was disordered. He stooped to put her poor hands beside her, and on the dust of the ground he saw a key. Abstractedly with his foot he pushed it aside — the headman should have a care of his keys.

(The End)

COME DOWN, SHEEP!

ONCE I was a shepherdess
Clambering the mountain-side,
Calling to my feeding sheep,
'Come down,' at eventide;
Breaking stalks of asphodel,
Loosening the stones that fell
Tinkling down the mountain-side,
Calling, calling, 'Down, come down,
Come down,' at eventide.

Like a waterfall above me,
Like a cloud of bees,
Murmuring and humming, coming,
Swaying down the mountain-side
Garlanded with falling foam,
'Come down, my flock;
At eventide I guide
You home.'

Mist is rising from the hollow
Like the mist of sleep,
Silvery as lambs that follow
My reluctant sheep,
Trotting hoof and nodding head
On the roadway streaming down;
I have wound my spindle-thread,
Tucked my distaff in my gown —
I shall spin no more to-day.

*Artemis and great Apollo,
At your shrine I lay
Purple wool and leaves of laurel
And I pray
That the sweet lonely season of summer
May loiter away;
That the sweet lonely days of my herding
May stay.*

HARRIET SAMPSON

THE ART OF BEING OUTSHONE

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

SOMEBODY is forever sending me literature about how to shine at dinners and in the social circle generally. It seems there are books full of anecdotes, repartees, and bright remarks, which, if memorized and opportunely remembered, *are supposed to enliven these occasions*. The master of these books dazzles and entertains every circle he enters. He holds the spotlight and the centre of the stage. Murmurs of admiration attend his brilliant sallies. He is, in short, the life of the party.

Others, it appears, just as good as he, go home depressed and disheartened. They have not shone. The spotlight has not rested well-pleased upon them. They have been obscure. Sound cause for gloom! Their minds, destitute of the thousand epigrams of the master spirits of the ages, have contributed nothing brilliant to the conversation.

It is evident from the amount and tone of this literature that one must shine to be happy. Without shining, life is not worth while. One is a failure, and might as well give up. It is the obviousness of this truth that provides a public for the literature. People have, indeed, often felt the sense of discouragement these circulars describe, and are glad to find a promise of relief, even though at the fateful moment they fumble in memory for the bright saying of Marcus Aurelius or Mark Twain which the occasion so pressingly demands. Perhaps, after all, it may be more practical to go to a dinner with

just one bright but borrowed remark stored up for the occasion, and, watching narrowly your opportunity, to hurl that, like Bruce's heart, into the fray, than to carry in such a sackful of anecdotes gathered at random from five hundred minds.

There is of course nothing new about this yearning for notice and conspicuousness. It is an inheritance from childhood and even from antiquity. Epictetus discussed it. It is hard, he admits, to hear another man discoursing brightly on a subject beyond your depth, and on which you have nothing to say. But courage! Another time the talk will be of grammar, and it will be your turn to shine.

The illuminating thing about this is that the fine old Stoic himself was not above the common desire to shine, only he had sense enough to see that no sensible person expects or wishes to do all the shining. Every dog is entitled to his day — that is, of course, if he can get it. I do not say he would have ordered the books advertised above; he knew he needed no such meretricious aids to luminosity, being convinced that, taking the season together, he and every other well-disciplined philosopher were sure in due time to get their conversational innings. But he was evidently strongly disposed to have those innings soon or late.

It is odd that it did not occur to the ancient Stoic or the modern Epicurean that the true solution of the problem, which is evidently so vital to them, is the cultivation of the art of transition.

To the master of transition, it matters not whether the talk be of the Taj Mahal or of the composition of rubber. Give him but the suspicion of a lull in the conversation and he will with a mere phrase bring it round to port.

Only last night on the way into the dining room I heard an accomplished converser lamenting the general lack of interest in Africa — one of his best themes. What weakness! Let him but contrive a set of good transitions, and I'll warrant he can bring the talk back to Africa though it have strayed as far afield as the nebula of Andromeda or the Great Hereafter. As thus: 'How different that is from Africa, now!' or 'You don't say so! Well, I remember once in Africa . . .'

Of course we all know the conversational superman; he has been with us since boyhood, to which period of development he properly belongs. He is always capping your modest contributions with something bigger. If you have slain your thousands, he has slain his tens of thousands. You timidly intimate that your assessed valuation is two thousand dollars; he cries that his is four. You say that you are to speak in Freeport; he says that they had previously asked him. You tell how long it took to drive a certain route; his time was better by hours. It does not matter that you happen later to detect much exaggeration in these quick rejoinders — as that his assessment is only about half yours. The mischief is done, or, rather, the success achieved. For evidently the skill of the thing lay in thinking quickly of the better story and putting it over convincingly. It is not a matter of fact, but of art.

Such men are not liars. They are great hearty boys who have never learned the art of being outshone. Their fish are always bigger, their scores lower, their losses greater, their

winnings larger, their operations dreadfulest than yours. They have no need of the thousand best epigrams of the world's five hundred brightest minds, nor need they, like Epictetus, wait for another day when the talk is of grammar in order to shine. Their simple art is to snatch a reflected glory from every other's remark and multiply it thirty, sixty, a hundred fold.

What a good thing it is that there are no such women! Yet this may seem to have an ungracious ring; which reminds us: Let us now praise gracious women, the noble army of hostesses and dinner partners who listen patiently and with interest marvelously sustained — or simulated — to your interminable anecdotes and expositions, which are often no better than the thousand best efforts of the world's master minds, to say the least. Surely if there be pretense in this, the Recording Angel, if he must jot it down, will never be better occupied than in dropping some of his tears upon the page.

II

I have just had a delightful interview with a charming old gentleman. I enjoyed it exceedingly, but as I look back upon it two or three things emerge like islands from a sea. He was, it appeared, the best student and the best speaker his ancient college had ever produced, and to this day his record has not been surpassed. He next formed the laudable ambition of making himself the best preacher in the country, and, from all I can gather, he made decided progress in that direction. But I am fearful that he has never progressed far in the gentler art of being outshone.

A distinguished editor, on being asked on what principle he chose the articles that he printed, said that if a thing was so absorbing that a man

would stop eating his roast beef to listen to it, he thought it worth publishing. No fairer description of prandial achievement can well be framed. And yet, with hundreds of thousands of copies of the select epigrams of the master minds flying about and equipping the most ordinary people overnight to hold dinner tables spellbound, even the roast-beef test may fail. To have the art, literature, history, politics, and business of the world on the tip of your tongue (What a tongue, to have such a tip!) may deceive even the elect into supposing that you know something about them. Better not make any pauses, — except for the inevitable murmurs of admiration, which, it seems, are guaranteed, — else some dull, malicious fellow may ask a disconcerting question. Still, not if he is spellbound; the thing is unthinkable. But for safety's sake a good dashing transition should always be taken along, as a kind of conversational parachute, in case your gas fails.

I have long been thinking that our artists should be painting scenes in real life, such as an automobile salesman and his prey. But whose pencil could portray the dinner table at which two accomplished possessors of the thousand epigrams of the master spirits should meet? The imagination reels at the picture. Gastronomically, the dinner would of course be a failure, for no one would have a moment's attention to give the food. One would inevitably get the jump upon the other at the start, and then, pausing presently for the inevitable murmur of admiration, would be dismayed to hear the other strike in with some apposite observation of Josh Billings or Hippocrates, and feel the spotlight fading from his brow. Can he regain it? His adversary is forewarned by now, and, if he knows his stuff, will give him no further chance, but rather a much-needed

lesson in the Art of Being Outshone.

This 'hyperlampophobia,' or dread of being outshone, has begun to affect literature. Where is the so-called hero of yore? In many a modern tale the hero is really the simplest, fondest, most blundering being in the whole cast. Is it not clear that the old-style smart individual who easily gets his own way in all circumstances — an obvious aristocratic type — is out of date? The modern hero does not command your homage; he appeals to your compassion. You perceive that the poor fellow needs help, and how you long to be at his side and warn and cheer him, as, helpless with horror, you behold him blindly plunging deeper and deeper into difficulties. Only when his situation has become absolutely irremediable does the author let up on him. All this, of course, is for your good, so that you may not feel yourself too palpably outshone.

Take the old detective story. All was hopelessly obscure until the great detective entered. It presented no particular difficulties to him. A few blood drops, cigarette stubs, or bits of tweed, and the thing was done, all by himself. But nowadays there is a whole school of detective literature from which the detective hero has actually disappeared! He has simply vanished, leaving no trace. The truth is, we have grown tired of the omniscient detective who finds everything so easy, and prefer to see difficulties more democratically unraveled by a number of people, each contributing his bit and making the solution a social process.

Modern publicity methods have long since accustomed us to having our failings of every kind familiarly assumed and played upon, and we do not so much mind this unless our moral characters are impugned. Thus the frank challenge, 'Why let Blunders in speech and writing put you at a Dis-

advantage? Beware of shabby English! Errors in Pronunciation can ruin the whole Effect of what you say!' while perhaps unconventional, does not offend us. Our English may be blunder-some, shabby, and mispronounced, as the advertiser so calmly assumes, but if it is a bit informal at times, it is our own business, no doubt. But to approach us on the cool supposition that we go home from a party unhappy if we have not done all the talking is a different matter, and seems to assume that we are all indeed but children of a larger growth, if even that. To monopolize conversation is a thing no civilized man should ever want to do.

Psychologists suggest that it is really better for our mental health to do a good deal of listening, claiming that in this way we may get some of the stimulus and intellectual pabulum that our spirits require. Experienced diners-out, with a large and quick turnover, will certainly confirm this, telling to-night the best things they heard last night, but keeping silent long enough to pick up a few new trifles for to-morrow, when they sincerely hope to encounter a new circle of guests to try them on.

Such is, we believe, the democratic way of life, but it is not that of the conversational crammers, on the one hand, or of Epictetus on the other. They both aim at a larger but slower business; at least, Epictetus did. This was his professorial bent: unhappy except when lecturing; an evident stranger to the joyful activity of the intercreative mind. But how much better, really, to match wits with some capable table companion, until some new phase of common experience or interpretation emerges, to the general joy! A far better thing this than lecturing each other alternate evenings, you to-night, I to-morrow night! Little genius in such division of labor.

For what we are here concerned with

is of course nothing less than the art of conversation. How many a man who thinks he is talking well, if lengthily, has really been launched and steered upon his course by the unobtrusive skill of his neighbor at table, who listens with apparent delight as he details the exploits of his lifelong hero: —

'I said, "Stand up; tell your story." He did. I said, "Sit down. Now tell yours." She did. I said, "You were right; he was wrong," and so on.

Such people are doomed to starvation, psychologists declare. They merely recite their little Odyssey until they are exhausted, and when rested up recite it over again, never giving themselves any chance to take in new ideas. It is perhaps comforting to reflect upon this righteous law of conversational compensations; and yet it is too often we rather than they who suffer the direct effects of their famine.

III

I am not exactly a hermit. To me the most interesting thing about this world through which I am passing is the people who live in it. They are also the most amusing thing in it. This is the heart of humanism — the world of personality over against the material world. The latter sometimes seems to engross us, and it is heresy to depreciate it. But, vast as it is, I sometimes wonder if it is any more stupendous than a great man's idea of it. Wonderful as it is, is it any more wonderful than that he can form and carry in his mind an image, however imperfect, of it? Yet he is but one of millions, every one of whom forms and carries such an image, material, social, moral, economic. Every person carries a world about with him of his own creation or, at least, discovery. None of these images is wholly true, yet every one of them possesses some truth. No two of them

are alike; perhaps no two of them should be alike. They are of an inexhaustible variety, of attitude, opinion, information. It is a mistake to suppose that only the intelligent have definite opinions; the most definite opinions are held by the unintelligent, and they also hold them most strongly.

It is this that literature seeks to mirror, catching perhaps a hundred-millionth part, the best or worst, and 'reducing it to writing,' as we rightly say — for how much it is reduced! Which is what gives to literature such interest and glory as it possesses. But the thing itself is vastly greater than any record or even experience — not to say fancy — of it.

You see a man coming up the street, a person perhaps of little social, political, or financial standing. None the less, he carries about with him a private individual universe, as definite as your own, and in some parts, at least, sounder than yours. In it he alone is judge; his estimates and opinions prevail. You yourself are to him but a part of it, and subject to his verdicts and appraisals. If he is informed, capable, and wise, his ideas will be sounder; but many an ignorant and prejudiced person, if he be reflective and kind, carries about a universe well worth knowing.

Everybody is, in short, a kind of peripatetic Atlas bearing a world upon his shoulders. More than a world — a universe. It is no great flight of fancy to imagine the city streets filled with people so occupied. Yet most of them give no sign of finding the task burdensome. They are more like people carrying balloons. This is certainly a better figure, for if some are weighed down with the weight of their universe, others are plainly buoyed up by theirs. These balloons are of very different sizes, so that while one is hardly visible, another fills the whole sky. But, you will say, this means endless collisions between rival universes. And of course that is precisely what is constantly taking place, unless one knows how to handle his private universe with good taste and good manners. It is like the conflict of umbrellas on a crowded street on a rainy day, only on a much grander and more serious scale. The balloons are also of very different densities, and of different colors — black, blue, gray, brown, rose, yellow, purple, and orange. Everyone is very sensitive about his own particular one; nobody likes to have any liberties taken with his universe. And how fortunate it is that they are really or nearly invisible! Otherwise we should all be too often and too palpably outshone.

YOURS LOVINGLY

BY EUGENIE COURTRIGHT

I

THE Indian disciplinarian at the Rose-hill Government Indian School strolled into the office of the assistant clerk, leaned against a filing cabinet, and took off his hat.

'Miss Canby,' he said, 'you 'member that Pokagan boy that come in las' month? Julius, his name is. Well, he's got T. B.'

'Oh, dear!' Miss Canby murmured.

'Yeh. Bad, I guess. He's got them sores. You know — on his neck. He's got that kind of T. B.'

'Tchk, tchk, tchk,' said Miss Canby, commiseratingly, 'and the medical certificate in his application never so much as mentioned —' She stopped, aghast. 'You don't mean you've got him in the boys' building!'

'Yeh,' said the disciplinarian, 'that's where I've got him. Right there with one hundred and thirty-eight other boys. He coughs that bad nobody can sleep.'

'But — but why didn't you send him to the hospital?'

'Aw, the hospital! I sent him there the first thing when he come in an' I seen them sores, but the doctor says he can't keep T. B. cases there. So I says, "Well, can you fix it up so he can go to the Indian sanitarium?" An' he said sending kids to sanitariums was n't none of his business. He said for me to see the superintendent.'

'Did you see Mr. Gooby?'

'Yeh, I saw Mr. Gooby. I saw him four times.'

'And what did he say?'

The disciplinarian shifted his weight from his left foot to his right, twined the left leg around the right, crossed his arms, and, gently tapping his shoulder with his hat, looked at the ceiling.

'He said, "Is that so?" I said, "Mr. Gooby, that boy, Julius Pokagan, he's got T. B. He's gonna die," I says, "if we don't do sumpin." An' he says, "Is that so?" Four times I went to him. "Oh, is that so?" he says. Gee, I bet if I was to show him Julius Pokagan he would n't know if he was a pupil here or the President o' the Unite' States. Gee, he sure is dumb, that fella.' 'He — he's so busy, Mr. Eagle Man.'

'Yeh. To-day, f'r instance, he's makin' a speech at the Ladies' Aid or sumpin.'

'It's really my job to look after the pupils, you know; their records and — and everything. I'll see Mr. Gooby as soon as he comes in and I'll fix everything up for Julius. And — er — in the meantime, Mr. Eagle Man, could you — Well, if you could arrange to keep Julius sort of by himself, don't you know —'

'Keep him by himself! Where? Where'd I keep him? In the root cellar? The way it stands now I've got five boys in rooms that was made for two. Some places I got two boys sleeping in one bed. Yeah! Sure! And a single bed at that.'

'Well — well, I'll fix him up, Mr. Eagle Man.'

'All right. That's good.'

And Mr. Eagle Man, having unwound his legs, plodded out and back to his building, carrying his hat in his hand and thinking bitter thoughts.

At a quarter after five Mr. Gooby, the superintendent, returned. Miss Canby followed him into his office.

'Mr. Gooby, you know that Pokagan boy that came in about a month ago? Well, he has tuberculosis. The doctor says he'll be all right if he can be sent somewhere where he can have the proper treatment. He's in the boys' building just now, and, of course, all the other boys are in there with him. . . . Well, anyway, he's pretty sick.'

'Is that so?' said Mr. Gooby.

Miss Canby winced.

'He should be sent away, don't you think?' she suggested gently.

'Yeh. Sure. Send him to the government sanitarium at Toledo. That's the place for him. We don't want no T. B. around here.'

'They can't take him at Toledo. They're full. I wired.'

'Is that so?'

'Yes.'

'Well.' Mr. Gooby's blue eyes looked blank.

'The only thing we can do under the circumstances is to have him —'

Here the telephone rang. Mr. Gooby picked it up, leaned as far back as his swivel chair would permit without spilling him out entirely, and put the receiver to his ear.

'Hello! . . . Yeh, this is Mr. Gooby speaking. . . . Huh? Who? . . . Oh! Oh, hello, Van! . . . Yeh? I was out. . . . Well, say, that's too bad. Yeh. But say. . . . Well, I could n't help it really. I promised those women at the Child Welfare Club. . . . What's that? Yeh, I promised 'em. . . . Yeh, I was lecturing before the Child Welfare Club. I do quite a bit of that, you know. I was telling 'em all about

health conditions among the Indians. It's hell, you know, the way T. B. gets 'em. . . . What? What ja say? . . . Well, say, Van, that's too bad. But listen. . . . Listen, Van. . . . Yeh, listen. I'll meet you at the corner of Main and Broadway, right there in front of the bank. Say, who else is goin' to play anyway? . . . What! Those two duds! Huh? Say, listen, when I play golf I play, see? . . . Yeh, but those two fellows . . .'

It went on and on and on, but eventually it was settled that Mr. Gooby would meet Van in front of the bank, pick him up in his car, and from there the two of them would proceed to the reformed log cabin which was known as the country club, where they would be joined by two other sporting gentlemen who, in Mr. Gooby's opinion and to his chagrin, knew regrettably little about golf, but with whom he would condescend to play as a personal favor to his friend Van.

'The only thing we can do with Julius Pokagan,' Miss Canby began, as soon as Mr. Gooby had righted himself and hung up the receiver.

'Who's Julius Pokagan?' Mr. Gooby asked, with a mild baby-blue stare.

'He's a boy who came in a month ago,' Miss Canby recited with admirable self-restraint, 'and he has tuberculosis and he's there in the boys' building with one hundred and thirty-eight other boys.'

'What did you say was the matter with him?'

'He has tuberculosis.' Miss Canby wanted to shout it, but she did n't.

'Is that so?'

Miss Canby took a long breath and swallowed hard.

'Yes.'

'Well.'

'The doctor says he'll be all right in a short time, though I must say I think he looks pretty bad; but the sanatorium

at Toledo is full, and I can't think of anything except to try and have him committed to the State University Hospital —'

She was interrupted by a groan from Mr. Gooby. 'Oh, Miss Canby, that's too much trouble. Too much trouble. Entirely too much trouble. I'll tell you —' He rose and picked up his cap. 'Just send him home. Send him back to his home; he'll like that better anyway.'

'But, Mr. Gooby,' Miss Canby expostulated, following him determinedly to the door, 'he has n't any home.'

'Is that so?'

Miss Canby swallowed again, her eyes a little glassy.

'I looked up his record and it says his mother is dead and his father is away in the woods somewhere looking for work in the lumber camps. Just now no one seems to know where he is, not even Julius. There is absolutely no one Julius can go home to; I asked him. He's absolutely alone in the world.'

'Well, that's too bad,' said Mr. Gooby regretfully, opening the door. 'That's too bad.' And seeing the screen door, which everybody but himself knew should have been taken down long ago, and fancying himself on the outside instead of the inside of it, he fanned off a lot of imaginary flies before opening it, and, having passed out, painstakingly closed it behind him. 'I'm always careful not to let any flies into the office,' he said, hoping the hint would sink in.

'But what are we going to do with Julius Pokagan?' Miss Canby wailed through the screen.

Mr. Gooby obligingly paused where the concrete walk turned toward his house and called back good-naturedly: 'Say, I'll tell you. You just send him back to the place he came from. See?

To the same railroad station. That's the best way. Then we won't have no responsibility.'

Miss Canby stood in the doorway looking at him through the screen until he had disappeared within his own house, then she clicked her teeth hungrily three times, whispered, 'The poor simp,' shivered in the chill air, closed the door, and went into the chief clerk's office.

'Mr. Rollins,' she said, arranging a cushion on top of the radiator prior to sitting down on it, 'would it be any good tackling the county authorities about another charity case for the University Hospital?'

Mr. Rollins sighed. 'What kind of case is it this time?'

'Tuberculosis.'

'Oh, Lord!' he groaned.

'He's a new boy. His mother's dead and his father's sort of disappeared or something. Anyway, he's alone. I never saw anything so much alone. And he's sixteen and he's got a shape something like that ruler there on your desk. He sits all day on the edge of a bed and coughs. Anybody's bed. Unless, of course, he happens to be in the classroom. Or the dining room. You won't believe it, but he was detailed to the dairy. But the disciplinarian excused him.'

'Is that all?' asked Mr. Rollins.

'He says he's homesick.'

Mr. Rollins made an entry in the cashbook, blotted it, then looked out of the window.

'Why,' he asked presently, 'don't you go way somewhere all by yourself and scream?'

'Because I'd make too much noise,' she answered simply. 'You start a thing like that and — Well, you know how it is. . . .'

'Hunh-hunh,' nodded Mr. Rollins thoughtfully. 'All very jolly and — er — homelike, is n't it?' he said after a

long pause and with an elaborately elegant accent.

'Oh, quite,' Miss Canby agreed, as elegantly.

Mr. Rollins pulled down the lid of his roll-top desk and rose. 'I'll go to the courthouse and see what can be done for your orphan.'

II

Superintendent Gooby's dread that getting Julius Pokagan into the State University Hospital would be too much trouble proved a well-grounded fear. For days Miss Canby filled blanks — she had n't known there were that many blanks in the world — answering the interminable rows and ranks and columns and tiers of questions with which all the forms bristled: What disease was Julius Pokagan suffering from? (Which was easy.) And where had he contracted it? And why? (Which was not so easy.) Was his father living? And how? And was his mother dead? And what for? And what had all his grandfathers and all his grandmothers died of? And where? And when? And where were all his brothers and all his sisters? And if he had none, why? And why couldn't his father pay his expenses at the hospital? They positively dared Miss Canby to prove he could not afford it.

Miss Canby would sit on the edge of a bed in the boys' building, or on the porch if it was a sunny day, and interview Julius. She would ask him all about his grandfathers and all about his grandmothers, the home which his father did not have, his father's past, present, and future financial status, his own dead mother, his dead brothers, his dead sisters, his poverty, his illness, his inability to support himself, his utter destitution and misery, stopping only at why in the world he had ever been born. And to everything

Julius would answer patiently that he did not know. Miss Canby would then return to her office, sit down at her typewriter, and as answer to about three fourths of the questions write 'Unknown' and 'Information not procurable,' varying this at thoughtful intervals with a 'Not known.' Then she would mail all the papers and get them all back within a week because of 'insufficient information,' whereupon she would repeat her performance, squeezing stray bits of minor information from Julius each time, and get the same results.

One day she told herself she'd had enough of this and sat down and typed neat and appropriate answers to all the questions — answers as compatible with the truth as the meagre facts at her command and common sense would warrant — and, behold, the papers were approved.

They were about to be returned to her for certification and the superintendent's signature when a sharp young man at the courthouse drew the attention of all and sundry to the undeniable fact that Clarabella County, in which the Indian school was situated and from which the application was being filed, was not the county in which Julius Pokagan claimed legal residence (as if Julius had ever claimed anything anywhere, thought Miss Canby), and that therefore the said Julius Pokagan could not lawfully receive financial aid from the said Clarabella County.

As far as Julius himself knew, he never had lived in any county whatever. Then, as if to make up for this deficiency, he presented them with a most appalling list of towns, communities, lumber camps, cities, fisheries, villages, basket factories, and berry fields where he at some time or other had had his being.

From this list Miss Canby eventu-

ally picked out a town which she thought Julius seemed to like somewhat better than any of the other places mentioned, surrounded it with a county, and wrote to the authorities thereof, who, of course, wrote back expressing doubt as to the legality of Julius's residence there. So she wrote again, and they wrote again. The argument lasted two weeks. Then, totally exhausted by such an onslaught of letters, telegrams, and affidavits as they had never experienced before, the enemy surrendered.

This time Miss Canby, having profited by her previous experience, did not waste valuable hours consulting the harassed Julius, and he was permitted to cough without interruption while she put the right answers in the right places; and Mr. Rollins, a man of many accomplishments, put his seal where all good notaries' seals should be.

At last everything was ready, but, the weather being particularly fine just then, Mr. Gooby was very busy. Indeed, it was all of two days before Mr. Gooby could be enticed into his office to sign the stack of papers and letters that had accumulated on his desk. When finally he did come, Miss Canby, looking her youngest and most guileless, tripped in girlishly after him.

'Oh, Mr. Gooby,' she trilled, 'I'm awfully sorry to have been so long at these papers. I know how terribly anxious you were to get Julius Pokagan into that hospital, but —'

'Who's Julius Pokagan?'

'Why, he's the boy you told me to send to the University Hospital. I know you think I should have had these papers ready long ago, but — See? To save time I've checked with a red pencil all the places where you are to sign. I know how awfully busy you are. I'm so sorry, really; I know so well how much you like to have every-

thing done promptly, particularly if it's anything that concerns the pupils.'

'Er —' Mr. Gooby had signed in two places where there were red check marks and was now scratching his head with the pen. 'This boy's goin' to the hospital, is he?'

'Yes. He's the one you've been worrying about so. . . . Right there where the red mark is. I think it was wonderful of you to think of the University Hospital. I could n't think of anything. . . . Yes, right there where the red mark is. You've no idea the amount of work there was to these papers, Julius living so — here's another one — Julius living so far away. . . . No, no! Oh my, no! Here where you see the red mark. That's it. I'll take them down myself and mail them right on the train; that will save at least one day. I know how you feel about all this delay.'

Mr. Gooby had not the faintest idea what it was all about, but could see no reason why he should say so. Probably something he had told Miss Canby to attend to. Gee, you had to hand it to Miss Canby; she never forgot anything he told her. She sure was a peach of a clerk.

A few days later Miss Canby sat down at her desk, drew the Register of Pupils to her, opened it at the *P*'s, slid her finger down to Pokagan, Julius; followed this line to age, sixteen; tribe, Pottowatomi, full-blood; father, Louis Pokagan; latest residence, Star Village; and so on through to the 'Remarks' column. There she wrote: 'T.B.; Com. S. U. Hosp. Nov. 10.'

III

Now Mr. Gooby, busy man that he was, could not very well be bothered with applications for the enrollment of children, letters from parents to their children at the school, or to him about

the latest development in 'my little Nora's itch, and I don't think that doctor you got is any good,' or Johnny's ambition to play in the band, 'and please let him blow one them big musics, Mr. Gooby, becuz I no he can do fine in dat biznis.'

These letters Mr. Gooby prided himself he could identify by a single glance at the dingy envelopes with the slanting addresses written in lead pencil and smeared with the prints of soiled fingers. Anxious to save all the time possible, — especially if it was the hunting season, or the fishing season, or the golf season, or any other kind of season, — he would lay aside unopened all these 'Indian letters,' as he called them, and when he was through with the rest of the mail deposit them in a neat pile on Miss Canby's desk for her attention. Miss Canby, he knew, was well acquainted with the children, their parents, and all their affairs, so that there was no reason why he should waste his time on 'that kind of junk.' Besides, it made very little difference how the letters were answered, because the Indians were bound to kick about something anyhow.

Among these letters a week later Miss Canby found one from Julius Pokagan. He said the hospital was fine, the doctors were fine, the nurses were fine, and he himself was feeling fine, and would Mr. Gooby please send him a suit of underwear and a pair of socks, if the government would let him, because the nurse said he ought to have a change, and could he please have a nightgown, always provided the government had no objections, because the nurse said he ought to have one.

Miss Canby went in to see the superintendent, who, on account of the rain, was actually in his office just when he was wanted.

'Mr. Gooby,' said Miss Canby, 'you know Julius Pokagan —'

'Who's Julius Pokagan?'

'He's that boy you sent to the University Hospital.' One could state plain facts like that to Mr. Gooby and be assured he would accept them without asking a lot of embarrassing questions, because Mr. Gooby was very proud of the quality of his memory, and it would be unlike him to admit he had forgotten all about whatever it was one was talking about.

'Who — me?' said Mr. Gooby, looking surprised in spite of himself.

'Yes. And they sent him away without any extra clothing. They actually did,' said Miss Canby, looking very indignant, 'after all you said about outfitting him completely.' Mr. Gooby's blue eyes blinked as he tried to remember all this. 'He went away with nothing! Nothing at all except what he had on his back!'

'Is that so?'

'Yes. And he wants to know if you would be so awfully kind as to send him some — er — some shirts and — well, everything.'

'M'm . . .' Mr. Gooby pondered seriously; he was n't going to let anybody put anything over on him. 'Er — is he an Indian?'

Miss Canby stared. Even for Mr. Gooby this was going a bit far.

'You see,' Mr. Gooby explained kindly, as one might to a child who was, perhaps, just a bit dull, which was exactly what Miss Canby looked like just then, 'we could n't send government stuff to anyone who was n't an Indian, you know.'

'Why — why, but he's a pupil of this school!'

'Is that so?' said Mr. Gooby, with new interest.

'Shall I send him what he needs?'

'Huh?' Mr. Gooby looked startled.

'Shall I send him some underwear and socks and everything?'

'Does he want underwear?'

'Yes. And he wants a nightgown.'

Mr. Gooby pondered again, heavily. And then all of a sudden he became a big man, a big man interrupted in the plotting of large affairs for the purpose of considering a problem of no importance whatever.

'It is of no consequence,' he said, just the way he once had heard a man say it; 'it is of no consequence whatever.'

'Thank you, Mr. Gooby. Oh, thank you,' said Miss Canby.

Back in her office she leaned against the wall and feebly beat her head against it. But not for long — Julius had been without a nightgown too long already. She must see the property clerk.

Underwear, socks, a belt, handkerchiefs, shoes, shirts, corduroy trousers, a sweater, and three flannelette night-shirts.

'It will cheer him up receiving packages in the mail,' Miss Canby told Mr. Rollins, as she wrapped each article in a separate bundle, — they would be franked anyway, — 'and the greater the number of packages the cheerfuler he will be. And that's good for him.'

In the greasy little pile on her desk a few days later Miss Canby found another letter from Julius. 'Dear Mr. Gooby,' he wrote, 'I just got the packages you sent me. I like everything you sent just fine. The nightgown was fine and I sure was glad to get it. I felt kinda cheap sleeping in my drawers. I sure thank you a lot for everything. I had to stay in bed three days because I was kinda tired, but I am up now and feeling fine. And I don't mind going to bed any more now I got a nightgown like the other guys. I wrote to my father but I got no anser. I wanted a quarter so I could get a haircut, I look funny this way. Yours truly, Julius Pokagan. P.S. How are the boys getting along with their basketball? Did

they win that game at Lima? I sure wish I could of been there to see them play. I'll be glad to get back to school. It's fine here but there aint much for a guy to do. I'll be back soon.'

'The poor kid!' Miss Canby whispered to herself, and forthwith wrote him a long letter. She wrote it on the typewriter, three pages long, single-spaced. It told all about the basketball game at Lima, a later one at Rose-dale, and another at Grover. At the bottom she affixed Mr. Gooby's flamboyant signature by means of a rubber stamp, because she liked to save Mr. Gooby as much trouble as possible, and such were his instructions anyhow.

And Julius wrote right back, with a stamp 'the nurse give me,' and said that sure was a fine letter Mr. Gooby had written him and he 'sure appreciated it.' This he repeated three times, after thanking Mr. Gooby for sending him to such a fine hospital, after saying how fine he felt, and after expressing his certainty of being back at the school 'in a week maybe,' and from then on he wove it in and out, among wistful references to a haircut, unconscious revelations of loneliness, and badly concealed yearning for his father.

With Christmas so near Miss Canby was very busy, but, her desk finally cleared, she went to the school building. Having obtained permission from the teachers, — Miss Canby was a tactful person if nothing else, and she knew that a man jealous of his wife is sweetness and light when compared to an Indian school employee jealous of his authority, — she asked each class if anyone among them knew Louis Pokagan, the father of Julius Pokagan.

A few knew him, several had heard of him, but no one could tell her where he was. A few gave addresses, more or less exact, of lumber camps where it

was rumored Mr. Pokagan had been seen.

She returned to the office with eleven addresses in all, and wrote to Louis Pokagan at every one of them. Two addresses she forwarded to Julius, with a note signed with Mr. Gooby's name, enclosing a book of stamps and, 'under separate cover,' a tablet, some envelopes, a pencil and pencil sharpener.

Julius's reply was almost hysterical. He said Mr. Gooby was the finest and the kindest man he had ever known. Now he was writing to his father and he had counted the days and he was sure the answer would come next Tuesday. He was so happy he felt 'kinda crazy like,' he said. It seemed he could not wait until he heard from his father and got the money for that haircut. He was not homesick or anything; he just wanted a haircut. And what were the boys at the school going to do at Christmas? And was it really true they were going to get presents by mail? He had never heard of such a thing, he said, but he thought it was a swell idea.

Miss Canby wrote him another long letter — over Mr. Gooby's name — in which she told him they had written to his father and as soon as they received a reply they would notify him. She closed by saying the boys were going to write to him and give him all the news.

At the boys' building she sought out the disciplinarian — occupied just then in removing some live rats from a drawer in the bureau of an enterprising young hunter who, already having sold the rats' tails for a bounty, was now herding the rats in his dresser in the fond belief that they would soon produce another crop of tails for further merchandising — and had a nice talk with him. Mr. Eagle Man approved of everything she said, and at noon when she passed the boys' building on her

way to her dinner at the club his voice, raucously orating, came to her from the basement where the boys were lined up for their march to the dining room. 'Hey, you guys,' he was saying, 'what's matter with you? Ain't you got no heart? There's that fella, Julius Pokagan, so sick he's gonna die maybe, an' not one of you's got the kindness to write him even a li'l letter. Listen to me, you guys! You write that fella a letter, see? You write him an' tell him what's goin' on here, see? And say, listen, to-night I'm gonna ask you did you write to him, an' if you ain't — well, there's gonna be no trip to town for you nex' Sat'day. See? You don't write a letter to Julius Pokagan an' you don't get no trip to town nex' Sat'day. Un'stand? . . .'

IV

By December 18 the eleven letters sent out to Mr. Louis Pokagan had all been returned, marked 'Unknown' and 'Not called for.' On December 19 Julius wrote. He had received thirteen letters from the boys at the school, he said, and it was with great pleasure he had read them all.

There was, of course, the inevitable postscript. 'I want to see my father, Mr. Gooby,' wrote Julius. 'I mean I want to get a letter from him. I want him to write to me because I just got to have a haircut. I was in bed with a cold but I am well now, and I don't like to ask for another favor after all you already done for me, Mr. Gooby, but if you can find my father I sure will appreshate it. Do you think you can find him soon? He did n't anser my letters.'

The poor, poor kid! Was there anywhere in the world anything as sad as sad children at Christmas, Miss Canby wondered. Children . . . children at Christmas. . . .

But it was no good fussing; it always would be like that. There always would be forgotten, lonely, unloved, unwanted children. There always had been. Even the first Christmas: night and lighted windows and a star, and a Child for whom there had been no room. . . .

‘My, are n’t the days getting short, though?’ It was Mrs. Twoheart, a small, glib woman who had recently learned to spell her name in one word instead of two, and, even more recently, to call her oldest boy Junior. ‘Just think, there’s Junior not back from school yet and it’s dark already. That’s why I had to come after the mail myself, because Mr. Twoheart’s got to take my cousin down to the train. She’s been visiting me, but now she wants to get back home for Christmas. Mrs. St. Jean, her name is. She’s part French like me — Chipewa and French. There’s lots like that around Star Village there where she lives.’

‘Star Village?’

‘Yeh. That’s my home, too. And my cousin —’

‘Mrs. Twoheart! Mrs. Twoheart, do you know Louis Pokagan?’

‘No, I don’t know him. But my cousin, Mrs. St. Jean, she knows him. Her husband saw him at a lumber camp not long ago.’

‘Just a minute! Please wait just a minute!’

Miss Canby was typing furiously. The letter ripped out of the machine and an envelope went in. ‘Louis Pokagan,’ she wrote, and tore the envelope out, slapped the stamp with Mr. Gooby’s name at the bottom of the letter, jumped up, grabbed her sweater with one hand and Mrs. Twoheart with the other, and made for the door.

Ten minutes later she was back in her office sorting Christmas packages. Mrs. St. Jean, in the back seat of Mr. Two-

heart’s automobile, had promised Miss Canby, on the running board, that she would do all she could to find Louis Pokagan and place in his hands the letter Miss Canby had given her.

All the next day Miss Canby sorted packages, rewrapping the damaged ones and pasting labels on each gift that Santa Claus might make no mistake when handing them out on Christmas Eve and break a heart by giving a package to the wrong child.

But there was no package for Julius Pokagan. Obviously Julius was going to be among those left out — that pitiful quota of unremembered children who yearly sat waiting in vain for Santa Claus to call their names. Miss Canby remembered the stiff smiles which they all, without exception, placed on their shamed, disappointed faces. ‘I’ll just have to do something about it this year,’ she told herself.

That night after she had gone to bed she had an idea. A women’s club in Chicago had ‘adopted’ some children at the school. These children were not registered with the club by name, but merely as ‘fifteen boys’ and ‘fifteen girls,’ all to be ‘strictly full-blooded Chippewas.’

In this day and age! scoffed Miss Canby. And with four tribes living as one within the confines of one state! And how many strictly full-blooded anythings are there anywhere?

She would open that box and select appropriate gifts for each of the ‘left-outs,’ as they were called. And after this foray if anything was left the strictly full-blooded protégées could have it. Of course, if nothing was left it would be too bad, and she hoped the Chicago ladies would not mind. . . .

But she could not send Julius a haircut. She might send him a dollar, however. . . .

She thought hard for several moments, then slipped a nice white sheet

into her typewriter and wrote: 'Julius Pokagan, one of our pupils, is ill at the State University Hospital. He is alone and without money; will you subscribe ten cents so that he may have at least a few pennies for Christmas?' And below she listed the names of the forty-two men and women employed at the school.

All but three subscribed. Two of these were away, and the third, Superintendent Gooby, said he didn't believe in it, because, 'lookit,' they'd never done it before and it would be a fine thing, wouldn't it, if they started giving ten cents to every boy and girl that got sick! He said it would be establishing a bad precedent, and Miss Canby knew it would.

Three dollars and ninety cents. Miss Canby added one dollar and ten cents from her own purse, deeming this only fair since she was the promoter of the unique enterprise, and poured the whole five dollars in nickels and dimes into a box and wrapped it up like the others.

'But why put it in a box?' Mr. Rollins asked. 'Why not send him your check for the amount? Or buy him a money order?'

'Men,' said Miss Canby sententiously, 'have no imagination.'

V

At one o'clock the day before Christmas Miss Canby walked into the office and found Julius Pokagan's father sitting near the door — a clean, tranquil little Indian man in a large overcoat. He said Mrs. St. Jean had given him a letter from a man 'by name Mr. Gooby,' and that the letter said his boy Julius was sick and that he was to write to him at the hospital.

'I can't write,' said Mr. Pokagan simply, 'so I am going to the hospital to talk to Julius. But I have to change

cars in this town, and while I am waiting for my train I walk up here to tell Mr. Gooby he is very kind to write to me about my boy.'

Miss Canby, restraining an impulse to hug the little man, told him Mr. Gooby was very busy. But she promised to deliver Mr. Pokagan's message of gratitude as soon as Mr. Gooby returned.

'I'll drive you back to the station in the government car,' she said, 'because I'm afraid you're a bit late.'

Which she did. And which was wrong, even if Mr. Pokagan had only twelve minutes in which to make his train and one mile to go, because the rules and regulations state that no government-owned vehicle may be used except on official business. This grave infraction she rectified, however, by calling at the post office for a load of mail before returning to the school, thus legitimatizing the expedition. Incidentally, she didn't think of this clever expedient for circumventing the law because she was bright, but because she had seen it done some few thousand times.

Christmas was on Tuesday. Wednesday afternoon a letter arrived from Julius, his usually neat and precise handwriting an almost illegible scrawl that rambled and zigzagged all over the paper and finally fell over the edges.

Miss Canby read it. Having reached the last page she sat for a long time looking at it. Then she went into the chief clerk's office. She looked awed. 'Read it,' she said, and laid Julius's letter on Mr. Rollins's desk. 'I'm going to the washroom to make a fool of myself.'

There were six pages of it, each page more incoherent than the last, more despairing of adequate words. The tormented effort of a sensitive boy, shy, inarticulate product of generations

of repression, to speak a joy for which no words sublime enough had ever been written.

Then at the end: 'I feel kinda cheap writing to you like this so mushy like, but gee, I got to say something and believe me it aint nothing to the way I feel.' And, strengthened by this brief respite, he flung reticence and every inhibition to the winds with fine abandon and signed himself, 'Yours lovingly, Julius.'

Yours *lovingly*. Mr. Rollins stared at the two words incredulously, and then, because he knew his Indians, shivered a little. Yours lovingly! Julius Pokagan, Pottowatomi full-blood, stirred to despair by the coldness of English words, in a moment of transcending emotion had taken his heart in his bare, tremulous hands and laid it, all stark and quivering, at the feet of Mr. Gooby.

Across the bottom of the page a last line straggled: 'This is the happiest Christmas of my life.'

'It's really Mr. Gooby's letter,' Miss Canby, her face freshly powdered, said thoughtfully a few moments later.

'Is it?' said Mr. Rollins.

'Don't you think that if he were to read it, perhaps—' She sighed. 'Suppose at the end he were to say, "Who's Julius Pokagan?"'

'Which he would. Provided he read that far. Which he would not.'

But Miss Canby was n't satisfied; she felt that somehow, in some way, something precious was being wasted.

The next morning she was in the chief clerk's office taking a telegram over the telephone when Mr. Gooby came in, all crisp and cold and shining, and looking like the entire Christmas season all by himself.

'Merry Christmas!' he cried genially. 'I could n't come to the office yesterday; I had some business out of town. How's every little thing?'

'All right, I guess,' Mr. Rollins told him.

'Merry Christmas, Miss Canby!' said Mr. Gooby, irrepressibly.

Miss Canby made a last pothook on the little pad beside the telephone and turned.

'Merry Christmas,' she said, a little absently.

'Anything new?'

'Well . . .' She was looking at him thoughtfully. 'Mr. Gooby, you remember Julius Pokagan?'

'Who?'

'Julius Pokagan.'

'Who's Julius Pokagan?'

'Don't you remember, Mr. Gooby? We sent him to the State University Hospital. Please try to remember,' she said, with sudden intensity. 'Please! We sent him clothes and — and things.'

'Clothes?'

'Yes! Yes! And he — he —' She turned to him suddenly, her cheeks flushed, her eyes glistening. 'He wrote you a letter, Mr. Gooby; won't you read it? Please! It's in my office. It's a beautiful letter. I'll go get —'

'Not just now, Miss Canby, not just now.' Goodness, Miss Canby had looked as if she had been about to go and get the letter then and there. 'I'm busy just now; I've got to go to town. Besides — well — well, I'll tell you, Miss Canby: *you* answer it. You know all about these children, and really it does n't make much difference what you say to them, you know. If it's anything about clothes — I suppose that's what he wants. Give an Indian something once and you've got him on your back for the rest of your life. Well, if it's anything about clothes —' Mr. Gooby frowned portentously. 'Well — well, I don't know that I'd send him any more clothes, Miss Canby. No. No, I would n't send him anything more. Gee whiz, what's he think this is, anyhow — the

Salvation Army? Where did you say he was?’

‘It does n’t matter, Mr. Gooby. It does n’t matter at all. And I won’t send him anything more,’ she said quietly, and went into her own office.

There! Now he supposed he’d hurt her feelings. Too bad, of course, because it really did not matter what she sent to — er — What’s-his-name; but — well, it was the principle of the thing. You just had to let your employees know every once in so often that you were right there on the job. You had to be firm, that’s all; ruthless, even. Every big executive was. That was why he got along so well, got such

wonderful results. Everybody knew he was boss! . . .

Alone in her office Miss Canby laid the little slip of paper with the mysterious hooks, curves, and dots that was a telegram on the desk before her and sat looking at it. Presently she drew the Register of Pupils toward her, opened it at the *P*’s, slid her finger down until she came to Pokagan, Julius; followed that line to age, sixteen; tribe, Pottowatomi, full-blood; father, Louis Pokagan; and so on through to the ‘Remarks’ column. She picked up her pen and under ‘T. B.; Com. S. U. Hosp. Nov. 10,’ wrote ‘Died Dec. 26,’ and closed the book.

ARE WE TO HAVE A NON-MORAL RELIGION?

BY MILES H. KRUMBINE

I

RELIGION stepped into the American scene wearing the homely dress of a prophet of righteousness. The Puritans were narrow, says Lowell, ‘as the sword of righteousness is narrow.’ Religion and morality were to them one and the same thing. Theological beliefs were largely weapons to wield in the interests of right conduct; the doctrine of an angry God was preached to gain control of sinners.

Religion was not only moral, but it presumed to include the most trivial and minute details of conduct within the scope of its authority. We recall the unfortunate sea captain who was put in the stocks for several hours for kissing his wife on the Sabbath day, as she met him at the gate upon his

return from a two years’ voyage. If John Newton, back in Olney, boasted that twelve people went mad after one of his sermons, many a preacher over here must have fortified his soul with glee as he saw his hearers tremble under the threat of his preaching. The plain fact is that in our early history the man of religion was the centre of social authority, known and accepted as such. No realm of private conduct or public morals was immune from the scrutiny of his eye or the proscription of his preaching. When a new colony set forth from New England to subdue the hinterland, it invariably comprised forty men who could bear arms, two kegs of whiskey, and a preacher. The preacher was teacher, judge, and mentor of the moral life.

Throughout our history, until very

recent years, the right of religion to concern itself with morals has remained undenied. The reason why Freud gained widespread popularity was because the inhibitions which Puritanism laid on us were so abundant. Our modern novelists would be hard put to it for themes were it not for those same inhibitions. But now the revolt against Puritanism has finally taken on the proportions of a revolution. If Prohibition be credited to the moral fervor generated by religious conviction, then its unpopularity is a fruit of the resentment we now feel toward a religion that presumes to be a conscience to the social order. Twenty years ago Edith Wharton wrote *Ethan Frome*. It is a story of desire in conflict with convention. It ends in disaster. Less than three years ago Sinclair Lewis wrote *Elmer Gantry*. It, too, is a story of a similar conflict, but it ends in the triumph of desire. A generation ago Walt Whitman called religion 'that aimless sleepwalking of the Middle Ages.' How long will it be before someone will be shrewd enough to call morality 'that futile tight-rope walking of the Victorian Age'?

The historic technique of Christianity has been to suggest that, in any situation where it is difficult to square desire with fulfillment, one should abate desire in the hope of future satisfaction; that one should retire within the comforting habit of ascetic practice when the full control of social habit is denied. Even that technique seems destined to fail to-day because we are living in a world where, if we do not admit attainment of the ends set by our desires, we at least insist that they are attainable. Obviously, in a world where desire reigns and its fulfillment is undenied, religion that insists on a moral emphasis has a difficult time.

The process of our development as a

nation has blunted the edge of our morality. Were one to choose one word to sum up our history, that word would certainly be 'emancipation.' The Pilgrim came to these shores to emancipate himself from an order that had become unpleasant. No sooner had he come here than he faced the necessity of winning emancipation from an inhospitable soil and a no more friendly red man. The Colonial era culminated in the elimination of an unnecessary foreign ruler. The Scotch Presbyterians moved out to the conquest of the Alleghenies; the Norwegian Lutherans, as we now see them in Rølvaag's *Giants in the Earth*, subdued the prairie and made it serve the needs of man, all in the interests of physical emancipation. The trail of the covered wagon to Oregon was strewn with the bones of a sacrificial effort to achieve the same end. Even the black man benefited by our general passion for emancipation. After the Civil War began that long and effective thrust at economic insecurity. To-day the long struggle for freedom seems to most of us to have ended: America is yielding a larger measure of economic well-being for the common man than any other state in history. We are free from a recalcitrant soil, a cruel red man, and the spectre of economic insecurity.

Like most free people, we now heap malediction on the very disciplines that won us our freedom. We insult the institutions we erected to vouchsafe our security. While the struggle was on, we disciplined ourselves for the effort. Necessity held us in check while we accomplished our task. Much has been made of the superior morality of the earliest Pilgrim community. From 1620 to 1690 its population ran way up into the thousands, yet there were only six divorces and very few cases of sex delinquency. In contrast, modern life appears to come off very

badly, with a divorce rate that, in one city at least, has reached the alarming proportion of one divorce to every two marriages. But suppose one of those Pilgrim wives had wanted to leave her husband — where would she have gone? Moral rebellion in those harder days entailed disaster. Right conduct was not of free will but of necessity. Not so to-day. We are facing, it may be for the first time in history, the great experiment of establishing a morality that is self-imposed. While Moses is up in the mountain communing with God in the interests of moral well-being, we are always tempted to pool our golden earrings and other trinkets that Aaron may fashion a calf of gold for us to worship. What another age would have considered a tragedy of morals, it has been suggested, we have turned into a comedy of manners.

The order of American life has shifted. When Roger Williams founded the first modern state based on the principle of taking the control of religious matters entirely out of the hands of the civil government, he at the same time set in operation a force that has finally taken out of the control of religion the affairs of civil and social life generally. Religion in the institution of the church came in conflict with the state. In that conflict religion has finally lost, in America. The centre of social authority now resides in the secular institution. That conflict was really decided when, less than a century ago, education became a function of the state. Religion as an institution of dogma came in conflict with science. The issue is still joined, but no one need be in doubt as to the outcome. The authority of the scientific spirit is so universally acknowledged that it is safe to say that the authority of religion in matters intellectual, except in the sphere peculiarly its own, is pared down almost to

the vanishing point. Religion stands before the modern world, its face covered with confusion.

II

Religion as a cultural force is apt to be like a stream that takes color from the soil through which it flows. When Christianity penetrated the Greek world, its devotion to righteousness faded out before the seductive charm of metaphysical speculation. The Hebraic view of religion as trust in a personal friend gave way to the Greek view of it as belief in a dogma. Similarly the pomp and circumstance of the Roman Empire soon begot the imposing splendor of the mediæval ecclesiastical structure. The age of commercial expansion was followed by an era of missionary enterprise that leaves no one in doubt as to its parentage. To-day, John Dewey says, 'prosperity is our God.' As may be expected, our religion is already showing the effects of this environing medium.

It is too early to say what the full psychological consequences of a protracted era of prosperity are likely to be. Even if American prosperity be proved finally to be — as many believe — a myth, we Americans at least think we are prosperous and, thinking so, we develop all the psychological traits of a prosperous people.

'Men are always apt to impute their good fortune to their merit,' according to Clutton-Brock. Wherefore, we have been only too apt to conclude that because we are so very prosperous we must be unusually meritorious. We are prosperous, in short, because we deserve it. The richest blessing of heaven is none too good for such as we. And so we have been pushed back, religiously, to the days of pre-prophetic Israel, identifying material blessings with the approval of God, the experi-

ence of good fortune with the achievement of righteousness.

It is very difficult to induce a man to think critically of his own conduct when he is so very able to bear the expense of that conduct. It is difficult to get a man to care very greatly about God or the Decalogue when he has a comfortable balance at the bank. A balance at the bank gives one a thrill of independence, confers a sense of dignity, develops a feeling of personal assurance. To induce a prosperous man to consider the Sermon on the Mount in any but a liturgical sense is utterly impossible. This is not pessimism, but everyday experience. Prosperity is hard on idealism, just as victory is death to discipline. If defeat turns an army into a mob and success turns a convention into a riot, then surely prosperity turns a nation into a country club. Prophets do not flourish in country clubs. The only one who ever tried was Amos at Samaria, and he failed. He has had no imitators.

What ails our youth perhaps as much as the green sickness caused by an overindulgence of unripe instincts is the ardent seriousness with which they took our preaching of idealism. They thought we meant it when we preached brotherhood; they thought we meant it when we preached industrial justice; they thought we meant it when we preached redemption. So they descend upon us, these young idealists, naïvely and embarrassingly serious, only to find that we do want a redeemed world, but are unwilling to go to the expense of having a changed world; that we do want a just order of economic life, but only within limits that will protect our own stake in the economic order; that we do want a warless world, but only on warlike terms. Our preaching has raised hopes that preaching cannot satisfy, but for the practice we have not the heart.

It is only fair to add at once that the modern world loves, praises, and encourages idealism, provided it is of the uncreative sort. Industry loves and adopts the most extravagant and expensive schemes of welfare work, so long as they will help to hide effectively the more unlovely aspects of capitalism. Nations love and sign the most exacting peace pacts, so long as they leave them their gleaming swords. Churches love and consider the most unselfish projects of institutional co-operation, so long as they tend to strengthen present denominational lines. At least part of the popularity science is enjoying to-day is due to the extraordinarily practical value in dollars and cents of the scientists' discoveries. But the moment you play the fires of a refining idealism on the system of modern social organization rather than on its spurious and malignant growths merely, the alarm is raised.

Prosperity disposes the mind to vanity, as idealism generates humility. Vanity is the premature high blood pressure that overtakes cultures and civilizations from time to time. In 1835 Macaulay wrote, 'The English have become the greatest and most highly civilized people that ever the world saw. They have produced a literature which may boast of works not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us. They have speculated, with exquisite subtlety, on the operations of the human mind and have become the acknowledged leaders of the human race on the career of political improvement.' A century and a half before Macaulay, a brilliant essayist at the court of Louis XIV of France, Charles Perrault, wrote: 'Our age has, in some sort, arrived at the summit of perfection. And since for some years the rate of progress is much slower and appears now almost insensible, it is pleasant to

think that probably there are not many things for which we need envy future generations.' Less than a century after Macaulay, a German, not to be outdone by others, — a grandson of Queen Victoria, William II, now resting quietly in Holland, — said in his own peculiarly modest way: 'God would never have taken such pains with our German Fatherland and its people if he had not been preparing us for something still greater. We are the salt of the earth.'

But when was an American struck speechless in a tournament of boasting? (Only none of these are boasts. They are the mature convictions of the civilizations that they symbolize and, as such, grow out of the prevailing assumptions of the time.) America has not been outdone. Only recently the committee on citizenship of the American Bar Association, so *Whither Mankind* assures us, put in its creed for the salvation of America this article: 'I believe that we Americans have the best government that has ever been created, the freest and most just for all people; that as an American citizen the Constitution of the United States ought to be as actual a part of my life and my religion as the Sermon on the Mount.' Frankly, I myself believe that. So do most of us. That is why religion in modern America is confused. How can you continue to promote a religion of redemption in a world where there is nothing to redeem; a gospel of improvement where nothing needs improving? One may be excused for feeling like Goethe, who, in his old age as he looked out over the world at the conclusion of the peace of Vienna, said, 'I thank God I am no longer young in a world so thoroughly finished.'

In such an age of complacency the man of religious passion, informed by ethical insight, must feel 'like a

beached fish on the ebb of the tide.' The medium in which our idealism can live and flourish has subsided and left us to flap out our futile careers. And that is exactly where prosperity is likely to leave religion if religion keeps insisting on an ethical emphasis.

Prosperity, of course, rests on achievement. Past achievement is apt to develop a sense of power to achieve. Increasing areas of life are looked upon as within the range of man's capacity for achievement. Proud of our achievement, we soon learn to be just as proud of our power to achieve and refuse to deny it any limitations. That we fail makes no difference. All we think we need is a better technique. Our power seems quite adequate. Siegfried still insists that the most American thing he found in an America come of age was a national convention of 'morticians,' who were met in Chicago to discuss the vexing question, 'The death rate is falling; what are we going to do about it?' When man is so conscious of his own sufficiency, when every incentive of modern life encourages him to trust himself to accomplish anything, how can he be expected to act as if he felt dependent upon God? Humanism may yet prove to be the characteristic religion of our age, except that it will be not the humanism of Erasmus so much as that of, say, Henry Ford — a very different brand indeed.

Religion in the modern world finds itself at the confluence of two streams of social tendency: the one the calm and even flow of the historic development of American life; the other the turbulent and swirling whirlpool of contemporary prosperity. Either one of these tendencies would have been sufficient to direct religious emphasis toward the non-moral. The conjunction of the two tendencies more than tempts religion to abandon creative moral

thought and leadership and to give itself to other kinds of endeavor.

III

Religion, of course, will not die, for it is deathless. It will change. Like other disciplines of the cultural world, it will fashion moulds into which it will run its stream of glowing emotion. Industry in the day of the automatic machine reduces man to an adjunct to that machine and strips him of the perquisites peculiar to personality (though it endows him, too, with the wealth of a mediæval prince); along comes a discouragingly popular philosophy to console him with the reminder that he is really not a personality, but only the victim of a series of conditioned reflexes and so ought to be very contented with his lot. The occupations of men first impoverish the spirits of men, and out of that impoverishment philosophy fashions a convincing doctrine of futility. With less boldness but equal logic, religion proceeds to a really imposing series of outward evidences of an inner fervor which it suspects it lacks. Cathedrals, liturgies, and neatly prepared prayers for private devotions lend every incentive to at least a show of life in a world that denies scope and elbowroom to a really redemptive enterprise of religion. We are all beginning to find satisfaction in these newer works of religion. And they do have the virtue of raising no moral issues.

The modern world is not likely to give up religion; indeed, it will probably have more rather than less. Nor is it likely to admit that its religion does not function in establishing and maintaining moral codes. And in a limited sense it will be correct: the religion which adapts itself to the new era will have some interest in morals. But morals are of two kinds: those ideals and

aspirations that are creative in intention, and those codes and formulas that are merely protective of the established order. Christianity ought to be interested chiefly in the first kind, at least so far as it derives from Jesus. Whatever be the final conclusion about the ethical insight of Jesus, he has raised hopes for a better world by what he taught, and, for its attainment, an attitude of acquiescence is not enough. But what the modern world is likely to demand from religion is the teaching of morality as a means of social control, and I think it is fair to refer to a religion that will sponsor that kind of morality as fundamentally a non-moral religion.

To look upon religion as the means of keeping people subservient to the dominant powers of the time is to hold what may very fairly be called 'the Napoleonic view of religion.' When Napoleon, his hands dripping with the blood of a dozen nations, stepped inside the Cathedral of Chartres, he exclaimed, 'How can anyone be an atheist here?' To the Council of State he said, as First Consul, 'What I see in religion is not the mystery of the incarnation, but social order. It associates with heaven an idea of equality, which prevents the poor from massacring the rich. Religion has the same sort of value as vaccination. It gratifies our taste for the miraculous, and protects us from quacks, for the priests are worth more than the Cagliostros, the Kants, and all the German dreamers. Society cannot exist without inequality of property; but this latter cannot exist without religion. One who is dying of hunger, when the man next him is feasting on dainties, can only be sustained by a belief in a higher power, and by the conviction that in another world there will be a different distribution of goods.'

Pious awe is the cheapest form of

social control. Communist Russia found it necessary, for the sake of its own well-being, to turn Communism into a religion. Mussolini soon discovered that it was advisable to make his peace with the Pope. Thus have modern times again ratified the insight of Voltaire, who cried, 'If there were not a God, we should have to create one.' An eighteenth-century atheist insisted that his servants go to church regularly that they might neither rob nor murder him.

To the student of society, the most amazing fact about the modern world is that its large enterprises are in the control of Christian people. The followers of Jesus literally and specifically hold the balance of power in the business and political world to-day. The same student, having marked that fact, would immediately point out that the ethical effect of these large enterprises on the lives of men and women is certainly not controlled by any influence that has descended upon it from Jesus' teaching. The world, as it now is, is organized by the followers of Jesus, but distinctly apart from the moral aims and ideals of Jesus. Religious people carry forward the enterprise of life in ways that convince one that their religion makes no moral demands on them. Obviously, the dominant religion of the modern world is non-moral in its effect on life. The Great War, of course, is the most tangible evidence on which this argument rests. Indeed, the only nations, with possibly one exception, which are fully armed to-day and able to negotiate another war of colossal proportions are the nations whose citizens are followers of the Prince of Peace. All of which creates the suspicion in one's mind that the Napoleonic view of religion is still in vogue.

It may be that non-moral religion is the only kind that can live in a world

where the legitimacy of the acquisitive instinct is taken for granted. To attempt to interpret, in terms of modern industrial enterprise, the self-renouncing, nonacquisitive, simple way of life of Jesus in our self-assertive, aggressive, acquisitive industrial and commercial world would be like tampering with the foundations of an enormous building at the very moment when ten new stories are being added at the top. Ever since the collapse of feudalism and the rise of the middle class, acquisitiveness has been achieving increasing respectability. To-day it is almost universally accepted as a proper motive of life. We worship success, industry, thrift, achievement, as sincerely as the Italians of the Renaissance worshiped leisure, beauty, insight, and creative æsthetic effort.

Whether consciously or not, religion is giving itself to the erection of works amenable to the attitude of our times. It is institutionalizing the modern spirit and installing it within the portals of the church. The first, and at this date perhaps most visible, result is the widespread trend toward liturgy and liturgical practice that has overtaken religion.

IV

The trend to liturgy has much to commend it to our good sense. It may be our instinctive attempt to do something, not by way of preparation for doing something else, but for its very own sake. As such, it may be a legitimate revolt against the philosophy of instrumentalism, as John Dewey calls it. By the widest possible stretch of the imagination, one can see no ulterior purpose being served by much of the modern liturgical practice. It is not designed to prepare us for something else; it exists for its own sake and its own sake only. The thrill of

the moment, the sense of interaction with reality that liturgy confers, is its only justification. It is worship, pure and undefiled. Setting aside its genesis and earlier implications, for many now it implies no preparation for work; it cherishes no illusion as to any possible usefulness that may result from its practice. It is a process by which man isolates himself from the secular world and transports himself to a realm of independent spiritual enjoyment and ecstasy. And while man carries with him into the secular world the mellowing consequences of the liturgical experience, those consequences stand in marked contrast to the secular experience. Liturgy is really the one emphatic protest that religion is making on behalf of man as an end and not a means only.

It is only natural that, in a world where secularism is dissolving the fixed and substantial attainments of religion, as acid dissolves metal, religion should attempt to guarantee the preservation of those attainments. Liturgy too often to-day is the spiritual varnish that religion is laying on material things to ensure their preservation. It is an attempt to guarantee permanence to beliefs and formulas that are plainly threatened by the disintegrating influence of secularism. But it is religion mummified, and, unfortunately, 'mummies do not beget children.'

The supreme danger of liturgy is that, like the symbolist movement in literature, it will always tempt us to sacrifice truth to effect; it will induce us to exploit the mysterious; it will put us 'more at home in Zion,' in the phrase of Carlyle, 'than any man has a right to be.' You can't raise money for cathedral building by asking embarrassing questions about the way money is made in modern times. That would be poor salesmanship. You can't promote mammoth processions down

cathedral aisles by asking the meaning of the slogans that rule those processions. That would be an uncivil and paralyzing question. The fresh air and glowing sunshine and riotous color of the hillside by the lake dull the splendor of robes and vestments no more than the dim light and vaulted arches of the cathedral deaden the strident tones of the prophet. The age of moral fervor is ending; the era of the aesthete has begun. The raucous voice of the prophet must take on the soothing modulation of the priest. The voice crying in the wilderness must somehow manage to chant in a cathedral. The camel's-hair shirt is giving way to the silk gown, a much more agreeable garment.

The dominant spirit of the age, the spirit of getting on in ways that men may see and praise, has so smitten us that we are prepared to go to very extreme lengths for its fulfillment. Time was when a Pope made an emperor stand at Canossa for days and nights barefooted in the snow; to-day a Pope comes halfway to meet a dictator. The significance of the fact is that the Pope is willing to come. Not only has that transformation taken place in a distant land and under another sky, but, even in this land of the free and home of the brave, as one of our historians points out, the fathers of the Constitution have displaced the fathers of the church and the flag has outmoded the cross in popular fashion.

V

But the life of religion consists not in yielding to the dominant spirit of the age, but in thwarting it; not in acquiescence, but in resistance. Its continuity through the ages has been by the way of the creative personalities who, like Saint Francis of Assisi, Luther, and Wesley, were created by

their age only to oppose that age, asserting the independence of their inner integrity. There is no virtue, of course, in being peculiar. Too many people think they are inspired when they are only peculiar. On the other hand, the very destiny of a civilization informed by the passion and insight of religion turns on those truly inspired personalities who, while they are made by that civilization, yet are endowed with an insight adequate to remake it. The priest as we know him is usually a child of his age and is content to behave himself. The prophet is no less a child of his age, but, accepting his inheritance, he dedicates himself to the reinvestment of it in the interests of greater returns.

The danger we are facing is that we may discover that American prosperity rests on geographical good luck and the grace of geology rather than on any divine intention to make us a chosen people. When that discovery is made — if it is not already made — may we not come full upon the disconcerting thought that, after all, religion is n't so important to this civilization of ours? Robert Hall is said to have been upset for a week in the performance of his clerical functions because, by reading Miss Edgeworth, he saw a picture of a world of happy, active people without any visible interference of religion. It was a sensible and, on the whole, a very healthy world, and yet a world without warnings and exhortations, without any apparent terrors concerning the state of souls. The sanctions, restraints, and aspirations that religion confers were totally lacking, and yet the world was happy, prosperous, and

well off. If one had to make a phrase for that sort of experience, one would call it 'optimistic agnosticism.' Are we not on the verge of exactly that experience?

If we are, then this turning to the cult of beauty may be an unconsciously clever little trap that we are setting to capture God for modern life. We shall undoubtedly succeed in capturing Him. When we have Him, what shall we do with Him? The prophet alone can tell us. Our only hope will turn on the emergence of a group of prophets who can again socialize and moralize God as a group of prophets did once, eight centuries before Christ. Meanwhile, that depressed minority of troubled souls who yearn for an effective release through our institutions of religion for their creative moral energy must confess their despair and humiliation before the fact and tendency of modern life.

Oddly enough, this humiliation before the thoroughly secularized intention of modern society is really the very opportunity of the church. Who can tell what one good-sized Calvary in the modern world — when, daring greatly and speaking bravely, the forces of religion fail completely and confess it — would do, both to the modern world and to the life of religion itself? One such failure, convincing in nature and offering no relieving prospect of later success, would go very far, not to build up the church, but to rehabilitate religion and undergird civilization. What ails the forces of religion really is that they are entirely too anxious to be fighting always on the winning side.

TRY THE SPIRITS

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

'Of course you get those superstitions from the Negroes,' said my friend.

We had been talking about her daughter's wedding, and as the conversation eddied around details of color schemes and bridesmaids' costumes I had asked, as one does at home, 'What will the bride have for "something old, something borrowed, and something blue"?' She certainly will have no lack of "something new."

Then it was that my friend responded, 'I never heard of such a notion. Of course you Southern people get those superstitions from the Negroes.'

Since I have lived away from my own state I must have heard that remark a hundred times. Hitherto I had accepted it unchallenged, but this time doubt arose. Was it really probable that a Caucasian people had received from Negroes a custom that had to do with clothes and weddings?

The mental question sent me off upon a search for which I was not scholastically prepared. I went after the history of superstitions current in my own part of the country much as Bo-Peep went after her flock — vague as to pathways, but 'determined for to find them.'

And find them I did, in English literature and in English speech and in the parts of the Southern states where Negro influence is least in evidence, till there seemed no doubt that our superstitions of every kind, with one exception, came to us from the British Isles. My second discovery was that

they are n't superstitions at all, but soothsayings in the exact sense, a summing up of popular observation, and that they are, or have been, true.

The old wedding-dress rhyme is an example. She is a happy bride who does not lose touch with the past, but loyally brings 'something old' as well as 'something new' for her setting out, who has the confidence of friends for 'something borrowed,' and who may wear 'something blue,' which is the color of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

As with the last item in this count, there is undoubtedly, as all folklorists elaborate, religious origin or association either obvious or hidden in most of these old sayings, but the salt of common sense seems to be their preservative.

The belief that it is unlucky to begin anything on Friday can hardly be dissociated from the central tragedy of history that happened on Good Friday, but surely common sense has kept the saying current. A task of any significance is n't often finished in a day, and if we begin it on Friday there is *vis inertiae* to be overcome on Monday, whether a Sabbath or a 'week-end' intervene.

'If thirteen sit down at the table, one of them will die within the year.' This, and no feeble-minded talk about thirteen as an unlucky number *per se*, is the adage that has come down through the centuries, maybe through nineteen hundred years. That it derives from the Last Supper seems certain, but it is

a fair guess that if the vital statistics of even two centuries ago were available one could see why the belief persisted.

To glance, but not quite to turn, away from the religious character of the old auguries, the woman in the Appalachian Mountains who to-day refuses to handle a broom after sunset admits, 'A body's simple to hold to such old ways. But,' she adds, 'a body has got to quit sometime, and when the sun drops is as good a time as any.' There you have the practical side of the matter for our time, and when that bit of folklore was lodged in her great-great-grandmother's brain it may well have been all a woman's life was worth to be seen with a broom after sunset, whether back home in quiet Shropshire or in Cotton Mather's parish.

'When the candle weaves a winding sheet there will be a death in the family.' In spite of twentieth-century science, some of us shiver when we see a candle gutter in the wind. It is a direct draft that weaves that 'winding sheet,' and even in our day a great Scotch doctor gives no student his diploma until he has taught him this rhyme:—

Keen wind through a small hole,
Make your will and prepare your soul.

It is not surprising, then, that when in our warm modern houses a candle gutters unaccustomedly it brings a picture of days, not very long ago, when in drafty houses old people, for their dim eyes' sake, sat closest to the candles, and thin old shoulders bent shrinking from a sudden draft, while the candle wove a winding sheet, and pneumonia, 'the old people's friend,' stole in.

Of sayings such as these, part of the truth has disappeared and just enough is left to keep them alive. There is another group, perhaps more simply

the outgrowth of general observation, that is just as true as ever.

'See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck.' There is not a school child in America that doubts it, and the children are right, as usual. They *are* well-omened days when eyes are clear, attention is alert, and there is energy to spare for trifles.

'If you catch the first lizard you see in the spring, you will conquer your laziness'—so Virginia children are taught. The naturalists, who know how well our little lizards have earned their name of 'swifts,' will realize that before he can be caught the battle with 'your laziness' is already won.

When the mountain woman tells you, 'Woman company is bad luck when you are making soap, but man company is good luck p'int-blank,' she is repeating a proverb that comes of watching many a kettle of soap. (Does 'proverb,' by the way, mean 'proved word'?) In our Southern mountains, soap making is one of the housemother's many tasks. It is a delicate business—simple, but requiring undivided attention. 'Woman company' takes the attention of the hostess at a moment that may be fatal to the whole 'kittle and b'iling,' but 'man company' takes the head of the house out from underfoot!

'If you make a wish on a falling star, your wish will surely come true.' I have no defense for such a sudden leap,—unless it be *per aspera ad astra*,—but this pretty saying, on which our Southern boys and girls depend while shooting stars illumine the pansy-blue of August skies at home, has psychological endorsement everywhere. That which we wish we bring to pass, these wise ones tell us, and a wish must hold the mental field if it occur to consciousness before a falling star flashes and disappears.

Old-fashioned farmers wherever I

have met them stubbornly do their planting by the moon, undaunted by the jibes of sons fresh home from agricultural college. And lo! the very latest discoveries as to light and plant metabolism tend to show that the older man may laugh last, after all. In this, as in the other fragments of the lore of other days that we have kept, down home, our forebears seem to have been long on observation and short on ratiocination.

Weaning by the zodiac lacks scientific confirmation still, but live-stock breeders in the South can show skeptical veterinarians that if 'the sign' be disregarded the mares will whinny and fret and even sicken and the colt will 'dwine' or at best be slow in learning to eat, but if some old Negro has told the boss when the zodiacal sign is 'edzac'ly right' the mare will hardly lift her head from grazing and the weanling colt will flourish undisturbed.

I say we get this lore 'from some old Negro,' for if most of our local superstitions may be found in Chaucer, in chapbooks, in Samuel Pepys's *Diary*, and in English literature generally, 'from then till now,' our bywords about animals seem to come to us from Africa. They, too, may have been sound wisdom in the jungle, but on

that unfamiliar ground the reason is hard to trace for those who are not jungle-wise, and it does n't always hold good for folk of other blood in other latitudes.

For us it would be silly to turn back if a black cat crossed our path, but if the big cats of Africa prowls black in the dark jungle it may be only common sense to go back to one's village with its fence and fires.

The African Anthology of Blaise Cendrars has Negro myths that are oddly familiar to every Southern child. That assiduous scholar has laid hold of many a tale that sounds for all the world like Uncle Remus talking about Brer Rabbit and his neighbors. These are distinctly out of bounds of Anglo-Saxon common sense. The Southern child knows that Brer Rabbit running from left to right can't really 'carry your luck away,' nor, running from right to left, fetch you good fortune. But haven't we been taught before we left the nursery, and by the same wise, simple, and unfathomable friends who told the stories of Brer Rabbit, that 'manners and behavior never hurt anybody'? It does n't really do any harm to say to the bunny that bounds across your path, 'Howdy, Mr. Rabbit. How's your family?'

JERUSALEM IN FERMENT

BY HALLEN VINEY

I

LYING comfortably on my back in the strange, buoyant waters of the Dead Sea, staring at the blue sky overhead, and speculating vaguely about an appetizing smell of fried something or other which floated across from our picnic pitch on the beach — that was the way the first day of the Palestine riots opened for me.

It was a morning of perfect peace, and typified the peaceful spirit in which we had come on an instructional trip to Palestine, forty-two of us, mostly from Wycliffe Hall, Theological Seminary, Oxford.

Two years before, Wycliffe had celebrated its Jubilee Year by undertaking a similar trip. The course at Wycliffe includes four terms of instruction every year, one of which, falling in August, had been 'kept' in Jerusalem. At a moment when educated people are everywhere showing indifference toward the Church, the need for better-trained clergymen is obvious, and it was felt that the students' training would be immensely improved if they could but see the Holy Land itself and be able to read the Bible with first-hand knowledge of the country it describes. But there was another and deeper reason for such a visit. Would not anyone come to feel a more profound knowledge of our Lord after seeing the places where He lived and in some cases the stones on which He trod?

This first trip had been so successful

that it was decided to repeat the experiment, and with these thoughts in mind we, the second group of students, had come on this pilgrimage.

But all was not peaceful in Jerusalem. There had been some mutterings before the storm. A party of young Zionists had made a demonstration; a Jew had been killed by an Arab, and the police had quite rightly, for fear of further trouble, refused to permit his funeral procession to pass through the old city. Unfortunately this refusal was only enforced by a baton charge. And coming back from our Dead Sea picnic we ran into trouble in earnest — a large crowd of angry people with sticks, closely pursued by others with knives. At lunch there was a row outside, and an explosion, and two Moslems hastily took refuge inside the garden gate from a Jewish crowd outside. Walking back to our quarter at St. Georges, I found a large crowd of Jews held in by police; apparently there had been some Jewish bomb throwing and several people killed. I gathered afterward that the Moslems had started the riot by attacking the Jewish quarters round the city.

During the afternoon the commandant of police asked whether Wycliffe Hall would volunteer as special constables. So at tea time our principal gave us a short talk. He said that there were times when the restoration of peace and the protection of life and property were the first duty of every Christian, and in such protection stern

measures were justified. In view of the Government's message, he felt that such a time had arrived and that it was our duty as Christians and as English gentlemen to give what assistance we could; but he was willing to talk with anyone who conscientiously felt otherwise.

After tea we all walked to the Government Headquarters in the Russian Buildings in a careful straggle, for we had been asked only that morning to avoid anything in the nature of a religious procession. Arriving there, we found a hive of warlike activity in the courtyard which before the war had seen so many Russian pilgrims to the Holy Land. Those of us who were familiar with firearms were retained and the rest were sent home.

Half an hour later thirty theological students could have been seen practising rifle drill under their principal, who was somewhat rusty in the words of command, as it was ten years or more since he had been demobilized from the Army. Smartening up, we 'formed fours' quite efficiently and marched back to St. Georges as a small military squad — 'The Church Militant.' After some food, several of us assembled for prayer for the innocent, who so often suffer more than the combatants. It was one of those scenes not easily forgotten — the single lamp, the kneeling figures, and the rifles piled in the background while their users sought the presence of God.

Fifteen minutes later we were back in the Government Headquarters once more. Everywhere there was great activity: men suddenly taken from peaceful occupations now walking about with armlets and rifles as special constables; people and motor cars coming and going; every now and then a shout for Corporal So-and-so, Captain So-and-so, etc., etc. We sat around in the half darkness awaiting orders until at

last a dozen of us were packed into a truck with two policemen and sent off into the darkness to patrol the road to Motza. So it came about that the day which for me had opened with a bath in the Dead Sea closed with my sitting on the floor of a truck clutching a rifle, with fifty rounds of ammunition slung round me.

II

We swung out down the road with one of the policemen sitting up in front and the other on the tailboard with his rifle on his knee — 'like guarding the American mails,' as he expressed it.

I was just thinking how peaceful everything looked under the moon when my thoughts were interrupted by the sudden stopping of the truck. Excited female voices came out of the darkness: 'It is not safe.' 'Can you not leave an armed man behind?' 'The Arabs might attack us.' Apparently these were a few Jewish families living together, and they were in desperate fear of attack. The policeman did his best to reassure them by telling them that there would be an armed patrol down the road every hour. Most reluctantly they let us go, and we rumbled off across the valley to Motza. Everything seemed quiet, so we stayed a moment and then returned to Jerusalem, stopping again to reassure the Jewish families on the way back.

We had barely reached Jerusalem when shots broke out behind us; we listened carefully, but all was quiet. Turning around, we ran through to Motza again, hearing nothing, and finally we returned to the Government Headquarters in Jerusalem to find the rest of our party still sitting where we had left them. 'How did you get on?' 'What happened?' They pelted us with questions, which soon died away as they were summoned to go off in the same truck to Ramemah, where they

supported the regular police in raiding a house for arms. Meantime we found a canteen in the basement of the Government Headquarters and polished off some ham and bread, washed down with beer or soda water.

After food, sleep — on some army stretchers with a couple of blankets. We were awakened at dawn, and climbed sleepily into a truck to set off down the same patrol to Motza. Everything was quiet, and the country looked lovely in the early morning light, with Ain Karim, John the Baptist's birthplace, sleeping peacefully across the valley.

But on the way back my thoughts of the beauty of the country were rudely interrupted by a few shots whistling overhead. We dismounted immediately — a truck is too good a target — and took cover with rifles ready. Another shot sang harmlessly overhead. The enemy seemed to be concealed among some houses gleaming white on the hill above Lifta.

The range was too long and their cover too effective to do anything from where we were. 'Let's go and turn 'em out,' our commander said suddenly. So two by two, in small rushes, we tumbled into the truck and set off at full speed up the road. Dismounting behind a house, we proceeded up the street by the undignified method of crawling along the side of the road, taking cover behind piles of stones. But life is worth more than dignity! At last the enemy was discovered behind a wall, and the front of our party opened fire round the corner of a house.

After many swallowings, and saying 'One, two, three!' to myself, I made a run across the open and landed next to one of our policemen behind the house. Together we proceeded up a byroad to outflank the enemy, running across the open and taking cover behind walls and

houses. Eventually we arrived at the end house and caught the enemy nicely as he retreated before the main body. But meanwhile a sniper had found us in turn and we retired hastily to the garden of the house, being careful not to tread on the flowers — such is one's nursery training!

From the garden we spotted a large pit out in the open. 'I'm going across there,' the policeman said to me. 'When I get there, you follow — see?' And before I could reply he was off. As soon as he landed safely, I set out. It seemed a terribly long way with that sniper so close at hand, but I accomplished the journey in record time, my progress being greatly accelerated by a bullet which sang behind me. 'That nearly got you,' said the policeman when I reached him.

In the pit I found another 'special,' large and fat, with the sweat pouring off him, blazing away for all he was worth, tremendously proud of a bullet hole in his hat and obviously enjoying himself enormously. I lay down beside him and endeavored to make sure that none of the enemy reached cover. It seemed queer training for a parson and I said as much to the policeman. 'Well,' he said, 'it's in a righteous cause.'

By this time the enemy, including our friend the sniper, had retreated to a hill a long way off, where it was obviously impossible for us to pursue. As we withdrew, the front doors of shuttered houses cautiously opened and the inhabitants began to appear. It seemed strange to stand safely in the garden which had recently been a death trap and enjoy a much-needed drink supplied by the grateful householder.

Returning to the main road, we sat about on piles of stones and had a very welcome breakfast of food which the neighboring families gladly brought us.

Our only casualty was one man with a badly grazed knee, which he proceeded to treat with iodine.

III

After breakfast we set off to attend to some more firing from the other side of the main road. A run over a perfectly vile byroad brought us to a suburb where the sound of firing was plainly audible. We dismounted and advanced in open formation. Hearing more firing to our right, I went off to investigate and found a Palestinian Police Post very excited and firing away across the valley at some Arabs behind a wall. In view of the many statements in the press as to the partiality of the native police force during the troubles, it is well to state here quite definitely that these were Arab policemen firing as policemen on an Arab enemy.

At this point a message arrived from the commander telling me to take two men and outflank the Arabs he was engaging. An attempt to do this was immediately stopped by fire from across the valley, and I went back to report the existence of this section of the enemy hidden from the commander by the shoulder of the hill.

I found the rest of the party extended across the field, firing from the cover of convenient rocks. The commander was lying with another man farther up the field. He seemed a long way off, but a run from rock to rock soon brought me to him. The enemy, dislodged from his original position, was now concealed among the rocks on a neighboring hill. Like most of Palestine, the country is ideal for snipers, and concealment is possible everywhere. This fact accounts for the many successful raids in Biblical history.

As it seemed impossible to dislodge

the enemy further, the commander ordered a retreat. His companion left first and ran back to cover, and I followed. Some Arab sniper must have had that path covered nicely, for before I got back there was a whiz, and a red-hot poker seemed to go through my shoulder. One of the specials instantly rushed up, and before I could tell him to seek cover he was badly wounded.

For some reason the firing seemed to die away after that, and I felt utterly alone with a dying man and a painful shoulder. It was then that, grasping his hand, I turned to prayer, and seldom has the presence of God seemed more real. All the tenseness left my mind and a great sense of calm filled it. With this absolute spiritual strength I began the painful undertaking of dragging him back to cover. In safety at last, almost helpless, I could feel the blood soaking my back. It seemed an age but actually was not long before the principal of our college, who had run a dangerous course across the open, rushed up and knelt down by my companion. It was a scene I shall never forget — the sun beating down fiercely overhead, the sound of renewed firing, while beside me the principal prayed for him who had died, a gallant English gentleman.

Leaning on the principal's arm, I made my way to a neighboring house filled with frightened people. An old woman wringing her hands in horror, several young men with sticks, an old gentleman with a beard — they all seemed to me like actors on some remote stage as I lay on the bed and longed to be left in peace.

But the ambulance, a commandeered bus, had now arrived, and I was led half-running across the open space toward it.

To my dismay, it was filled with Palestinian people all talking at once. For hours, it seemed, I lay on the seat and longed for the bus to start. At last

another wounded man, an elderly Jew, lying on a piece of corrugated iron, was thrust in, and off we went back down that vile byroad.

The heat was almost unbearable, the flies were worse, and as we crashed and jolted along the babble of tongues increased, while a Palestinian policeman on the seat opposite fired airily out of the window over my left ear! It was a journey I should not care to repeat.

We arrived at last at the Hadassah Jewish Hospital, where another equally talkative crowd rushed to help me. At last I reached the operating room, and thence to bed. Thus ended my personal part in the outbreak.

But reinforcements had arrived at the scene of our late action, and the Arabs were at last driven off with heavy losses, chiefly by machine-gun fire.

Meanwhile Arab attacks were developing all over the country, the force of British police being too small numerically to cope with all of them. At Tal Pioth attacks began on Friday night; there were several casualties on both sides, and Professor Klausner's library was severely damaged. On Saturday some of our party were sent out there, and had a very hot time until relieved by an armored car which drove the Arabs off. Other places underwent similar attacks, but were not so successfully defended. This was particularly the case at Hebron, where grave massacres of Jews occurred. These would have been much worse if it had not been for the brave action of Mr. Cafferata, the local British police officer, who, almost single-handed, defended Hebron. For this he has not received a word of thanks or acknowledgment in the Jewish press.

There is no doubt that crimes have been committed on both sides, but there is also no doubt that the Moslems

have been the worst offenders. Cases of mutilation and atrocious acts are alleged and are now being investigated, though these are not so numerous as some sections of the press would have us believe. The frequency and simultaneous nature of the attacks in different places give the appearance of a preorganized effort, but, taking into account how quickly news travels in the East and the smallness of the country, it is just possible that the initial flare-up in Jerusalem set fire to the country quite naturally.

The attacks started on Friday night; by Saturday afternoon the first troops arrived by air, and they have been pouring into the country ever since. Order was restored almost within two days, with the exception of spasmodic outbreaks, one of which, at Safed, proved serious. Indeed, so quiet was the country that some of the special constables were demobilized. Our party was dismissed on Saturday, having served for eight days, and was addressed by Sir John Chancellor, the High Commissioner, in the following words:—

Captain Graham Brown and members of
Wycliffe Hall

I am very pleased and honored to have an opportunity of seeing you and saying a few words to you of gratitude and appreciation for the services you have rendered to Palestine, and indeed to England, during the last fortnight.

You will, I am sure, understand that it is not out of lack of consideration for you that I have not had time to prepare a formal speech. In the present circumstances I have to do the thing that first comes to hand. But I could not let you leave Palestine without telling you how deeply grateful I am for the immeasurable services that you have rendered to Palestine in the appalling crisis that confronted her. You came here with a very different object from that of fighting. You are going to become clergymen of the Church of England, and you

came to the Holy Land expecting to find a place of peace where you could study your religion and learn about the holy places. You find yourselves in the middle of a state of violence and savagery the like of which I have not read of for a hundred years. It is quite alien to your career to take up arms, but there are moments in this world when your duty is to save life.

You are not a large body, and your support to our native police was far beyond your numbers, and of the greatest value in giving them confidence. You have had an experience — a horrible one — which you will never forget. It will teach you things about human beings that you would never otherwise have learned. I want to say good-bye to you and to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your services.

I should like to add that you may be proud of the police uniforms you are wearing. The general conduct of the police force, and the many cases of individual heroism, will, I am sure, make you proud to have been associated with them, and to wear at any rate part of their uniform.

I wish you all success in the careers in front of you. May they be rich lives, full of service to Christ and to humanity.

IV

It is difficult to trace the causes of the outbreak, but a week in Cairo before coming to Jerusalem certainly enabled us to understand something of the Moslem outlook which contributed to the trouble. One gathered that Mohammedanism is a strange blend of Judaism, superstition, and mysticism. It is not to be wondered at that the educated effendi class are becoming indifferent to it, and this opinion was confirmed by a visit to the El Azhar Mosque, the oldest and probably the largest university in the world. As it was vacation time, there were few pupils, but a number of classes were in session, sitting in circles around their sheik teachers. One class was sitting around a decrepit blackboard learning

to multiply one number by another. Hardly, one feels, a university subject, but it is the start of an effort to teach scientific subjects. If even in their central university Moslems are so backward, is it to be wondered at that tribes of Moslem Arabs, in small country villages, can be preyed on and hoodwinked into rising for almost any cause?

In addition to this visit in Cairo, two other visits helped us to understand how the trouble arose — one to the Temple Area and the other to the Jewish colonies.

The Temple Area is an enormous plateau on the southeast corner of the city and is one of the best authenticated of the holy sites. In the middle is the Dome of the Rock, sometimes erroneously called the Mosque of Omar. Actually it is not a mosque, but a Moslem shrine, and consists of a dome built over the naked rock, which is undoubtedly the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite. It was here that the Altar of Burnt Sacrifice stood in Solomon's Temple, and there is a large hole leading to a cave underneath to drain off the blood. Here also the Crusaders used the present seventh-century Moslem building as a church; part of the rock was flattened to form the base of their High Altar, and they built the Temple Church in London on the same pattern. But here also Mahomet hid in the cave beneath, so that the spot actually typifies the religious problem of Palestine — the problem of one sacred site claimed by three religions.

Coming across the court, once more in the open, we looked down from a window in the mosque on to the famous Wailing Wall of the Jews. A narrow alleyway, leading to a few houses at the other end and flanked on one side by the identical stones of the Temple of Solomon — this is the place where the

pious Jews of every age have come to weep for their departed glories. Sometimes they have been allowed there only once a year, and even then only through bribes, 'having to buy even their tears,' as one of their poets has expressed it. No one can look on such a sight unmoved. Empires have come and gone, Greek, Roman, Persian, Ottoman, and yet there is still the Jew. In spite of hardships and incredible suffering, — often, to our shame, inflicted by Christian people, — the Jew still lives.

Actually the Wailing Place is wakf property — that is, a Moslem charitable trust. It thus belongs to the Moslems, and recently they constructed staircases through the far end, so that the Wailing Wall, instead of leading only to some houses, now leads, via these steps and a passageway, to one of the entrances to the Haramesh-Sherif (Temple Area). The Government sought the advice of the highest law officer in England before granting permission for this alteration, but was unable to prevent the Moslems from doing what they would with their own property. The Jews complain, with reason, that the steps have not been necessary up to date and were only constructed to increase the volume of Moslem traffic through the Wailing Place and thus disturb the Jews at their devotions.

Under the Turk, the Jews in Palestine were numerically few and politically unimportant. Most of them were supported by contributions from abroad and existed to say their prayers and to weep for their relatives, who could not come to pray in person. Moreover, those were the good old days of baksheesh, and a coin into the hand of the Turkish policeman ensured peace. Few Moslems went to the Wailing Place, and for years services were held there undisturbed. But now all is changed. With the new Zionist

policy, Jewish immigration is proceeding on a huge scale and the Jewish population of the country is mounting rapidly. Not unnaturally the Arab, in spite of the great benefits the Jewish settlers have brought him, views this phenomenon with suspicion. The Wailing Place, the point where the western wall of the Haramesh-Sherif touches the sacred spot of Judaism, is the obvious place where this racial tension is felt.

Since the Wailing Wall is Moslem property and, incidentally, a right of way, the Jew is not permitted to put up fixtures. This he has sometimes been inclined to do — benches for the old to sit upon, tables for prayer books, and the like. Under the Turkish rule, a few piastres soon squared up any trouble of that sort, but now, with the Moslem jealousy aroused, any suspicion of a fixture is reported at once to a long-suffering British Government as an infringement of Moslem rights.

It was such a fixture which caused the trouble at the Wall a year ago and pointed the way to the present outbreak. Some of the pious Jews erected a partition at the Wall, of lath and canvas, to separate the women from the men, holding that the presence of women distracts the men from pure devotion. This was at once reported to the Government by the ever-watchful Moslem, and, since it was technically an infringement, the Jews were ordered to remove the partition. Unfortunately they left it there until the next day, the Day of Atonement, when no work could possibly be done by any Orthodox Jew, and the police had to take it away. Through ignorance of the Jewish ritual, they arrived to do this at the most sacred part of the service. Thus the famous Wailing Wall is at present the tinder box, where at any moment a spark may be struck between Jew and Moslem. It should be

added that the situation is not made any easier by the occasional arrival of Young Zionists who are not inspired by religious motives, but who merely wish to make a demonstration.

V

The other expedition which threw a flood of light upon the trouble was our tour of some of the Jewish colonies the day before the rioting began. We set off in three buses, under officials of the Zionist organization. We went out along the Motza road, past a large orphanage and a beautiful sanatorium, surrounded by lovely grounds, all put up by Jewish enterprise.

Our first real glimpse of the difficulties of colonization was at Kiryath Anavim (Village of Grapes). Here, in a barren wady, without even water, a small community of thirty Jews are making the desert blossom. They have terraced the hillside and planted trees, having even to bring earth for the terraces. The water problem they have solved by constructing an enormous reservoir of concrete which collects during the rainy season enough water to last through the summer. The colony is run on communal lines; the individuals have no money and their wants are met by communal purchase. We gathered that public opinion is sufficiently strong to force the slacker to depart. They all live in standard-pattern houses, one of which is used for a kindergarten school. Like all Zionists, they are very keen on education. Drawn by the great ideal of Jewish Nationalism, they came from many parts of Europe to this barren spot, financed by those who stay to make money in Babylon. We understood that they were typical of many colonies up and down the country.

It was interesting to compare this with Rishon-le-Zion, one of the oldest

colonies. Its chief products are wine and fruit, and it looked remarkably attractive. But perhaps the most interesting was Tel-Aviv, whose growth has been phenomenal. We were told it exceeded any mushroom city in America. On what were once sand dunes, north of Jaffa, the Jew has built a new town, — houses, roads, shops, villas, — all erected within the last few years. It is the only town in the world which is entirely Jewish from top to bottom — municipal government, residents, police, crossing sweepers, and so forth. Here, for the first time in generations, the Jew can hold up his head, a free man in a free Jewish town.

It might be added that Tel-Aviv is excessively ugly, but that is a fault common to all mushroom towns, and will, no doubt, be remedied in time. Actually the country cannot naturally support such a large town, and it is largely composed of residents who derive their income from abroad and live here for patriotic reasons.

Everywhere the Jews are buying up the land. One Arab village after another wakes up to the fact that the best land is gone forever and that it has been left to scratch a living off some barren hilltop. It is true that the Arabs need not sell, and that the Jews, by reason of greater wealth and driving force, are developing the country to the larger benefit of everyone; but still the Arabs are aggrieved, and their fear and suspicion of the Jews, coupled with unwise exaggeration on the part of the Zionist leaders, are at the base of the present trouble, far more than any religious motive.

VI

It would be improper at this time, before the finding of the Commission of Inquiry, now on its way from England, to express any opinion as

to the conduct of the British Administration in Palestine. The 'Balfour Declaration' states that 'His Majesty's Government views with favor the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine, without prejudice to the rights of existing communities.' But whether it is possible for a third party, C, to assist in establishing B in A's country without prejudice to A is a question. It may be said that Palestine morally belongs to the Jew, but that can hardly be the view of the Arab who has established the right of user and who naturally looks upon the country as his, tending to regard the Jew as an invader. But the Arab has many countries, whereas the Jew has only one.

In nearly every other case of invasion, force has been either used or implied, but here is an attempt of one nation to invade the country of another by legitimate purchase, backed, if need be, by the force of a third party. Some will say that purchase of land is not quite the same thing as invasion, but purchase on the scale adopted by the Jews very nearly amounts to invasion—an invasion with weapons of gold.

That all this is morally right is the view of the Western World, supported by—it would be unfair to say inspired by—the world-wide Jewish organization and its access to the press. Let there be an 'incident' in Palestine involving Jewish rights, real or alleged, and immediately there is a mass meeting in Chicago, a deputation waits upon the Prime Minister in London, and a letter is written to the *Melbourne Times*. Thus the Jewish point of view is continuously presented to the world, whereas that of the Arab is confined to a few newspapers of limited circulation, written in Arabic.

Living here in a Jewish hospital, I tend to see the 100 per cent

Jewish point of view. The Jews say that they, as a civilized race, are merely colonizing and developing the land of a backward, savage race. For this there are many precedents, and clearly their method of conquest by legitimate purchase is a far more moral way of opening up a country than the methods other nations have often adopted to add to their dominions. But the driving force seems to be a narrow nationalism, almost devoid of religion, which one fears will only increase the intolerance of which the Jew is so often accused.

The Jews have certainly suffered much in these outbreaks, both in life and in property. When I first came to this hospital, new cases were being brought in hourly, with ghastly knife wounds, and there were many deaths. This must have been typical of Jewish hospitals all over Palestine during the first Friday and Saturday. It will be very hard to start again without feelings of bitterness and hatred, but if peace is to be lasting the Jew will have to give the Arab a lead in spiritual matters as he now does in material ones.

The difficult command to love one's enemies, no part of the Zionist or the Moslem creed, is especially hard when your enemy has murdered some close relative. But the responsibility of the Jew lies just here. Can he rise to the spiritual vision of Deutero-Isaiah, or will he keep to the nationalism of Haggai? Can he build up the character of the Arab by example, as he is building up his material well-being by energy and industry? If not, one feels that the next generation of Jews, brought up in the atmosphere of Jewish nationalism and in fear or suspicion of the Arab, will make the problem of peace in Palestine ten times harder.

Such are some of the thoughts in-

duced by the recent events in Palestine. We, from Wycliffe, came on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. We little thought, as the train pulled out of Victoria Station in London, that we should see fighting over the hill country of Judea before our return. Setting out with thoughts of Biblical scenes, we have been forced to think of the problems of the Administration. The case is like that of a Moslem with two wives, each watching the other jealously to see that there is no extra

favor or concession. The problem is further complicated by the fact that one of the wives has an influential father-in-law in the shape of the Jewish press organization and the other a crafty one with a knife.

Whatever else one thinks, reflection on the matter has probably given all of us a great sympathy for Pontius Pilate. Perhaps, after all, the Abyssinian Church is right to make him a saint! For he judged and found no fault.

FORMOSA — JAPAN'S EXPERIMENT

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

'DOCTORS, not soldiers, won Taiwan for Japan,' Count Shimpei Goto, whose death was recently mourned at Tokyo, often said to me. Himself a doctor, he took pardonable pride in the system of public health and sanitation he had established on the island when he was its Civil Governor, from 1898 to 1906, the most critical period in the administration of the then newly acquired Japanese territory. So successful in Japanese estimate was that system that to this day it is maintained in all its essential features, and the Japanese often point to it as a distinct contribution to the world's store of knowledge and experience in colonial management. This pride I had always thought very much exaggerated until a recent accident imposed upon me a month first of agony and then of forced idleness in the government hospital at Taihoku, the capital of the island. The experience was even more unwelcome than unexpected, but it was one which

I did not regret, as it afforded me an opportunity of seeing for myself what Count Goto meant by his favorite expression, 'the conquest of Taiwan by medicine.'

I

To the West, Taiwan is known as Formosa. It was the Portuguese who bestowed this poetic appellation upon the island. Early in the sixteenth century the Portuguese, having established a base of operation at Macao near Canton, fitted out an expedition in quest of land in Chinese waters. When the mariners were greeted by the alluring sight of a large island, they cried, 'Ilha Formosa!' ('Beautiful Isle!') Never was a more expressive name conferred upon an isle of the sea, for Formosa, with its verdure, its azure mountain ranges, its lofty peaks rising majestically above the clouds, is one of the most attractive islands in the world.

Beautiful to the eye, Formosa was, when Japan took possession of it, far from a bed of roses. Its Chinese population, 2,900,000 strong, consisted for the most part of insurgents, brigands, and bandits, keeping the country in constant turmoil. As for the aborigines, they looked upon all foreigners, whether Japanese, Chinese, or Europeans, as sworn enemies whose skulls furnished grim ornaments for their family shelves. The whole island seethed with lawlessness, and all peace-loving souls went about their daily tasks literally carrying their lives in their hands.

Nor were insurgency, banditry, head-hunting, and general lawlessness Japan's worst heritage from the Chinese régime. Dangerous as they were, she was prepared to cope with them. What confounded her was the hydra of opium, holding in its toils the population of the island in appalling numbers. Under Chinese rule opium smoking or eating was not unlawful, with the result that by the time Japan succeeded China as the mistress of Formosa one Chinese out of every eighteen had become an incurable addict. To paraphrase De Quincey, opium, that mysterious key, had opened for the Chinese the doors both to paradise and to perdition, and Japan found it impracticable to close them in the face of the clamoring multitude. Had she declared the old practice abolished by a stroke of the pen and backed up the declaration by force, all Formosa would have risen in rebellion, the law-abiding joining the lawless in one great and violent protest. To the islanders the use of opium had long been a legitimate recreation, and to prohibit it, for reasons which seemed to them at best specious and unconvincing, would have been unpardonable, depriving them of their birthright and, what was worse, inflicting upon them unnecessary suffering. It was not

only irresistible craving for the sensual satisfaction afforded by opium, but the intense pain caused by a sudden denial of the drug, which rendered an abrupt suppression of the practice extremely difficult.

As an American authority tells us, an addict, if suddenly forbidden to smoke, 'coughs and chokes and suffers excruciating pains in his feet and legs. He becomes so weak presently that he cannot stand; he falls and writhes in convulsions; he vomits and doubles up with abdominal pain; his face becomes pinched and drawn; perspiration rolls from his tortured body. He may die in complete collapse. Suicide sometimes terminates the unendurable agony.'

Imagine 160,000 or more addicts in this frightful condition in a territory of 13,800 square miles. Surely the non-addict half of the population would have sided with the addicts against an inhumane government causing such a widespread suffering. The resultant upheaval would have strained the administrative capacity of the colonial government and overtaxed its military resources. Add to this the perils of malarial fevers and plagues levying periodic toll of human lives, and the task of the Japanese in Formosa was anything but enviable.

II

Such was the condition which confronted Japan in Formosa in 1896. Her immediate task was to suppress insurgency and brigandage by force of arms. Apparently this was not so difficult, though in reality military operations, unless coupled with humanitarian measures, could never win over a rebellious people. As for the opium evil, the administration was frankly at a loss to know what should be done about it. Not a few urged

drastic measures of suppression backed, if necessary, by military force. They argued that unless the drug habit was stamped out at once the Japanese immigrating to the island could not long be free from its contamination.

Thus the first two years of Japanese rule in Formosa passed in a state of uncertainty and suspense. The country, pacified only apparently, still seethed with lawlessness and discontent, while the opium vice, plagues, and fevers continued to play havoc among the natives. It was at this critical moment that Dr. Goto came to the island as Civil Governor. Enjoying the full confidence of Baron Gentaro Kodama, Governor-General, Goto was given a free hand in civil administration.

We may pause a moment for a glimpse of Goto himself, for without doubt he was one of the most interesting, most brilliant personalities upon the political stage of modern Japan. Born of a poor family in a rural town, he studied medicine while working at odd jobs, and started his professional career in a small local hospital. Who could foretell that this country physician would so distinguish himself as governor of Formosa that he would later be given four portfolios in four different cabinets? While still a minor official in the Department of Home Affairs at Tokyo, he leaped into the limelight in a most dramatic fashion. He had heard of a former feudal lord, Count Soma by name, who had been held in captivity at his own mansion by his entourage, conspiring to depose him upon the 'framed-up' ground of insanity. The whole affair was stranger than fiction, a great romance of love and jealousy, of loyalty and knavery; and Goto, inspired by a sense of justice, not, perhaps, unmixed with a love of adventure, plunged into the drama determined to expose the intrigue of

which he thought the unfortunate peer a victim. For this knight-errantry Goto was arrested and incarcerated by the machination of the same crooks who plotted the riddance of Count Soma. In the end, however, Goto was exonerated and emerged a great hero, an idol of the people, inspiring songs and stories in praise of his gallantry.

The episode gives a clue to the character of the man who, in seven short years, put Formosa upon its own legs. He had both vision and courage, and conceived his ideas not merely to meet immediate needs, but with a view to posterity. When Goto assumed his duties in Formosa, one of the first things he did was to establish at Taihoku an extensive research laboratory for the twofold purpose of studying local diseases and of investigating the natural resources of the island. At the same time he launched the plan of binding the whole island, so to speak, with a chain of hospitals. First, he built twelve main hospitals in twelve important centres of population, each on a scale so large that people thought them so many white elephants on the hands of an administration still unable to support itself. Then the island was divided into twelve sanitary or health districts, each with a main hospital in the largest city and a number of branch hospitals and dispensaries in smaller towns and in villages.

In adopting these ambitious measures, apparently unjustified by actual needs, Goto had in view not only public health, but also the political and military situation still pregnant with evil possibilities. He argued that suppressive measures carried out at the point of the gun might strike fear and hatred into the hearts of recalcitrant natives, but could never inspire genuine respect, much less affection, and that, unless something was done to

ameliorate the ill feeling already excited, Japan had no alternative but to face long weary years of futile struggle. It was, therefore, imperative that the colonial administration should take some steps of humanitarian nature to win the hearts of the island people, and the most effective means of attaining this end was, as Goto saw it, to check the diseases to which the natives had succumbed in droves.

III

And so a great army of efficient doctors were invited to Formosa from Japan to take charge of the hospitals erected and equipped regardless of cost. With them also came biologists, chemists, and pharmacologists in large numbers. It was soon ascertained that the malarial fevers were spread by mosquitoes, and that there were at least ten varieties of these disease-carrying insects. Exterminate the mosquitoes, and the fevers would be exterminated. At once the government-general ordered a general mobilization for 'house cleaning' throughout the island. And house cleaning in this case did not merely mean sweeping or washing the inside of dwellings — it meant also cleaning the gardens, the yards, and even the fields. Under official surveillance marshes and stagnant waters were drained or sprinkled with kerosene, sewers and cesspools were covered, brush around dwellings was cleared — everything, in fact, was done to destroy the haunts and breeding places of the mosquitoes. The process was repeated as often as the authorities thought necessary.

In addition the government ordered that all houses should be cleaned twice a year. To this day this order is enforced with unvarying regularity every spring and autumn. During my recent visit in Formosa I chanced upon one of

these house-cleaning days in Taihoku, the capital. Walking through the Chinese section, I saw all furniture, all household utensils, all mats and rugs, and even merchandise, piled up pell-mell in front of houses and shops, while the process of scouring and scrubbing was going on inside with all the vigor a Chinaman would bring to bear upon his task when under an official vigilance. The regulation, of course, also applies to the Japanese. Thus twice a year all Formosa, purified from head to foot, as it were, experiences a reassuring sensation that at least for the next half year the dread plagues which used to prey upon the inhabitants will have no chance to creep into its homes and shops.

To the native all this was a new-fangled idea, at first incomprehensible, useless, irksome. He could not see any earthly relationship between the malarial fevers and the brush and sewers and cesspools around his house. They had stood there for ages and had served useful purposes, and if the fevers got the better of him once in a while that was because he had somehow or other angered one god or another which stood guard over his ancestral abode. And as for the semiannual house cleaning, why so much patter and pother when he was sure that the gods would visit the scourge of plague upon him whenever and wherever they saw fit? Even the hospital, opened largely for his benefit at enormous cost, he failed to appreciate. He even thought it a place where the Japanese tortured the sick to death.

Such was the first response of the natives to the health measures. Disconcerting as this seemed, it was anticipated from the beginning. But under a persistent campaign of education, coupled with the demonstrated efficacy of modern therapy, native

skepticism gradually gave way to sympathy and appreciation. Soon the hospitals were crowded with patients, and the Japanese doctors, once objects of fear and suspicion, became good Samaritans in native eyes. Even the periodic cleaning so meticulously carried out under official orders ceased to be irksome. Nor is this surprising, for no normal man can fail to appreciate the fact that plagues have virtually disappeared and that mortality by malarial and other local fevers has been reduced by 60 per cent. Nowhere else, perhaps, can the sick and wounded be tended so cheaply at such well-appointed hospitals as in Formosa. In all seriousness, the Japanese advise you to go to Formosa if you expect to be sick or wounded!

As is evident from the foregoing, the government, with its network of hospitals and dispensaries, established a virtual monopoly in the medical profession. This was, however, a temporary expedient to meet urgent needs in the first stage of the new régime. As the government medical school turned out in increasing numbers native practitioners trained in modern science, branch hospitals and dispensaries in towns and villages were gradually abolished, leaving only the twelve main hospitals in twelve larger cities. In addition there are thirty hospitals for infectious diseases maintained by provincial governments. My personal experience in one of the twelve main institutions is so enlightening that I am tempted to describe it at some length.

IV

It happened this way. I was going to a village of savage aborigines, head-hunters until recently, up in the mountains some ten miles from Taihoku. I was riding in a sort of chair car, a four-wheeled two-passenger af-

fair propelled by a Chinese coolie upon a narrow track of frail rails winding up the foothills. At a sharp curve our car collided with another loaded with coal, for the track was single. I was pinched between the two vehicles, and as a result acquired a couple of fractured ribs and cut and bruised legs. The coolies improvised a stretcher and carried me on it down to the foot of the hill, where a motor ambulance from the government hospital at Taihoku was awaiting me.

And now about the hospital. As my pain subsided I began to learn something of the extraordinary nature of the institution. I found out to my great amazement that being a patient there cost only one third as much as it would to live at a first-class hotel in the same city. I was given a suite of two rooms—the larger one for myself, the smaller for my two nurses. The price was only four yen, or less than two dollars, a day, including the necessary surgical attendance and materials and medicines. The room rent did not include the cost of food, but you would hardly believe me if I were to tell you what I paid for my food. For three wholesome, even delicious, meals brought to my bed on a dainty lacquered tray I paid only one yen and eighty sen, or less than ninety cents, a day. For breakfast I had a hot soup *à la japonaise* and three dishes, occasionally including two soft-boiled eggs. For tiffin and dinner I had another bowl of soup and four or five dishes of fish, eggs, vegetables, and occasionally a little meat. All this for ninety cents! If I was too sick to eat or preferred to have food sent in from outside for a change, I did not pay the hospital for the meals so omitted.

Charges for operation are equally low. Operation fee for appendicitis, for example, is from twenty-five yen

(\$12.50) to thirty-five yen (\$17.50). What struck me as most extraordinary was that the fee for an ordinary maternity case is only three yen, or about \$1.50. Including all other hospital charges, a Formosan mother can bring her child into the light of day for a few dollars in the accepted modern way. I know a number of my friends in New York, all men of modest means, whose hospital bills for a confinement case amounted to a thousand dollars. One paid two thousand for his first-born, and became then and there an advocate of Sangerism! The government of Formosa, it seems to me, might raise the charges at the maternity hospitals to the American level, if it would preserve the island for Japanese immigration.

As it is, the government maintains the hospitals at a great loss. Annual expenditure of the twelve hospitals runs well over a million yen, while their income is less than half a million. The hospital at Taihoku, the largest of the twelve, is housed in enormous brick buildings erected at a cost of 3,200,000 yen. It is equipped for four hundred in-patients and hundreds of out-patients. The number of patients treated at this single institution is more than six hundred thousand a year.

V

So much for the hospitals and the control of plagues and fevers. Even more difficult was the control of opium. Again the genius of Goto proved equal to the task, conceiving the idea of exterminating the drug evil by weeding out addicts by a license and ration system, coupled with a government monopoly which would regulate according to actual needs the importation of raw material and the manufacture of refined opium therefrom. Under this system no one without a

license issued by the proper authorities was permitted either to sell or to obtain opium. An addict could obtain a license only when the fact of his addiction was established by examination by an authorized physician. The quantity of opium for daily consumption was determined by the degree of addiction, and was designated on the license, as well as in the pass book with which each licensed addict was provided and which he must produce whenever he wished to obtain his ration from the licensed dealer. The quantity of opium the dealer was permitted to sell an addict at a time should not exceed his (the addict's) ration for three days. The dealer was required to enter in his retail book the names and addresses of the addicts who obtained opium of him, together with the quantities and prices of opium sold to each. Should the entries in the dealer's retail book disagree with the entries in the addict's pass book, the police authorities might investigate the discrepancy, thus minimizing the chances of the addict's purchases exceeding his prescribed ration.

This Japanese system is, contrary to popular understanding, widely different from the system which is in effect in all European colonies in Asia — India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, the Federated and Unfederated Malay States, British North Borneo, Sarawak, Brunei, Mauritius, Hongkong, Iraq, the Netherlands East Indies, and French Indo-China. Under the Japanese system both opium dealers and addicts are licensed; under the European system dealers are licensed, but addicts are not. In practical operation the two systems bring about vastly different results.

India furnishes the best illustration of the European system. There the addict neither is licensed nor has his ration regulated by the authorities.

The only restriction is that no licensed dealer may, to quote from *The Truth about India Opium*, published by the India Office of the British Government, 'sell to any one person at one time more than the quantity of opium which an individual may lawfully possess.' Note the language used in designating an opium buyer. This document significantly uses the term 'any one person' or 'an individual,' instead of 'a licensed addict.' Anyone in India, whether an addict or a non-addict, may obtain opium from any licensed druggist or vendor. True, the quantity he may buy at a time is limited to something between 360 and 540 grains according to locality, but as there is no rationing system enforced by means of license and purchase book, he may make repeated purchases at different shops by disposing of the amount of one purchase between times. In India not even minors are prohibited from smoking opium, while in Formosa no minor is permitted to smoke.

In order to put the license and ration system into effect, the Formosa Government had to ascertain the number of addicts. This was no easy task, as Formosa under the old régime had never taken a census. But without waiting until the enumeration was completed the government in 1898 licensed 95,449 addicts. In 1900, as a result of a more thoroughgoing survey, the number increased to 165,752. During the following ten years 50,000 more addicts, who had escaped the previous enumerations, were given a license. Yet in spite of this addition the total of addicts decreased year by year. In 1900 total addicts, as we have seen, numbered 165,752. By 1926 these had decreased to 33,755. As the government issues no license either to non-addicts or to minors, the majority of the licensed addicts at present are

over fifty-five years of age. Only a few, less than twenty, are between twenty-one and thirty years of age, while about 24,000 are of various ages between fifty-one and seventy. Therefore, in fifteen or twenty years hence the opium-using population will become a negligible quantity, thus fulfilling Goto's prediction that in fifty years Formosa would rid itself of opium addicts.

The monopoly and license system in Formosa has killed two birds with one stone — solving the opium question on one hand, and on the other providing the natives with modern hospitals and other means of improving public health.

The system, as conceived by Goto, was not a means of revenue. Whatever profit it has made has been expended for hospitals and general health measures. The average yearly receipts of the opium monopoly are about 1 per cent of the total revenue of the island. Compare this with similar receipts in other colonies. The opium revenue of the British Administration in India is about 3 per cent of the total, while in the Straits Settlements (British) it varies between 30 and 60 per cent. In the Federated Malay States (British) one fifth of the total revenue comes from opium, while the Dutch East Indies get 11 per cent of their revenue from the same source. The British Administration in India conducts the cultivation of the poppy, as well as the manufacture and sale of opium, as a government monopoly. It issues a license to whoever wishes to cultivate the poppy, and advances the necessary funds to enable the planter to tide over the period between the sowing and harvesting. The crop, when ripe, is collected by a government agent and taken to the government factory at Ghazipur. Opium thus manufactured is either exported or

turned over to the Excise Department, which retails the drug to the natives through some 6400 licensed shops.

Perhaps the greatest significance of the Japanese system in Formosa lies in the new moral idea it has created. The rigid governmental supervision has made the natives, especially those of the new generation, look upon opium smoking as a vice — something which fixes odium upon those who indulge in the practice. The young Formosans have little desire to seek the questionable pleasure at the expense of their honor and reputation. This moral change is even more important than the tangible achievements of Japan's opium policy in Formosa.

VI

Thus far we have dealt largely with the Chinese population of Formosa. Besides the Chinese, there are 85,000 aborigines still remaining outside the purview of civilization. What has been done for them in the way of health improvement?

Strangely the savages have, with few exceptions, been free from opium smoking. This is largely due to the fact that they had no real contact with the Chinese when the Chinese were free to use and sell opium without restriction. For two hundred years the Chinese abused and maltreated the aborigines, cheating them out of their lands and crops and robbing them of what few chattels they possessed, even their Lares and Penates. Thus the savages of the mountains came to regard all Chinese of the plains as their deadly enemies, thirsting for their blood and hunting for their heads. Occasionally there was barter between the mountaineers and the plainsmen, but the Chinese seldom offered the savages so costly an article as opium.

So the aborigines escaped the curse of the drug.

But the very cause of their immunity from opium proved a serious obstacle to the Japanese administration in its efforts to extend modern health and therapeutic measures to the savage districts, for the head-hunters, having been illtreated by the Chinese, had come to look upon all foreigners as their enemies. To make them the more dangerous, not a few of them had guns, possibly taken from their Chinese victims. In these circumstances the employment of force by the authorities was inevitable, at least in the first stages of pacification. One after another the tribes have surrendered before forcible measures, handing over their rifles to the police with great reluctance.

With the savages reasonably tamed, the government has launched health measures in their districts. But it has been found impracticable to station official doctors or persuade private practitioners to settle in such districts. As an expedient the police assigned to savage regions have, in many instances, been trained to minister to the sick and wounded. At first these primitive folk were even more suspicious of modern therapeutics than were their Chinese cousins, and their suspicion is not yet entirely dissipated. To convince them that the medicine contains no poison, the policeman-doctor often has to partake of a dose before giving it to his patients. Imagine his predicament when he has to make rounds of calls among his savage patients! Another difficulty is that these childlike mountaineers expect the doctor to work miracles. If a medicine does not produce immediate effect they think it useless and the doctor a fraud. But with a persistent campaign of education and with the extension of the public-school system to the savage

districts, such obstacles will be gradually removed. Already some of the tribes are sufficiently civilized to produce from among their own numbers a few physicians trained at the government medical school.

The savages are susceptible to all sorts of ailments and diseases to which humanity is heir, and mortality among them has been inordinately high. Malarial fevers, smallpox, and other epidemics are very common. To the aborigines all sicknesses are ordained by the gods, and the only way to alleviate the former is to appease the latter. They are particularly fearful of epidemics, looking upon them as the most terrific form of divine wrath. A man afflicted with an epidemic is left utterly alone to die or pull through; for all, not excepting his closest kin, run away from him as one cursed by the gods. Naturally, before the advent of the Japanese, the savages had no doctor, not even a quack, among them. All they did to dispel a sickness was to appease the gods by sacrificing a pig or a fowl, or to hire a diviner who would rub a stone or a twig over the head and affected parts of the patient, repeating the while a sort of prayer.

One of the most unsanitary practices in the savage community was that of burying the dead within the hut of the surviving family. A hut, commonly eight or nine feet square, has four beds built directly on the ground, one in each corner. The usual custom was to bury the corpse under the bed used by the nearest relative of the deceased. As the hole was not dug deep the odor was unbearable, not to mention its effect upon the health of the occupants of the hut. When a few years ago the government ordered this practice stopped, the savages lifted their hands in holy horror, declaring that the spirit of the deceased would never rest if his body

were buried out in the open field. But the hue and cry was short-lived, for the aborigines soon found out the benefits, both spiritual and material, of the innovation.

The abolition of tattooing was another salutary change, at first opposed but now heartily welcomed by the savages. Tattooing as practised among the Tayals, the largest of the nine Formosa tribes, was frightfully crude and barbarous — something totally different from 'civilized' tattooing. The tool used was a piece of wood, about an inch wide and some six inches long, planted with rows of metal needles. This sort of metal brush, after being dipped in a pigment of pine soot, was repeatedly hammered into the flesh. The process was completed at one sitting, or rather 'lying,' lasting for three or four hours. For the boy, the ceremony used to take place at fourteen or fifteen years of age, usually after he had cut off a head, in commemoration of his entry upon man's estate. For the girl, too, it was observed at about the same age. The boy was tattooed on the forehead, the girl on both cheeks, extending from mouth to ear. He or she would lie heroically on a mat while the teeth of the brush were pounded through the skin. The pain must have been terrific, and when the operation was over the whole face was so swollen and feverish that the victim of this savage custom had to endure days of agony.

When the government issued orders against this practice, the old folk complained bitterly. 'If our boys and girls were not properly tattooed,' said they, 'we should not know when they passed their childhood, and how homely they would look!' The younger folk welcomed the decree, at first rather timidly. Though they were glad that it would spare them the ordeal of tattooing, they were not certain whether

they would look 'nice' without observing the established custom, and, what was more important, whether the gods would be pleased. But as tattooless children grew up and married with nothing evil happening to them, both young and old were convinced that the government was more beneficent than the gods, and how happy they are now that the new generation need no longer suffer the terrible torture which the old endured with stoical resignation.

VII

It is not my intention to give the impression that Japan's colonial administration in Formosa is ideal. Politically and commercially, her policy there is frankly one of imperialism, and like all policies of this nature it has its weaknesses, which for lack of space I cannot discuss. Yet, considering that Japan had no colonial experience until she acquired this island, what she has achieved here may be regarded as a fair success. Towards the natives the administration has been benevolent, if absolute. Financially, it became independent of the home treasury in less than ten years, and, what is more, has since always had a comfortable surplus.

Under its financial protection Japanese ships have developed trade between Formosa and the islands to the southward. Already the exports of the island have reached 263,300,000 yen, as against imports of 186,400,000 yen. All this has created a prosperity undreamed of under the Chinese régime. One might think that the natives would be happy and contented. But they are not. They are beginning to be restive, clamoring for participation in government with a view to ultimate home rule. Nor is this surprising, as the Japanese administration itself has helped to create native interest in politics by a modern system of education. It has established eight hundred and sixty-two primary schools, nine intermediate schools, eleven girls' high schools, and sixteen technical schools. In addition there are three normal schools, a higher middle school, a medical college, three commercial schools, an industrial school, and a school of agriculture and forestry. Even a university is now being established at Taihoku. If education be a source of enlightenment as well as of discontent, the school system Japan has developed and is still developing in Formosa may yet prove her own sorrow.

A TALE OF TWO PIGS

BY HERBERT B. ELLISTON

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings.'
— Tweedledee, in *Through the Looking-glass*

It has not escaped the revisionists that the pig figures among the war guilty. Not the whole realm of pigdom, but a particular pig — to be precise, the *porcus Serbianus*.

In pre-war days this Serbian member of the species led Serbia by the nose. It thrust her into foreign trade; it started her on the path of industrialization. The one led to ill feeling with Austria-Hungary so intense that it attained the dimensions of a pig war. Both of them combined to promote a national spirit which asserted itself vigorously against the pretensions of Vienna. Serbian swine were thus artificers of Serajevo as well as Serbia.

Not only was Serbia's agricultural economy dominated by pigs, but pigs were the peasant's 'cash crop.' Dean Swift's famous specific for correcting the evil of excessive fertility among the poor — namely, to kill the babies for food — could not apply in the case of Serbian pigs, for the digestive system, slow in any case to dispose of pork, would rebel at too much pork. The peasant had to live on pigs by getting rid of them through exchange for other commodities. But — exchange with whom? Since his neighbor also raised

pigs, and since these also constituted *his* surplus, there was no point in exchanging pigs for pigs. That would have been the porcine equivalent of taking in each other's washing. The way out was in trade across the frontier, and this meant with Austria-Hungary, for Cuba is no less dependent on the United States than Serbia was on Austria-Hungary. Serbia had no sea-board and was far removed from the nearest export harbors at Galatz, Salonika, and Fiume; Turkey to the south was Mohammedan, and therefore had a complex about pigs; Bulgaria to the east was under Ottoman suzerainty, and by no means friendly to the Serbs. So, as pigs grew and flourished in Serbia, they began to flow in legions across the River Save into Hungary, and, by grace of the Austrian railroad system, to markets beyond.

I

Hungary had both a plenitude of pigs and a pig problem. The green maize of the rich Hungarian plain nourishes live stock in abundance. To this anyone who has slithered through Hungarian mud, trying to dodge Hungarian hogs, will bear witness.

The Hungarian peasant was therefore full of wrath when he saw the porkers of Serbia invading his domain. He was as angry as are our American manufacturers when foreign competition threatens to rob them of American customers. Your preserve is your perquisite; the other fellow's yours if you can get it. So the Hungarians said: 'These Serbs are taking the bread out of our mouths. Whoso buys a pig in Austria-Hungary must buy a home-bred pig from Hungary. That is right. It is reasonable. It is patriotic.' The farmers had a voice as well as a stake in the country. Their interests were well looked after by the Hungarian diet at Budapest, whose pressure on Vienna, the conductor of the foreign relations of the Dual Monarchy, resulted in the imposition of prohibitory tariffs on Serbian pigs. No longer could the pigs go to market. The pig war was on.

On the other side of the Save the object of this warfare continued willy-nilly to multiply and increase. Acorn-fattened in the vast Serbian forests, progeny poured down to the lowlands for winter disposal. They had to be taken care of while Magyar antiporcine eloquence reverberated through the halls of Congress. A hemmed-in Serbia had somehow to expel, or, as Charles Lamb would have said, to extradomiciliate, them. The Serbs solved the problem by cutting the Gordian knot that bound them to Austria-Hungary.

This daring move was the work of King Peter, who came to the Serb throne in 1903. It was meet that he should become the porker's patron, for he was of the House of Karageorgevich, the 'Black Georges,' whose founder was a swineherd. Two years after his accession Belgrade signed a treaty ushering in a customs union with Bulgaria. It marked Serbia's

release from the swaddling clothes of Austro-Hungarian economic subjection. Battalions of penned-in pigs began to debouch on to the hospitable plains of Bulgaria with the blind unknowing eagerness of the Gadarene swine. They flocked through the Bulgar ports on the Black Sea to overseas abattoirs.

Vienna raged, but Mr. Pashich and his ministers, backed by the imperturbable Peter, stood firm, while the records mark no diminution in Bulgar activity in turning Serb pig into pork, or as pig brokers. The treaty encouraged Serbia to make further excursions into foreign diplomacy. Another trail through a commercial agreement was marked out to Italy. Even France, faced with a growing demand for the gustable *côtelette de porc frais*, did not disdain the virtues of Serbian pig, and signed an accord permitting importations.

The relief of pig pressure at home resulted in a prestige abroad which built up Serbia's international stature. For the trade had an income at its hoofs and with it the Belgrade treasury was enabled to establish foreign credits for the purpose of buying munitions and developing a military equipment ready for *Der Tag*.

In blazing these new trails the Serb pigs had not forgotten the path across the Save. Trade is related to the instinct of self-preservation and cannot be stopped by fiat. The Serb-Austrian break did not deter the progress of the Serb pigs to the Austro-Hungarian market. But it was no longer an easy route. The anti-Serb agrarian policy of Hungary now had full rein. It was aimed at repelling all meat importations into Austria-Hungary, particularly from Serbia. The Magyars recked little that the rapidly developing urbanization of Austria-Hungary had brought on a meat shortage. Austria

chanted with Hungary, *Die Serben, das sind Schweine!* but you most often rail at the man you are dependent upon, and Austrian city needs overcame political antipathies.

Austria wanted pigs which the Hungarian sties could not supply. They wanted other meat of which the Argentine seemed the logical purveyor. But the Hungarians said, 'If we cannot supply enough, then you must starve.' We should nowadays call the Hungarian attitude a protest against 'social dumping.' National passions are easily aroused by the competition in the home market of a neighbor possessing a lower standard of life. The cities, however, did not choose to starve in the interests of economic nationalism. They started a vigorous anti-agrarian campaign which dominated internal politics till 1911. The pig war put on a fratricidal aspect.

Austrian connivance encouraged Serb ingenuity to elude the sharp eyes of the Hungarian gendarmerie, ever watchful on the left bank of the Save. At dead of night decoy boats containing a few puling porkers would be floated over. Immediately a hue and cry would be raised. The gendarmes would be attracted from their scattered posts, and, while they fumed over their prize, boatload after boatload of fat and struggling swine would be rowed across at the temporarily unguarded points. It was a game as rich in adventure, if not as profitable, as rum running.

II

There was a brief official renewal of intercourse in 1908. In that year Austria and Serbia came to an agreement. One of the provisions read, 'Importation of live stock from Serbia is prohibited.' This was necessary, it was declared, to safeguard Austria-Hungary from the distemper which the

noxious pigs would inevitably bring. In these more scientific days the Economic Committee of the League of Nations would have labeled the practice a form of 'administrative protection.' Administrative protection is any extra-tariff enactment which gains the same end as a prohibitory tariff — namely, keeps goods out. A recent example was the Mexican order that the formulas of French perfumery should be pasted on all bottles imported into Mexico. Another was the American order which decreed that Dutch tulip bulbs were contaminated. The Austrian order was in the same category. As a sop to Serb susceptibilities, the ordinance allowed limited importations of slaughtered hogs.

Serbia renewed intercourse with her tongue in her cheek. She knew that a writ of paper emanating from a foreign office could not stem the avalanche of live pigs which the Serb peasant was nightly propelling across the Save. Relations were so exacerbated that the agreement amounted only to a breathing spell in diplomatic warfare. The events that upset it were the Austrian annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina and the declaration of Bulgarian independence — events of sufficient magnitude to cause flurries of concern in all the European chancelleries. The frontier with Austria-Hungary now drew around Serbia's western flank. Gone seemed the dream of union with Bosnia and Herzegovina — the 'great Serbian idea.' The Serb people clamored for war, but the Great Powers were lukewarm, and the storm blew over, leaving Serbia with the feeling that her cause had been deserted by her Russian patron and brother Slav. Serbia had now more or less to fend for herself. Fending meant growing, growing involved nation building, and nation building implied the extension of pig markets. She developed trade down

the Danube to Braila and Constantza, along the Bulgarian railroad to the Black Sea, and over the Orient railway to Salonika. At these termini Greek, Rumanian, and Italian ships distributed Serbian pigs far and wide.

Dispersion so far from home caused many of the long-suffering hogs to die before they reached their destination. They became the martyrs of industrialization. Modern factories sprang up to turn the hogs into pork, sausages, and lard. Little Serbia, like our Chicago packers, began to 'live off the squeal as well as the hoof,' and the squeal carved out wider areas of Serbian influence.

In 1911 Austro-Serb treaty relations were reestablished, but the agreement remained only a gesture, for it once more prohibited the importation of live hogs. Other regulations impeded the trade in slaughtered pigs. So sensitive was Hungarian policy toward the Serbian pig that one article provided for the slaughter of any pigs destined for Austria-Hungary under the supervision of Austro-Hungarian veterinarians. Yet another article assuaged Hungarian sentiment by providing that the carcasses might only be sent to cities where the demand for meat was particularly pressing and then only in sealed cars. Apparently there was a danger, in Hungarian eyes, of a leakage even of dead hogs. The treaty was not calculated to heal the old animosities, the extent of which was revealed at Serajevo, when a fanatical pro-Serb student lit the torch that plunged half the world in cataclysmic strife.

III

The *porcus Serbianus* is no longer lord of the Serb economy. Is this due to the casualties of war? Mr. Hoover's Relief Commission thought so. They sent shipload after shipload of canned

pork to Salonika for distribution in southern Serbia. Far be it from me to deny the war contribution as well as the war guiltiness of the Serbian pig. But I cannot accept Mr. Hoover's explanation of its decline. (Neither could the Serbs, for that matter; it seemed to them that sending pigs to Serbia was like sending beer to Munich.) Perhaps its migratory, not to say its imperialist, tendencies have been quieted by the translation of Serbia into Yugoslavia. The reason may perhaps be the more prosaic one that it has been dethroned by other elements in a more diversified agriculture and husbandry. Or perhaps it is only that its political stamping ground has shifted.

I suspect the last. For the characteristics of the *porcus Serbianus* seem to have been taken over by the *porcus Polonianus*. The Polish pig is just as full of *Wanderlust*, if not as wild, as its Serbian cousin.

It was once said that the greatest danger to England lay in the fecundity of the Slav woman. Fecundity of course is not enough. It is the use that is made of progeny. In the case of the little Slavs, they were potential challengers to Britain's spread-eagled empire. In the case of Polish pigs, their litters are issuing out of Poland to stake out markets hitherto considered the prerogative, because the preserve, of the indigenous. They are choking a score of trade routes. They are plaguing a dozen chancelleries.

I ran into the problem first of all at Geneva, where the members of the Economic Committee of the League of Nations periodically foregather to consider the world's economic ills. They are particularly concerned with the smoothing of commercial intercourse. On the day I arrived they were discussing customs nomenclature. How could they standardize their diversified schedules?

Difficulties over customs classifications are not the least of the obstacles besetting international trade. Particularly is trouble caused over the rarities and miscellanea of commerce. The mummy of an Egyptian Pharaoh was once classified as dried codfish by a bewildered customs inspectorate, and duty was paid on it as dried codfish. Signor Pirelli tells us that false teeth are grouped with field glasses and microscopes in one country and with trunks in another. At one frontier fuel peat is listed with truffles while at another it is covered by art works and pencils.

If these inconsistencies were ironed out, not only would trade be expedited, but international relations would be improved. One can imagine the feeling aroused in Egypt over the designation of Imperial Pharaoh as dried codfish. Sardines from the United States are similarly mistreated in nomenclature for the purpose of tariff assessment at maximum rates. One can appreciate the sentiment of our own Pacific Coast when the ancestry of 100 per cent American sardines is so impugned.

To this important task of bringing uniformity out of chaos the delegates to the Economic Committee are applying themselves. When I arrived they had ploughed alphabetically through the body of customs classifications up to '*p* — pigs.' 'Pigs' seemed easy. At least, so the chairman thought. 'Gentlemen,' he said, in announcing '*p* — pigs,' 'I don't think there is any difficulty here. Pigs are quite definitely and knowably pigs. I think the nomenclature is standard, is it not? If it is, I think we might safely pass on to the next item. Do you agree, gentlemen?'

'No,' protested the Polish delegate. 'Pigs are so important in the trade of my country that in our schedule we

have divided them into two main categories, lean pigs and fat pigs.'

And so I left them, with their toes stubbed on '*p* — pigs,' wondering how to bring Polish porkers into a pattern of trading uniformity.

Pondering on the importance of pigs to Poland, I went to Vienna, where I had an appointment with the editor of a well-known Austrian newspaper. The editor was full of praise of Monsignor Seipel. 'If we had had him as chancellor in pre-war days,' he said, in a burst of enthusiasm, 'the World War, and the break-up of Austria-Hungary, might have been spared us.'

I was invited to look at his record as meriting my admiration. It was amply illustrative of industry and conscientious service.

'Just to show you how seriously he takes his duties,' said the editor, 'you will be interested to know what he is doing now. Austria's relations with Poland are seriously disturbed. In fact, you have come to us at quite a critical time. They sent us two hundred and fifty thousand more live hogs last year than they did the year before. These excessive importations have aroused lively protests from our agricultural classes. Of late years they have been speeding up their husbandry. But it is being throttled by these Polish pigs. You will see the situation is very delicate.'

He paused, and I hastily agreed, but, recalling Austria's pre-war porkless status, I asked for more information about the nascent pig industry. Apparently Austria no longer suffered from pig-barrenness. Pigs were so profuse, in fact, that the agrarian folk, like the pre-war Hungarian, were crying aloud for protection against all incomers.

'So urgent is our problem,' the editor continued, after this interruption, 'that

Monsignor Seipel has thought it advisable to take it upon himself. And he has been engaged on it for many weeks past. It is a dilemma. He has to pacify our farmers. That can come only by limiting Polish importations. Yet we cannot raise the tariff because of treaty stipulations. And we cannot take any extra-tariff measures because they would tread too violently on Polish toes.'

'What will he do?' I asked, impressed.

'That I cannot tell you,' was the reply. 'He is a skillful diplomat and he is hoping to secure a kind of gentlemen's agreement restraining the pig invasion. If any man can do it, it is Seipel.'

I had come to Vienna hopeful of a talk with the Chancellor, but to all inquiries I was told that the Polish negotiations demanded his whole attention. They were too important to be left to subordinates. So I left Vienna to its problem of how most delicately to stem the invasion of Polish pigs.

Berlin was my next call, and a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the Reichstag my next appointment. He had six months before told me that in the list of Germany's foreign troubles the question of the Rhineland ranked second to that of the eastern frontier. I wondered whether anything had happened in the meantime to make him change the order.

'No,' he said, 'our eastern relations are worse, if anything. Fighting tariffs and import prohibitions is still the rule in our unregulated relations with Poland. A commercial treaty seems as far off as ever.'

We were seated in the gallery, looking down on the parliamentarians below; they had just returned from a division on some financial measure.

My interlocutor waited until the voting had been announced, and then resumed. 'I cannot see any hope just yet. The Rhineland seems to be in process of settlement, but Poland'—and he shrugged his shoulders despairingly. 'Negotiations, you know, are now being taken care of by Dr. Stresemann personally. The reason is that they are concerned with'—and he dropped into a whisper—'Polish pigs.'

Germany with this problem too! I smiled. 'You may smile,' he rebuked me, 'but you wouldn't if you realized how important these things are to us. You in your country are n't afflicted with close neighbors. Your farmers are n't on the ragged edge of things. In Silesia our peasants raise their own pigs and naturally expect to market them in their own country. Germany is reputed to have the greatest number of pigs per square mile of all of the larger states. And they are mostly concentrated in our eastern and northeastern territory. And yet Polish pigs are flocking across the border, and eating into that market. This in spite of our bad relations with the Poles.'

'I tell you, sir' (my friend is a staunch Nationalist), 'they are taking the bread out of our peasants' mouths.'

A week or two after this conversation I found myself on English soil. Polish pigs had not left my mind, but I had had no time to prosecute inquiries into their further peregrinations. One day I was lunching with an old acquaintance who is a figure in the imported-provision trade. He was lamenting the frozen condition of the Baltic.

'Just as I was building up a nice little trade in Polish bacon!' he exclaimed. 'Now supplies are temporarily stopped and I am driven back

to the Dutch, who were holding me up until the Poles began to develop a bacon trade with us.'

I had regained the trail of the plethoric and proliferating Polish pig via the slaughterhouse.

IV

'The more it changes, the more it is the same thing.' Polish pigs are now strutting the European stage once occupied by Serbian pigs. By the recent agreement with Rumania they have found an outlet through the Danubian exits for pre-war Serbian pigs — Braila and Galatz. How successful is the trade is shown by the statistics. Every year well over a million are exported on the hoof (or the wing), the figures having gone up threefold since 1924. They are eloquent of the reason for Poland's insistence on deliveries in kind instead of cash payments in liquidating her Young Plan obligations as a successor state.

But — a million fresh Polish pigs swarming over Europe every year! Europe shudders, and classifies pigs as one of her major troubles, with pig iron. For old mercantilist theories

are reviving which look upon imports as things to be retarded, not as exchanges. If imports allow nations to satisfy needs below cost price, they are equally anathema! Even free goods are looked at askance; witness, German reparation deliveries, concerning which the British attitude, as shown at the Hague Conference, is 'Beware of the Germans bearing gifts!'

What is the solution? Concerning pigs, birth control? Is Nature so exuberant that we must reject her favors? The bounty of pigs is not the only bounty we suffer from. Fish are so prolific that we throw them back into the sea; sugar yields so plentifully that we limit crops; wheat threatens to glut our markets, and we talk of giving it away to the starving Chinese; fruit is left to rot in too generous orchards; production of basic minerals is restricted by quotas. All to keep up prices. Yet we are told that we are eating into our inheritance; truly, to invert the Malthusian formula, our inheritance is eating into us, and the pig pressure on population might well be borne in mind in explaining the pig pressure on *haute politique*.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HORRORS OF MUSEUM TROTTING AND A REMEDY

ALTHOUGH all members of the Contributors' Club are anonymous, it is fair, as it is good club custom, to let it be known what manner of person is speaking. I am, then, a high-school teacher of free-hand drawing, one of those who are feminizing our popular education, and I function in a small Long Island community.

Weepeekit, L. I., however, is not without its aspirations to culture. I have with difficulty achieved two memorable summer trips to Europe, and I have tried to consolidate the impressions thereby gained, somewhat hurriedly, by attending Miss Dorothy Saltonstall's six parlor lectures on 'Painting through the Ages.' She has relations in Boston, has made four trips to Europe, and has read every word that Bernard Berenson, Roger Fry, Clive Bell, Royal Cortissoz, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., James G. Huneker, Leo Stein, and Walter Pach have written on painting.

Her talks and lantern slides inspired me to revisit the Metropolitan Museum. So, taking the 7.38 on a Saturday, I arrived at its portal just before the opening hour, ten o'clock. Over the uneasy and eager crowd waiting for the turnstile I felt a certain superiority, for I knew just what I wanted to see — namely, the Rembrandts, the Vermeers, and the Italian primitives. With so intelligently limited a programme, I felt sure of a profitable and delightful day before the 5.26 should bear me back to my light housekeeping and electric chafing dish.

Dis aliter visum, as my colleague Gwendolyn Davis remarks when things go wrong with her. My visit turned out to be a fatiguing one, as you shall hear.

Being properly primed by Miss Saltonstall, I started for the early Vermeer in the Altman Collection. Foreseeing a hard day, I took the elevator, walked through a hundred feet of alluring modern bronzes, then with averted eyes through a gallery of enticing Japanese potteries, next through many galleries of old sculpture, furniture, and prints, and at last, a little bewildered, stood before 'The Sleeping Servant.' My next objective was the two Vermeers in the Dutch gallery. That meant a walk of a quarter of a mile, much of it being along my old route, but varied by a suite of period rooms, by a mixed gallery of old masters, another of recent American paintings, a long gallery of small metal work, and two more of French and English paintings. Having found the effort not to look fatiguing, this time I looked, but as little as possible. That was less confusing but even more tiring, and it took minutes of pulling myself together before I could enjoy, even tepidly, that loveliest of Dutch pictures, 'The Lady at a Casement.' To see the Rembrandts I repeated the shuttling manœuvre. Then fled to the cafeteria for a sandwich, heartening coffee, and a cigarette, being physically and mentally bruised. While I smoked I thought the whole thing over.

It was always the same. To see the Early Italians, I must do what I had done for the Vermeers and Rembrandts — take inevitable long walks

through distracting galleries. I re-studied the Museum plan. Some Italian sculpture was in the Morgan collection, near Eighty-third Street, some in the general galleries near Eighty-first. To pass from one to the other I must either see or ignore many galleries of splendid Eastern rugs and potteries, or, by an alternate route, many of Chinese paintings, porcelains, and jade. Ever the same obstacles to finding tranquilly the thing one wished to see.

I did, against my better judgment, manage the Italian primitives between lunch and tea, but at the cost of extreme exhaustion and a headache. At tea I had the good luck to meet my college mate, Susan Grantly, assistant curator in one of the departments. Telling her my troubles, I asked if there were no remedy.

'None whatever,' she said crisply. 'Museums have to be big, and so they have to be confusing.'

'Why couldn't they be smaller?' I asked.

'Because we must show to students everything possible in their field,' she answered.

'At least there might be more museums,' I gasped, 'and not this mess of everything. Painting and sculpture by itself, for example.'

'That's quite impossible,' she said sternly. 'There are n't enough boards of trustees.'

I was going to ask, 'Why not make enough boards?' when I saw that the subject, on her side, was closed.

Two hours later, in my room, I got my aching feet into bed slippers, supped on a bromo-seltzer and a whole-wheat biscuit, fell asleep in my chair, and, when my brain had stopped whirling, had a dream.

I had passed the great door of a museum, and saw at the right a booth with a dozen neat guards waiting, some wheel chairs, and a rack on which hung

many spotless white bandages. One of the guards approached me and courteously asked, 'Are you visiting the museum in general, or something in particular?'

'In particular,' I answered stiffly. 'I want to see the Vermeers, but it is almost impossible, with the size and awful arrangement of this museum.'

The guard smiled. 'It used to be so, lady, but we have found a remedy. Would you rather be wheeled or led?'

'I will be led,' I answered.

'These are sterilized,' he said, while he deftly bandaged my eyes. Taking his arm, I was pleasantly conscious of a short walk, of the creaking of an elevator, of a longer walk, until the silent guide asked, 'Will you begin with "The Lady at a Casement" or "The Lady with a Lute"?''

'With "The Lady at a Casement," of course,' I said.

He withdrew the bandage and I saw as I had never seen before that masterpiece so perfect in harmonies of straw color and pale blue, in reality, in the beauty of housewifely morale, in just everything.

'Shall I wait for you, or come back when you say?' the guard suggested. 'The other Vermeer is in a special collection far away.'

'Come in half an hour, please,' I said.

He came. Again I strolled unperurbed and delightfully to my objective, and left the museum both exalted and refreshed.

On waking, it seemed to me — and still seems — that there was something in my dream, so I pass it on to my fellow members of the Club. If a museum really can't find any reasonable way of bringing a work of art before a visitor, might n't there be some way of bringing the visitor immediately and tranquilly before the work of art? I

am thinking of taking up the matter with Dorothy Saltonstall, whose uncle is a trustee of an art museum.

WILD WORDS I HAVE MET

My paternal grandfather, by all accounts, was a bizarre creature. It was his wont to while away particularly long, chill New England evenings — of which, so it would seem, there were a great many — by reading Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. The evenings must have been very long and extremely chilly, because, according to a family tradition, he actually reached 'zythum' before death claimed him. The matter is not so delicately personal as it may appear to be. It has had a very definite effect upon my own destiny, and that effect in turn is the cause of this essay.

Nowadays, as every good amateur biologist knows, the inheritance of acquired characteristics is impossible. A man may spend his entire lifetime riding around in an automobile, and yet his children will positively not be born legless. For many years there was some uncertainty in the matter, and the tails of thousands upon thousands of rats were consequently cut off in the most approved manner, in order to prove that a motorist's children are not born legless. Nothing happened, save that the rats which had been operated on became tailless. And this occasioned a great scandal in science. There was a pretty how-do-you-do when scientists were faced by the astonishing fact that a rat merely loses its tail when you remove it. However, fortunately for the rats, continuing these experiments indefinitely appeared needless; and thereafter a heresy became respectable. A lost tail (no matter who has lost it) is never inherited. Nowadays everyone knows this, and — if a personality will again be pardoned — my own life

proves it. My paternal grandfather ploughed through the whole of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary until he got to 'zythum' — and yet I was born without any vocabulary whatsoever.

Nevertheless, in some way which I cannot undertake to explain, my grandfather's penchant for reading the dictionary was eventually handed on to me, and was hardly damaged at all during transit. His accumulated vocabulary, as I have just confessed, was lost somewhere by the wayside, but the penchant itself arrived in apple-pie order, along toward the close of the last century. And almost before I knew it I, too, was reading the dictionary like my ancestor.

Being not yet so full of years as my forbear, I have fallen far short of zythum. Indeed, to be quite frank, I doubt whether I ever shall reach zythum — or even xylyl or zyme, for that matter — by the dignified route of the English alphabet. What with daylight saving, steam heat, and relativity, long chill evenings at the present time are rare commodities. The modern evening, to be as lenient toward it as possible, is a very flashy affair. 'Good heavens! where *has* the evening gone?' is a question that one hears repeatedly.

But my temperament also is responsible for my defections. Nature may hate a saltus, but I like one. The slightest possible stimulus leads me to leap boldly from one letter to another; and I am just as likely to leap backward as forward. I have no doubt that I should leap sidewise, were that possible. The habit, of course, is a reprehensible one, and the pure blood of lexicographers is not in me. But at least I can say this, in extenuation of a habit which I blush for: I have contrived, despite the ephemeral nature of the modern evening, to read con-

siderable portions of the dictionary. What is more, those portions which I have read are the most interesting. In consequence of all of which I have succeeded, over a period of many years, in accumulating a stock of words that are — and I say so with a scholar's pride — as magnificent in their uselessness as a rainbow.

Potamology, for example, is one of those fascinating words which I long ago ran across on my rhapsodic rambles. Potamology is the science of rivers. To this day I have not discovered what the science of rivers actually is, or possibly could be; but that is what potamology is, beyond argument. One engaged in such an adventure as mine will not strain at a meaning if he can get a polysyllable.

Another word similar to potamology is pomology — similar, I mean, in delicious uselessness. I am free to confess that I feel particular affection for potamology, but pomology stirs up nearly as much emotion. For pomology is the science of fruit, whatever the science of fruit may be; and there you have it — if I am not repeating myself — beyond argument. I do not know what the science of fruit is, or possibly could be. Perhaps it is the art of selling three five-cent pears for a quarter. I do not know, and I do not care. I know that pomology is the science of fruit, as potamology is the science of rivers, and I wish no further information on the subject. In such toothsome discoveries lies the full succulent reward of any man who reads the dictionary for pure pleasure.

I have said that words very frequently are useless; I have even admitted that the glittering uselessness of many words in our dictionary is comparable with that of a rainbow. And yet, in admitting this, it is necessary to propound a profound question.

Is it not folly to call objects useless which can give a human being inordinate pleasure? The reader of a dictionary knows the answer. He knows that a word, in and of itself, divorced from every reasonable prospect of ever appearing in written or spoken language, affords delight that is unanswerable and incomparable. Indeed, the less use the word has the more it pleases him. Anyone can talk of science and rivers; only the man who truly loves words for their own sake is in a position to talk of potamology, for he alone is aware of its existence.

And as much might be said of dysphagia, of anoxæmia, of xerostomia, of spanopnoea, of balneotherapeutics. Your crass pragmatic mind, insensible to the doctrine of pure uselessness, will find in such trophies no smallest interest. If he allows these words any right to flourish at all, he does so for the most pitiful of reasons: either he grudgingly grants that 'difficulty in swallowing' is a long way of pronouncing 'dysphagia' (in which event mere economy might sanction it) or, impressed by the ragtags of pseudo-scholarship, he tolerates the word on account of its origin. To have Greek complications in one's larynx, when one tries to swallow such a vocable, is certainly no trivial distinction. But your true logophile is only saddened by vulgar interests of this nature. He would be dissatisfied were 'dysphagia' indefinable, for a word without a definition is not one. Beyond this one law of verbal existence, however, he cares only for the word itself and never for its meaning. He would be quite as well pleased, would your courser after strange words in verbal forests, if dysphagia proved to be a religion or a musical instrument. That fascinating little furred creature which he had bagged would still be the same fascinating little furred creature

— a brand-new word which the depths of a dictionary had suddenly yielded him.

Such a word as 'pnigalion' would therefore be brought down with delight also; nor would that delight be diminished had this word happened to mean a Chinese coin, or a vegetable, or an Act of Congress, instead of the thing that it does mean — namely, a nightmare. And psilanthropist is in precisely the same position. And so, for that matter, is acrolein, and tephramancy, and aprosexia; propylguaiacol, and xenoglossia, and amblyopia; amaurosis, and omphacine, and proso-popoeia. For all that your dictionary reader cares to the contrary, a psilanthropist might be related to the pteroctyl, and acrolein might be related

to acropolis. Nay, were potamology the science of crossing potatoes with tomatoes, the fascination of that word would not suffer. Still would it be a verbal trophy to delight the eye and gladden the heart of its captor.

We are not, I suppose, a great company — we who, with electric lamps for lanterns, prowl about in the forests of language. But what we want in numbers we more than make good in enthusiasm. Hunters by nature, we are forever hunting. Big game we naturally prefer to smaller quarry, and a polysyllable gets a lustier cheer than a monosyllable. But in our hearts there is no distinction between triumphs. The humblest new capture, so far as our proud delight in it goes, is exactly as good as the mightiest.

TO A MINOAN CAT

(A wall fresco of ancient Crete)

You little Cretan cat, eager and still,
With body tense, with wide and steady gaze —
Look past the ferny tussock, look your fill!
Watch for a sign beyond the green fern-haze.

Beyond it is your prey, the pretty bird,
The little pheasant, clucking in the gorse.
He has not seen you come, he has not heard.
Two velvet steps — a spring — and he is yours!

Poor bird! And yet, my heart is all with you,
Hunting among the tussocks, in the dew,
Four thousand years ago, in windy Crete,
You little furry one, on velvet feet!
My heart's with you, there's no denying that.
I hope — I hope you caught him, little cat!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'WRECK and Rescue,' a simple record written by a twenty-five-year-old boy to his mother without thought that the world outside would wish to read it, is now published through the friendliness of Mrs. Kathleen Norris, the novelist. Here is a saga of the sea which human experience can scarcely parallel, yet with genuineness written on every page. Mrs. Norris gives her testimony:—

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA
October 8, 1929

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The teller of this extraordinary sea story is my friend, from whose own lips I had it a few months ago. It seemed to me so fresh, so thrilling, and so favorably comparable to beloved pages of Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus* and Tomlinson's *Sea and Jungle*, and all other immortal pages about storms and the sea, that the natural hope for it was a wider audience, through magazine pages. I am very grateful once again to you, who took my first story of all, for this opportunity.

It was when we were guests on a friend's yacht, on a rather rough day in San Francisco Bay, that Captain Garland Rotch quietly said, apropos of ugly weather, 'I did find myself in that position once, as we all dream of finding ourselves. I mean leaping, in the blackness of night, into a tropic sea, without a life preserver, without any expectation except of immediate death.'

This story followed, perhaps more convincingly even than the letter makes it — although that was written just after it all happened, and bears, I think, the authentic stamp of the emotion of that rescue.

One little point was omitted from the letter. The Chief Officer of the *Tana* was on watch at daybreak, but did not notice the raft. The Captain of the *Tana* came on deck about 6 A.M. and, sweeping the horizon with his eyes, he noticed a speck for a moment. He asked the Chief Officer what it was, but the Chief could see nothing. They looked with their binoculars and still saw nothing. But, not satisfied, the Captain went below and brought up his old-fashioned long telescope and, searching the horizon, caught sight of a tiny speck. So it

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was that the forlorn little raft, drifting south, and manned by men almost insane, was discovered, and to this incident six men owed their lives.

That seems to add the last incredible touch to the whole. The wrecked boat was the *Admiral Clark*, of the Admiral Line, now the Pacific Steamship Company, Captain James Daniels. The date of the shipwreck was August 16, 1916. Mr. Herbert F. Alexander was then president of the line, and is so to this day. Our author is Garland Rotch, now a yacht broker in San Francisco; he was twenty-five years old in 1916.

With all good wishes,

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Alexander Irvine came, in his own trenchant phrase, 'up from the bottom of the world.' His is one of the rare intelligences which make life educate. Dr. Irvine sees by flashes. In New York he saw the innermost meaning of destitution, and marshaled the forces of social sympathy to meet it. In the war he saw that the will meant the power to win, and worked mightily to screw that will to the sticking point. After the war the world grew sicker still, and he understood it. Successive chapters from his story will be published in the *Atlantic*. André Siegfried, master diagnostician of the character and health of nations, explains his own people. The two articles printed in the *Atlantic* will thereafter be published as chapters in his book to be issued by the Yale Press. The Reverend Joseph Fort Newton preaches in the Memorial Church of Overbrook, Pennsylvania. A. W. Smith used to direct a couple of thousand elephants piling teak at Rangoon. Now he has followed the teak to America, and if you want a rare wood he has it. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., is Professor of Art at Princeton University.

Rabindranath Tagore was born in 1861 and privately educated. Not until he was forty did he found his famous school at

Santiniketan, Bengal, which since then has been his life. In the discussion which followed in the wake of Keyserling's *Atlantic* paper on Negro culture, our friend Mr. Bolton Smith, of Nashville, sent us a copy of the *Crisis*, from which we quote this remarkable letter. Color speaks to color.

SANTINIKETAN, BENGAL
July 12, 1929

What is the great fact of this age? It is that the messenger has knocked at our gate and all the bars have given way. Our doors have burst open. The human races have come out of their enclosures. They have gathered together.

We have been engaged in cultivating each his own individual life, and within the fenced seclusion of our racial tradition. We had neither the wisdom nor the opportunity to harmonize our growth with world tendencies. But there are no longer walls to hide us. We have at length to prove our worth to the whole world, not merely to admiring groups of our own people. We must justify our own existence. We must show, each in our own civilization, that which is universal in the heart of the unique.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

It is pertinent to remember that, after the massacre of Amritsar, Tagore refused to make use of the Knighthood conferred on him by the British Government.

Mrs. Leonore Hamilton Wilson writes of that South round which her earliest memories congregate. J. Milton French teaches at Dartmouth College. Δ If you have ever read *Black Sheep* you will know how well Jean Kenyon Mackenzie knows her Africa. Harriet Sampson is a poet of the younger generation and the older tradition. Edgar J. Goodspeed is Professor of Theology at Chicago University. Eugenie Courtright is new to the *Atlantic*.

Miles H. Krumbine has just resigned as the minister of Parkside Lutheran Church, Buffalo, to accept a call from Plymouth Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Henderson Daingerfield Norman grew up, as you might guess, in Virginia. Δ Of Hallen Viney's paper this interesting coincidence should be told. A year ago the *Atlantic* published under the title, 'An Apostle to Youth,'

a paper on the ministry of F. N. D. Buchman, by John McCook Roots. A chance copy of the magazine fell into the hands of a young graduate of Oxford, who found himself dissatisfied with a business career. The impression went deep: Viney entered a theological college which as part of its curriculum sent its classes for a semester in Jerusalem. There the singular events described in his article took place. The *New York Times* mentioned his name in the casualty list, and the editor, noting his Oxford training, cabled him:—

Atlantic Monthly greatly interested in your personal story fanatical outbreak. Six thousand words.

Thus for the second time in his life Mr. Viney heard from the *Atlantic*. K. K. Kawakami is a political and social observer long resident in the United States. Herbert B. Elliston was formerly Peking correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, and is now assistant director of research for the Council on Foreign Relations in New York City.

The little prickly paper in the October Contributors' Club, 'Thru All My Thots,' seems to have aroused many a literary consciousness.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The author of 'Thru All My Thots' seems to be the proper person to sympathize with a poor stenographer who daily takes such dictation as this:—

'We have your letter of October 5th with regard to your order for a carload of widgets.

'In reply to same we beg to state that we have been badly delayed in receiving the necessary raw material, but the Company who furnish it have promised that they will give it special, personal attention and we therefore wish to advise that shipment of your order will be made immediately we receive the raw material and can rush it through the factory.

'The writer wishes to further state that I will make a special rush item of this order and will keep after it and do all in my power to see that the order is shipped promptly.'

As an experiment I once ventured to use the third person singular pronoun when the dictator referred to himself as 'the writer,' but his scorn of my ignorance was so crushing that I never will do it again.

The above letter has not been written as a horrible example; the only change I have made is in the name of the product.

Very truly yours,

LOUISE HAIGH

It is fortunate that Count Keyserling is a philosopher. Otherwise the critics might pierce his armor. Their number is so great that to give other discussions a chance we were obliged to close the *Atlantic's* door to this debate. But it should be opened just wide enough to allow this lyric which Arthur Guiterman contributed to the *New York Times* to slip past.

Keyserling has spread the rumor
That we have n't any humor.
Where, O Death, remains thy sting
After that from Keyserling!
Like an arrow from the string
Came that shaft from Keyserling;
Like a missile from the sling,
Keyserling, oh, Keyserling!
Every Count must have his fling;
So, of course, must Keyserling;
Men discover what they bring;
Is it thus with Keyserling?
Though he speeds on rapid wing,
Naught is hid from Keyserling.
Humor is a mystic thing
As defined by Keyserling;
Understanding is its spring,
Which we lack, says Keyserling;
Where True Intellect is king,
There it dwells, says Keyserling;
High above, where planets swing,
Laugh the gods — and Keyserling.
In the Dynasty of Ming
Sages laughed, says Keyserling,
While in Zowie, Pow, and Zing
Lies our wit, says Keyserling.
We should find a butt, by jing!
For High Mirth, says Keyserling;
So we'll make the welkin ring,
Contemplating Keyserling.

Mamie Hall Porritt's international adventures chronicled in the October *Atlantic* have interested a number of fellow sufferers. In the hope that the gods who watch over the folly of our naturalization laws may weep, as well as laugh, we print the following from Mrs. Erskine Douglas Williamson, of Washington, D. C.

1945 CALVERT STREET, N.W.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 1918, prior to the law which permitted the American wife of an alien to retain her citizenship, I married a Scotsman — or perhaps he married me. At any rate we were married. I thereby automatically became a British subject, for my husband, who was doing scientific work and expected to return to Scotland, had not become an American citizen.

Five years later he died, and it fell to me to administer his estate, as he had named me executrix in his will.

My attorney, an old friend, proceeded with the usual petitions for probate of the will, stating innocently that 'your petitioner, a citizen of the United States,' etc. The court promptly informed him that I was not a citizen and could not, unless naturalized, act as executrix under American law. The attorney advised me to take out papers, the alternative being the appointment of a citizen as administrator. As the estate was small this would have been rather absurd; and as I expected to live in America seemed best for me to resume my citizenship. In the meantime the estate must languish.

Accordingly, with two kind friends as sponsors, I applied to the Bureau of Naturalization for papers.

I was required to state, in writing, the facts of the case, the number of times I had been absent from this country, the names of the ships whereon I had sailed, the dates of departure, and the length of my visits. I complied with this formality by furnishing the details of my *two absences* from the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave — the first had been for six weeks; the second, for eight. And it may be of interest to state here that on returning to this country I paid on each occasion a head tax as an immigrant. I did not greatly mind being an immigrant to the country of my birth *once*, but *twice* seemed to imply a habit.

After this I received a notice to appear at the end of three months (half the usual time — a great concession) to be examined as to my fitness for enrollment as a daughter of Uncle Sam. Not knowing just what would be expected of me, I feverishly crammed history and civil government, dragging out long-idle schoolbooks. I was prepared to discuss referendum and recall, to recite the Presidents in their order — in short, I aimed to satisfy the most critical of judges.

On the appointed day I presented myself, still under the care of my trusty American friends, colleagues of my husband, for examination. This took place, perhaps appropriately, in the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia.

After all my agonized study I was merely asked to verify the statements that I had been born in Manassas, Virginia, on such and such a date, and had lost my citizenship through marriage. (Actually the examiner said through *birth* and hastily corrected himself!) There seems to be no adequate reason for not informing me that I need undergo no detailed examination.

As each candidate was quizzed and passed on, he or she was sent to sit in the jury box. When all had been accepted or dismissed, the crowd, consisting mainly of Italians, Greeks, and other Europeans, was asked to rise. We then were sworn en masse and renounced our allegiance to George of England, Alexander of Greece, the Akhoond of Swat, and so forth, all in a string, being expected, so to speak, to reject our own monarch as he went by. I suppose this is common practice, but it was new to me. I had a sort of sneaky feeling, however, that perhaps George of England (and Scotland) would feel less keenly

his wholesale renunciation than he would a special one.

The rest of the procedure is rather hazy in my mind, but I am now restored to my pristine state of pure Americanism, being probably little contaminated by my six and eight weeks' sojourn on alien shores.

Perhaps this rigmarole, with its attendant delays, is necessary, but it seems to me that in the case of a person born in America, educated in America, living in America for over thirty years, except for fourteen weeks, there might be some simpler way of settling matters. In other words, the Law might, as Jeff says to Mutt, 'use some discretion.'

ALICE BOORMAN WILLIAMSON

Best of all replies to criticism is the Christian method of gathering it to your own bosom. Thus here and now does the Contributors' Column gather in the shafts of this illustrious Illyrian.

ILLYRIA, OHIO
October 25, 1929

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was born of strict Unitarian, Abolitionist parents. In the Berkshire town, already mellowed by two and a half centuries of history, where I was brought up, I was used to seeing the *Atlantic* on the family table from my earliest years. But my tongue has always been a little limping in praise — perhaps because a word of commendation in my youth had to be stoutly earned. I trust that you will understand my respect without my expressing it at length.

I have always felt that one department of the

Atlantic has never quite lived up to its possibilities. Perhaps I misinterpret its character under the influence of my own predilections. As I grew up, I began to take a peculiar interest in satire. Swift, Rabelais, appeared on my shelves early in life, and now that I am sinking into dry old age, and my grandchildren regard me as a desiccated oak leaf of Puritan morality, I reread my favorite passages of Aldous Huxley while they are all innocently asleep. Am I quite wrong in thinking that your Contributors' Club is really meant by the editors as an invitation to that all-too-little cultivated gift, polite and edifying irony? There is no weapon like it for moral fervor — I inherited a long tradition of moral fervor — or for the urbane expression of humorous prejudice and fancy. Why do not your contributors give us more of it, in the appointed corner, where you enforce the rule of anonymity? For anonymity belongs to the best tradition of satire. If Swift's *Modest Proposal* had immodestly made known its authorship, what effect would it have had? None. In your Contributors' Club, one would think, every variety of sportive attack on contemporary foibles would flourish, and every sort of personal conviction, however at odds with society, frankly avow itself.

Recently America held a grand jubilee for the bigwigs of psychology from every nation. The European authorities were hospitably received at New Haven, and regaled with upwards of four hundred solemn papers, the titles of many of which read as though they had been devised in the Academy of Lagado, where sunbeams were extracted from cucumbers, rather than in our universities of science and pure reason. Why does not some professor, able to perceive the idiosyncrasies of his trade, take advantage of the protection you offer, and report the proceedings for us, embroidering them with a few Attic mockeries? We hear much of intolerance in these days. Why does not some apostle of enlightenment cleverly don the robes of the bigot and make him doubly odious by a solemn dramatic monologue, tongue in cheek, telling what the Prohibitionist would really do with the Wet if he had the power, or the churchman with the scientist, or the censor with the intellectual? Why does not some social critic point out that hypocrisy is the one necessary prop without which our whole civilization would tumble together and expire in a puff of smoke? I make these random suggestions — personal applications will occur freely to all who nourish an intellectual grudge or carry a burden of truth and insight which has hitherto been suppressed for whatever reason. You might even revive the vanishing tradition of satiric verse, if you could persuade your poets to go unsigned — for I take

it that you really mean to insist on anonymity in this one department. Recently you made a capital gesture in this direction with some verses entitled 'The Traveler.' Why not give us more?

Yours sincerely,

JAMES D. EMERSON

Space fails us, unfortunately, or we should print the full reply of Miss Edith Franklin Wyatt to very highly competent professional criticism of her characterization of Gilbert Imlay's *The Emigrants* as the first American novel. We should like, however, to say that her paper was far from a haphazard venture. Whether she was right or not depends not upon the facts, with which she is perfectly familiar, but upon a point of view.

First, in general, it is 'the first American novel,' not 'the earliest American fiction,' that she entitled her essay. The Century Dictionary defines a novel as 'a fictitious prose narrative or tale involving some plot of more or less intricacy, and aiming to present a picture of real life in the historical period and society to which the persons, manners, and modes of speech, as well as the scenery and surroundings, are supposed to belong.' This is a reasonable definition, and according to it, in Miss Wyatt's opinion, none of the books listed before 1794, with the exception of *The Emigrants*, in either Mrs. Loshe's delightful monograph or Mr. Wegelin's comprehensive fiction list, come under the proper heading of a novel.

To be more specific, Mr. Wegelin lists as the first American 'fiction,' though he does not list it as a novel, Francis Hopkinson's *A Pretty Story* (1774). The principal characters in this story are Great Britain personified and the Colonies personified, which seems to Miss Wyatt — and to us — adequate ground for refusing it the title of novel.

Mrs. Morton's *The Power of Sympathy* (1789) hardly answers the definition better. It is a kind of religious tract in the cause of female education, and little more than 20,000 words long. Some six or perhaps ten novels have been put forward as written in this country and printed in England before 1793. But each

of these, when analyzed, seems to forgo the characteristics which mark a novel.

For any interested professional inquirer we shall be glad to go further into the intricacies of this historical subject.

To which Professor Ellis, of the University of Maine, not unnaturally replies: —

October 23, 1929

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have been much interested to learn on what grounds Miss Edith Wyatt claimed priority for *The Emigrants*, published in England in 1793, over *The Power of Sympathy*, published in Boston in 1789, as the first American novel. I cannot help feeling, however, that she has acted somewhat cavalierly in ignoring the claims of the latter work on the pretext that it is 'merely a religious tract in the cause of female education.' If Miss Wyatt chooses to adopt a 'traditional and special' definition of the novel which would eliminate rival claimants for priority, she owes the reader at least a footnote to him what she is doing.

That *The Power of Sympathy* is a poor novel, as Miss Wyatt also admits is true of *The Emigrants*, is indisputable; that it is not a novel at all is decidedly for Miss Wyatt to prove. It was certainly written as a novel, advertised as a novel, criticized in the press as a novel, and suppressed as a novel, at the time of its publication. A century later it was twice reprinted as a novel; and it has always subsequently been referred to and discussed, so far as I have discovered, as a novel in the histories of literature which deal with the origin of the type in America. Professor W. P. Trent, for example, remarks in his *American Literature* (1908), '*The Power of Sympathy*, perhaps the earliest real novel written by an American, appeared in 1789'; and Dr. Carl Van Doren, in *The American Novel* (1921), says that 'to the influence of Richardson, with something from Sterne, must be credited the first regular American novel, *The Power of Sympathy*, a poor and stilted narrative in epistolary form.' Each of these gentlemen is probably an authority of at least equal claims with Miss Wyatt.

I can imagine the amazement and amusement of the author of *The Power of Sympathy* — who was probably not Mrs. Morton — on hearing that his efforts to disarm puritan hostility to novel reading in the Boston of the 1780's by emphasizing the supposed moral influence of his novel of seduction had resulted in its being disqualified, as 'a religious tract in the cause of female education.'

MILTON ELLIS